NOVEMBER, 1929
Volume XLVI, Number 11

10 Cents *By subscription $1.00. In the United States and in Canada*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

OCT 30 1929

BEN AMES WILLIAMS—PAUL DE KRUIF—COSMO HAMILTON—ERNEST DIMNET
ZANE GREY—LOGAN CLENDENING—MARY JOHNSTON—ROSE WILDER LANE

Stephen B. Elkins, III, is the son of Mrs. Kenna Elkins of Washington. In this boy's family there have been eleven United States Senators

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, III
...a skillful horseman at twelve

Protected since babyhood by this simple little care

HE sits his horse like a southern gentleman—this tall blond boy of twelve.

Stephen B. Elkins, III, has a right to his quality of distinction. He comes from a long race of "gentle folk." For years the name has meant wealth without ostentation, prestige without arrogance. For generations West Virginia has been represented politically by an Elkins.

Stephen has all a boy's enthusiasms—camping, football, basketball, and books of adventure. Rowdy, his terrier, can't go to his southern boarding school with him. But his horse does go—and never gets a chance to eat his head off in the stable!

One reason why the boy is so strong and well is that his mother has always carefully followed the advice of famous child specialists. His outdoor life has been planned to give him a sturdy, robust body. His hearty boy's appetite has been led along the lines it should go.

A food to start the day right

Physicians—and mothers—have long known that one particular food at breakfast means a good day's start for growing boys and girls. *Hot, cooked* cereal.

Always alert about her boy's régime, Mrs. Elkins sees to it that he stows away his due portion, as physicians urge. Quite naturally it is the cereal called the children's own—Cream of Wheat, for years the choice of physicians.

"When Stephen was a little baby his specialist recommended Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Elkins. "Stephen ate it regularly when he was small and we are just as careful about it now that he is a big boy."

Today the matter of eating cereal is being given new emphasis by men eminent in child care.

The Elkins' physician is one of a great group of distinguished men who approve this regular eating of Cream of Wheat. We recently made an investigation, in four cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto. 221 members of leading medical societies were asked their views. *Every one of them* answered that he approves Cream of Wheat.

You probably know why. It's because Cream of Wheat is abundantly rich in the energy supply that energetic little minds and bodies clamor for. And because it is so easily digested that this energy is released with amazing speed.

Your boy and girl can join young Stephen in this important habit. Plan to start them off, regularly, with a good bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1

Stephen loves camping in the Maine woods and all sports. His dog, Rowdy, is usually to be seen with him

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. B-42
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Name of child.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT

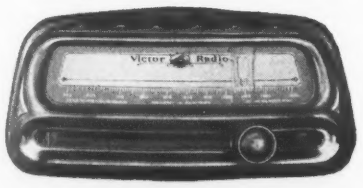
Stephen's favorite breakfast starts with Cream of Wheat—to help keep him hearty and robust

©1929, The C. of W. Corp.

Victor Radio-Electrola RE-45.
"The new Victor Radio with Electrola far surpasses the performance of any instrument I have ever heard."
Beniamino Gigli
famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera

Victor
micro-synchronous Radio

A Radio that is really a Musical Instrument



Victor Super-Automatic Station Selector: All stations plainly and permanently visible. Just slide the knob to right or left ...you have the station you want.

*Victor-Radio-Console R-32. New modernized circuit; unique sensitivity and selectivity. List price $155. *Less Radiotrons.*

The perfection by Victor scientists of two amazing new instruments instantly revolutionized all previous standards of sound reproduction.

Today, you need make no compromise with music over the air. Victor-Radio reproduces – *duplicates* – all the subtle variations of tone – without distortion!

With this instrument, overtones and fundamentals – all are there – *in proper proportion.*

Victor-Radio is the first radio set that meets the exacting requirements of the world's greatest artists – of every type of voice, of every instrument. This is the severest test of all. Only Victor's more than 30 years of leadership in every phase of musical reproduction could make possible this unvarying fidelity.

Victor-Radio is the only radio that is micro-synchronous. It is the only radio in which all elements, at all times, are in micro-exact balance...You get your station with one motion...*exactly.*

The complete instrument of the new age

Hear Victor-Radio whether you have a radio or not ...You can have it separately or with the sensational new Electrola...The Victor Radio-Electrola brings you – from the same newly-developed Victor electro-dynamic reproducer – music from the air that will give you a totally new conception of radio...recorded music brilliant and powerful far beyond anything you have heard – that brings to you every shade of musical personality! Here is realism you never dreamed possible – with all the music of the world!

Play the Victor Radio-Electrola at a whisper or with the volume of a full orchestra – Victor tone quality is unaltered!

Never before have even Victor craftsmen built cabinets of such distinction – so compact and exquisite. These instruments are wholly Victor-built. Throughout, world-famous Victor craftsmanship is your guarantee of quality and dependability.

Only unparalleled Victor resources and manufacturing skill could make such low list prices possible. The Victor-Radio Console is only $155,* the Victor Radio-Electrola only $275.* Victor Talking Machine Division, Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor-Radio
with Electrola

Unanimous medical approval comes to a complexion soap for the first time . . . from 73 of the most eminent dermatologists* in America

I'm sure we all know from our own club meetings how next to impossible it is to get even six or eight people to agree on *any*thing under the sun.

So you'll probably be surprised when I tell you that 73 men could *unanimously* agree about this lovely new complexion soap, Camay.

But—these men are *scientists*. They are the foremost complexion authorities in America—dermatologists teaching in some of the largest medical schools or acting as consultants for some of the greatest hospitals and clinics or practicing in the largest cities. They do not depend upon mere opinions. They examined and tested Camay *scientifically*.

And this was their verdict: "Camay is a pure and unusually mild soap, the kind we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

No other complexion soap in history was ever honored with such scientific approval.

Actually, these physicians went even farther than a formal agreement and stated, "Such a soap should be used at least once a day. There is no other way to cleanse your skin and to help keep it fresh and clear and smooth."

Many of the doctors added such personal commendation as the following from a famous New York City dermatologist:

"I have induced one of my patients who claimed that she could not stand any soap to use Camay for her face without causing any irritation."

From a dermatologist practicing in a large Southern city comes this word:

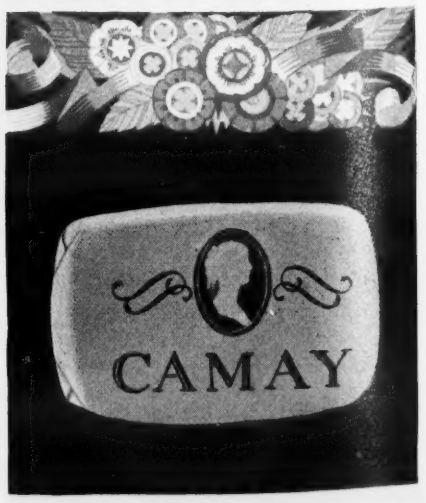
"My skin reacts very quickly and unpleasantly to an alkaline soap. Even during this changeable weather I find that Camay has not irritated it. The soap is perfumed delightfully but not aggressively."

I think you'll be especially pleased to discover when you use Camay that the soap which has such unquestioned medical approval is really as lovely as if it were simply a frivolous trifle! And I know how charmed you'll be when you discover, as I'm sure you will, that there just never was anything like Camay to help keep complexions fresh and clear and outdoor-looking!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-119, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE



★What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

THE PRICE *of the* HOME JOURNAL

PUBLISHED once a month. 10 cents the copy from all newsdealers. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, $1.00 the year. Remit by U. S. money order, express money order, check, or by draft payable in U. S. funds.

To Canada, by subscription, $1.00 the year—Canadian or U. S. funds. Single copies, 10 cents. A shilling *anywhere in England*.

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, postpaid, $2.50 the year, remittance to be by postal or express money order or by draft payable in U. S. funds.

Ladies'
HOME JOURNAL
(THE HOME JOURNAL)

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF AMERICA

Registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President*
GEORGE H. LORIMER, *First Vice-President*
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, *Second Vice-President*
WALTER D. FULLER, *Second Vice-President and Secretary*
PHILIP S. COLLINS, *Second Vice-President and Treasurer*
FRED A. HEALY, *Advertising Director*

LORING A. SCHULER, *Editor*

CHESLA C. SHERLOCK, PAMELA COYNE,
DOROTHY C. MILLS, STUART O. BLYTHE,
RICHARD E. MYERS, W. J. DE GROUCHY,
LITA BANE, *Associate Editors*

Copyright, 1929 (trade-mark registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain. London Offices, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. All rights reserved. Entered as second class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Columbus, O., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., San Francisco, Cal., Seattle, Wash., Houston, Tex., Des Moines, Ia., Los Angeles, Cal., St. Louis, Mo., Saginaw, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Portland, Ore., Louisville, Ky., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Detroit, Mich., Cleveland, O.

"WHEN YOU APPEAR AT A DANCE IT'S A MOB SCENE." "TECHNIC, DARLING!" BARBS RETORTED. "SKILL WILL TELL, YOU KNOW. IT ISN'T THE CARDS YOU HOLD; IT'S THE WAY YOU PLAY THEM"

Illustrated By H. Weston Taylor

A New Serial

By

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Touchstone

THE big limousine, taking its sober way through the press of more modern cars, wore a ludicrous sort of dignity. It was one of those relics of ancient days still sometimes to be seen. It towered like a caravan; its black flanks, like the cheeks of a vain old dowager, were meshed by tiny cracks beneath the enamel surface which they wore; its trimmings were polished till they shone; and the brass lamps high on either side gleamed in the sun. The ponderous vehicle was at once long out of date and always of the moment, a monument of conservative respectability. Built in those days when automobiles were still to a great degree a product of handwork, it was even now sound in wind and limb, fit for any duty that might be demanded. It was, if you like, an anachronism; yet there was in its bearing no suggestion of a sense of inferiority. It moved imperturbably among the swarm of more modern cars, holding to a steady line, forcing others to make room. It assumed a haughty individuality, like a queen advancing with a high and heedless disregard through the thronging courtiers, who fell humbly back on either side.

This car was no degenerate descendant of a splendid line. It was itself an ancestor, and as such to be revered. Mrs. Caterson had for it an amused yet reverent affection; and though she might now and then, for the sake of greater convenience, use another car, she was never so much at ease as when she sat in the high body of this limousine, as though she were perched upon a pillion, with the familiar nape of Richards' neck five feet in front of her eyes.

Caterson himself did not always agree with her feeling for the limousine. He said as much now. "We might better have used the sedan, Edith," he remarked. "This old lady is a bit awkward to handle when the traffic's as bad as it is this afternoon."

Mrs. Caterson shook her head, smiling faintly. "It's old habit with me, Joe," she reminded him. "When I want to be particularly splendid this is my way of doing it. There's no need to hurry. We're in plenty of time. The game doesn't start till two."

He nodded. "Oh, yes," he agreed. "Time enough." They were blocked by a cross street, waited till the whistle bade them on. He looked at her, saw how radiant she was, and his eyes warmed. "Lady, Lady!" he chided tenderly; and when her glance met his: "Cheeks like that at your age! And your eyes!"

"Well, I am excited," she admitted happily. "Feel my heart, Joe." She drew his hand against her bosom. "Why shouldn't I be? With two sons on the team?"

"You weren't so bad as this last year," he argued.

"It was just Tony, then," she reminded him. "And we didn't know until the game how wonderful he was. Now there's Tony, and Sandy too, and me their mother, Joe! Imagine! Me!"

"Who else?" he protested gently. "For that matter, please to remember me, their father, too!"

She shook her head at him. "That's not so wonderful," she retorted. "Being a father isn't a full-time job. But I've been their mother every minute of their lives for twenty years."

Her eyes suddenly were shining, and he gripped her hand. She was, he thought, incredibly youthful of countenance, incredibly lovely. Her cheek was as smooth as it had been when first he met her, and her eyes as clear. Only in her eyes there dwelt sometimes the shadows of the passing years, as cloud shadows drift across a sunny field. These eyes of hers were curiously quick to happy tears, but he had never seen her weep for grief, or from sheer nerves, as women do; she wept only when she smiled.

THE traffic grew more and more dense about them; they moved by fits and starts, a car's length at a time. Richards at the wheel drove straight ahead, making no attempt to weave in and out of line; but sometimes he was slow in accelerating, and at one such moment a horn sounded behind them, and an open roadster swirled past and cut in front of them with an impudent flirt of its wheels. Mrs. Caterson cried in quick recognition:

"There's Nina! And Mr. Buckel!" She smiled at some thought of her own. "Tony sent her his tickets," she remarked.

Cross traffic had halted them again; and the girl in the car ahead turned to wave her hand. There was something elfin in her countenance; she had an olive skin, dark arching brows, dancing eyes and a warm, laughing mouth. She made now some pantomime, unintelligible to them, and laughed, her shoulders shaking with her own merriment. Her father beside her turned and lifted his hand, and then the block broke and the cars moved on. Almost at once Nina found a chance to slip past a slower vehicle and dart ahead, leaving them behind.

Richards drove Mr. and Mrs. Caterson to the gate nearest their seats on the east side of the Stadium; and Mr. Caterson appointed with the man a rendezvous where they might meet after the game. Richards touched his cap, and the limousine moved soberly away. They turned toward the ticket takers, and Caterson fumbled in his pockets, and Mrs. Caterson laughed at him, wagged her head, cried:

"Joe, you always turn pale at this stage. You always think you've forgotten the tickets! Poor lamb!"

He dug deeper into that stubborn pocket. "By gorry, Edith, I have forgotten them this time," he insisted.

SHE shook her head. "You looked at them twice on the way over," she protested. "You're feeling in your overcoat pocket, dear!"

So he found them, and grinned ruefully; and they surrendered themselves to the tide that flowed slowly toward the gates. All about them there were pressing young bodies, quick laughter, the shuffle of feet on the gravel, the gasp of a girl lifted off her feet by the crush about her. Outcries! "Hi, Bill! H'are you? How the folks? Tha's fine. See you inside!" A twelve-year-old boy holding his ticket tightly in both hands, looking up out of the deep gulf between the coonskin coat on the man in front of him, and the stout dowager behind. "Get your winning colors!" An aeroplane spinning overhead; the line of taut throats below upturned faces as everyone watched its passage. A crumb of gravel in your shoe and no chance to take it out. "Hold your own tickets, everybody! Hold your own tickets!"

CATERSON WAS WATCHING THE KNOT OF PLAYERS DOWN THERE ON THE FIELD, WHERE RAN SOME SWIFT ARGUMENT. "TONY SAYS IT DIDN'T HIT HIM," HE DECIDED GRAVELY

The bright new two-by-four railings that guided this mass of people into single files. Individuals like cherry pips squeezed out of the mob and spinning through these aisles. The shuttling throng inside the gates, a ticket in each person's hand, eyes scanning the numbers above the Stadium portals. A young woman elaborately gowned, alone, elaborately pretending to be unconscious of the eyes upon her, waiting for someone. A middle-aged couple, furred to the ears; and on the right arm of the man a slender girl in her teens; and at the woman's side a boy three years younger, with his mouth open. "Program! The only way to tell the players. Names and numbers of all the players." A boy and a girl eating hot dogs. A small man with three steamer rugs, stumbling along behind three large, well-upholstered women. A man with two boys stopping to speak to some acquaintance. The boys wandered on, and he raced after them in a sudden panic lest they stray away.

As Mr. and Mrs. Caterson moved toward their own portal, a program vender bawled in their ears: "The only way to tell the players!"

"The idea!" Mrs. Caterson protested, and her eyes were swimming happily. "As if I wouldn't know our boys unless they were numbered!"

But Caterson bought a program, and on second thought he bought two. A moment later they came to their proper portal.

In the half gloom under the Stadium they ascended the steep stairs, and emerged abruptly into the blaze of the sun. When they had found their seats her eyes fastened on the field, where two score figures dotted the turf, and footballs boomed and spiraled, and men went through a dumb show of swift, darting runs, dodging imaginary tacklers. Her hand tightened on her husband's arm.

"There's Tony, Joe," she cried. "There!"

"Sandy, too!" he discovered.

She whispered: "They won't get hurt, will they?" Then shook her head, answering her own question. "Of course not!" Pressed close to him. "Will they, Joe?"

He chuckled. "I'll back either one of them," he said proudly. "They're a tough pair."

The two became fixed in a rigid attention. About them the stands filled; the roar of cheers resounded; bands appeared and blared loud melodies; the aeroplane still circled overhead; friends called greetings. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Caterson was conscious of anything about them, until at last the boys on the turf down there trotted toward the portals, vanished from their view.

THEN three or four men in white knickerbockers, one of them with a new football under his arm, appeared by the goal posts and stood talking together, carefully unconscious of the crowd.

Mrs. Caterson said helplessly: "I can't bear this last five minutes, Joe. I always think it will kill me. My heart's pounding so!"

"Read the program," he suggested, and handed one to her; himself began to riffle through the pages of the other. And abruptly he exclaimed: "Here are their pictures, Lady! Here's Tony!"

"And here's Sandy!" she echoed; and she read aloud, almost crooning the words: "'Alexander Caterson, right guard, twenty-one years old, five feet ten inches, a hundred and eighty-nine pounds.'" To her husband proudly: "Sandy's gained weight, Joe."

"'Anthony Caterson,'" he retorted, from the program. "'Right halfback. Twenty years old. Six feet one inch. A hundred and seventy-eight pounds.'"

She looked across his arm to see the record, and her eyes, after a moment, faintly clouded. "They still pretend they're

different ages," she pointed out. "I don't suppose anyone in college even knows they're twins. I don't see why they—make a secret of it. It's as though they were ashamed!"

"Well, they don't look alike," he suggested. "And if people did know, someone would always be saying: 'Twins! Why you're not a bit alike, are you?'"

She nodded. "But I do wish our boys were more congenial, Joe," she confessed. "It makes me unhappy sometimes." Then she came swiftly to her feet, hands upflung; for the whole Stadium was suddenly a mass of cheering maniacs. Down there at the junction between the concrete and the wooden stands, a little knot of jerseyed figures had sprinted out upon the field; and the very skies were roaring. Mrs. Caterson took herself in hand. She was the first to sit

down. "I must, Joe," she confessed. "I have to be perfectly calm, or I'll just burst before the kick-off." He was still on his feet, and she tugged at his arm. "Did we win the toss?"

Someone behind them called: "Everybody down!" Everyone grudgingly did sit down, and each one settled himself as carefully as though he meant to stay sedately quiet throughout the afternoon. Mrs. Caterson looked right and left and behind her along the rows of faces; she became brightly conversational.

"I can't look at the field, Joe. You tell me what's happening! There's Nina, and her father, just two rows behind us. Oh, and Joe, there's Ruth Elcess. She looks badly! I'm afraid she's ill. Do we kick off? Lend me your handkerchief. I've got to blow my nose or I'll scream. Why doesn't he blow the whistle? What are they waiting for? Oh-h-h-h-h!"

The boom of toe on pigskin; the pound of feet; scattered cries; a great roar as the runner was borne to earth.

And Mrs. Caterson settled herself with a relieved sigh. "There, it's begun!" she exclaimed. "Now I'm all right, my dear."

So turned her full attention to the game.

II.

AN HOUR later, upon pandemonium fell sudden sanity again; the half ended, the teams trotted toward the exit that led to the locker building, and the massed thousands along the concrete tiers rose and remembered that their throats were raw, their sides were aching, their muscles cramped and sore. Men tried to speak to their neighbors and could only croak hoarsely. Everyone moved this way or that, and many drifted down toward the exits. But Mr. and Mrs. Caterson stood happily silent together; and then Nina Buckel came swooping down from her seat two or three rows above to hug them both, and to dance up and down between them, and to cry:

"Wasn't he wonderful, Mrs. Caterson? Wasn't he?"

The girl's eyes were shining; she laughed infectiously, and she tugged at them furiously, and she exclaimed:

"You don't act a bit excited! Why don't you jump up and down and yell? I should think you'd be so proud!"

Mrs. Caterson said happily: "He was fine, wasn't he Nina?"

"And he'd have scored another touchdown if he hadn't slipped that time," the girl insisted, as though someone had denied this. "When he gets started they just can't stop him, can they? They just can't hold him at all. And he runs so easily. He doesn't seem to go fast. You can't see how he does it, but he's past them before you know."

Mr. Caterson said judicially: "I saw Grange play once, in Columbus. Tony today reminded me of Grange. Like a ghost, drifting down the field."

"He's better than he was last year," Nina announced "He just gets better all the time, doesn't he?" She clung tight to the older woman's arm. "Aren't you proud of him?" she insisted. "Aren't you just all swelled up about him?"

Mrs. Caterson smiled gently. "After all, Nina," she reminded the girl, "I've always been proud of Tony. I've always thought him wonderful. I suppose I would anyway, of course. That's the way mothers are, you know."

Nina's eyes were suddenly thoughtful. "Sandy was good, too," she said uncertainly. "He played a wonderful game."

"Did he?" Mrs. Caterson asked eagerly. "I couldn't always be sure which was Sandy. So often there was just a heap of men, with him underneath them all."

"But Tony was by himself, alone against them all!" Nina cried. "Oh, I couldn't breathe, watching him. When he'd wait to catch those punts, and two or three men racing down on him, and the sun shining on his helmet! And when he got away from them, I screamed. . . . Didn't you hear me scream?"

Mr. Caterson chuckled. "I think everyone screamed except his mother, Nina," he said whimsically. "She took it out in pounding me. I'm black and blue all up and down one side."

BELOW them on the gridiron the bands moved to and fro; they formed alphabetical patterns; they marched and countermarched; the drum major fired a pistol, he twirled his baton, he dropped it and a great laugh rose. Nina's father came down to join them. A small, keen man with a crisp mustache and alert gray eyes, he said briskly:

"Well, Joe, you're an All-American father again, eh?"

Caterson's broad, steady mouth widened in a pleased smile. He was a heavy-set, solidly built, gray-haired man with twinkling eyes that belied the stolidity of his countenance. "He did well, didn't he?" he agreed. His eyes were glowing. "Drop in this evening, Will," he suggested. "The boys will be there for an hour or two, and some of the youngsters are coming. Nina, bring your father and mother along."

Nina laughed happily. "Don't worry, I was going to," she assured them.

They watched the bands again and the girl joined in one of the songs. Those who had gone out during this intermission were returning, and Nina and her father sought their seats once more. Incredibly soon the teams reappeared. Over yonder the sun was dropping swiftly now; the top of the Stadium drew a black shadow sharply across the field, almost to the foot of the stands where the Catersons were sitting. The jerseyed figures distributed themselves, and Mrs. Caterson looked happily at the scoreboard. Thirteen to nothing. That was, barring dark mischance, a margin safe enough. She could bear now to watch the kick-off, the converging rush of racing boys, the quick-massing confusion and the whistle. The game went on.

As the third period proceeded with no advantage either way, Mrs. Caterson fella-dreaming, and her eyes followed Tony happily. He was the most conspicuous figure on his team, this son of hers; she had had so many reasons for a just pride in him. Even as a baby he had been preëminently lovable and charming, full of a great friendliness, actuated always by a desire to serve and to please, at once willful and obedient. As he grew older these traits became more strongly marked; he learned a tender consideration for older folk which endeared him to them; he had even toward his friends of his own age a sort of deference which made them love him; and when his school life began he showed a quick aptitude, and an originality of mind which distinguished him at once.

Mrs. Caterson watched him fondly while she dwelt among these memories. He was a flashing figure, whether on offense or defense, and it was easy for her to follow his movements. She caught her breath when, interfering for another man, he flung himself recklessly at the knees of a charging end; she could not breathe again till he came swiftly to his feet, helped the prostrate end arise. She clenched her fists when he carried the ball, winced when the tacklers bore him down, exulted when he rose undaunted. Once he started on a wide end run and raced across the gridiron directly toward her, two opposing men barring his way down the field as they sped beside him; and Tony checked himself like a cat and swerved behind them, as swift as light, while they floundered clumsily, The great roar that acclaimed his ten-yard gain was like sweet wine to her.

She began to forget the game. It was obviously already won; she was content with her dreams. The beaten team completed a forward pass that brought the ball to midfield; but Tony downed the runner there, and the line held safely. Tony was back now at his own ten-yard line, and another punt was coming. It was low and wide, and struck the ground and bounded end over end toward the goal line; and Tony ran warily toward it. One of the opposing ends was just behind him. These two and the ball converged; and Tony looked toward the end, and swung to block him off. Then something happened, not quite clear to Mrs. Caterson. The ball took an erratic bounce and Tony whirled back as though to seize it, but it eluded him, bobbing along the ground. He hesitated for a fraction of a second, then threw himself again at the other man. But the end dodged him, fell on the ball as it rolled across the line.

And a terrific volcano of sound erupted from the opposite stands, while all along the east side of the Stadium a sorrowful whisper ran.

Mrs. Caterson gripped her husband's arm. "What was it, Joe?" she asked swiftly.

He hesitated momentarily; he touched her hand. "Just a tough break, Lady," he told her.

"But why didn't Tony catch it?"

CATERSON was watching the knot of players down there on the field, where ran some swift argument. "Tony says it didn't hit him," he decided gravely. "But the referee has called it a touchdown!"

And he added a moment later, with a quick relief: "But they missed the goal!"

She watched him, puzzled by his demeanor, while the teams lined up for the kick-off; and she looked back at the field in time to see Tony give way to a substitute; and she wept with delight at the great cheer that greeted her son when he trotted off the field. Sandy was still in there; she could, in the open formation before the kick-off, distinguish his shorter, stockier figure. But as the play went on, and dusk drew swiftly down, it was hard to follow him, and a few minutes later, the game ended.

Their seats were halfway up the concrete slope above the head of the stairs; and since there were others all about them, they moved slowly. Nina and her father were just behind them; and Nina, as they went down the steep steps, slipped her arm through that of Mrs. Caterson. But at the head of the stairs someone touched Mrs. Caterson's other elbow; and she looked up and said quickly:

"Oh, Ruth! How are you, my dear? It's months since we've seen you."

"MAKE YOURSELF LOVELY FOR THE THREE OF US"

(Continued on Page 192)

. . . THOSE BEAUTIES WHOSE NECKS ARE LIKE STRAIGHT RODS OF STEEL

The Birdman of Wintergreen Lake

By PAUL DE KRUIF

Illustrated by Rex Brasher

THE most astounding contradiction in the make-up of old George Hebden Corsan, Sr.—aside from his buoyancy of a boy and his youthful build though he's close on to seventy—is his mixture of ferocity and gentleness. But that's the reason, too, for the terrific, wakeful, often exasperating, always interesting new kind of job that he's got. In what's ordinarily considered the evening of life this extremely youthful old man is starting a task that would defeat most men in their prime.

Corsan is a contrasting combination of murderer and tender foster father. Dreadful butcheries are inherent in him, are an instinctive, joyful part of his being—not just theoretical necessities of his job. If the eyes of this tall, erect, shock-haired man didn't fairly gleam with happiness as he stalked abroad to fight with, to murder a great horned owl, or craftily to poison nobody knows how many cheerfully cawing crows, he wouldn't be the builder and the manager of the most remarkable bird refuge in the United States.

Yet this relentless, fiendishly enterprising enemy of all predatory birds will take the gentlest pains to save the life of some miserable, strangely begotten little gosling. No matter if it's the lone, hybrid child of the mating of a white-front gander and a Chinese goose who's too idiotic to raise her own babies. I've seen this ferocious man's eyes shine with a sort of fatherly joy, too, as he watched one of his gallant Canada honkers waddle off Wintergreen Lake bringing up the rear of a grotesque file of goslings led by their black-necked, white-cheeked mother.

It's these paradoxical streaks in him that are at the bottom of the wonders this wrinkly, leather-faced Corsan has wrought. For, make no mistake about it, in two years' time he has built what is a model for a nation-wide movement to restore, to return wild waterfowl and upland game birds to American lakes and woods. Dreadful—that's the only word that will adequately describe this ex-swimming teacher's energy.

Two years ago the W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary was nothing more than a name, a plot of ground fourteen miles northwest of Battle Creek, Michigan, a dream in the brain of its nature-loving founder. Then, to a few hundred acres of gravelly farm land that nobody wanted, to a marsh useful mainly to muddy your feet in, to a lake that held plenty of fish, but still more snapping turtles, came this brown-bodied ex-fruit peddler.

PROMPTLY Corsan—who's been variously called a crank, a nut, a faddist—began to leap about over that ground, seemingly scatter-brained, peering at everything with his nearsighted, light-gray eyes, hunting, building, shooting, trapping, feeding, breeding, planting prodigiously. You'd have thought he had no time to plan, to dream. . . .

But now, on this Wintergreen Lake, so short a time ago forlorn, positively dangerous for a duck to set herself down on, you'll see stately processions of six different sorts of wild swan; of ducks, from the red-necked canvasback to blue-winged teal; of every goose, from Canada honkers to the hardy bar-headed wonders who fly across Mount Everest in their north-south migration in Asia. Safe they all are!

While you watch them cruising or flying, you'll hear, close by, the "kong-que-ree" of the brilliant red-winged blackbirds. They seem proud of their shoulder decorations of orange and scarlet, and so safe, here with Corsan, that they pick about the shore of the lake like so many chickens, never minding their guardian's incessant bang-bang-banging with his .410 shotgun, as he picks off an evil crow-blackbird close by.

Leave the lake and walk a little more than a mile to the north, and, following the terribly agile bird master's seventy-year-old strides up to high land from a swale, you'll have to look sharp to avoid stepping on this or that northern wild turkey hen, seemingly glued to her nest near this brush pile or in that fence corner. Terribly intent are these lovely birds, with their characteristic brown tail tips, at their job of replenishing their species that's within an ace of becoming extinct.

Corsan turns to you, beams. "I've just about trapped all the egg-robbing skunks out of here by now," he mutters; then straightens up, turning away his bronzed face that's like an Indian's excepting for its rather absurd short nose. He's listening for the gobble of his hens' proud, unashamedly polygamous husbands. Faintly it comes across the woods. . . . All safe. . . . There's no hint of the hunter in those pale small eyes behind his spectacles now.

From far off comes a whistled duet of a pair of competing Baltimore orioles. . . . All quiet. You may look at the undisturbed brooding hen turkeys, and imagine a return of the lush, unmachine-ridden youthful America of three hundred years ago.

II.

TO THIS happy hunting ground of Corsan, to this refuge of water and land fowl, come bird lovers from all over America; come scientists, high ornithological authorities. The sanctuary is no longer a private affair, for W. K. Kellogg, its founder, has deeded it to the Michigan State College for a biological station, an absolutely new thing in academic bird study—which has been conducted so largely in laboratories, from armchairs, and with eyes held close to dead bird skins. The sanctuary is dignified by its learned connection now, though its founder admits, with a sort of reserved, New Englandish, Coolidgean dryness, that the college still lets him have the privilege of paying the bills.

But what a shock zoölogical, ornithological professors must have when they come to consult the famous Corsan, and find him, terrifically and belligerently unprofessorial, his heavy deltoid muscles of a swimmer rippling under deep-tanned skin, sticking naked out of a skimpy gym shirt as he pushes a wheelbarrow loaded with two or three big bags of oats and barley uphill and down swale for his whooper swans and his marvelous red-breasted Siberian geese.

Yes, Mr. George Hebden Corsan, Sr., will talk to the professor, but the professor will have to follow along at a sweating jog-trot as Corsan storms around the lake. And he'll be exasperatingly interrupted as the birdman shouts "Ducky-duck . . . ducky-duck . . . ducky-duck!"

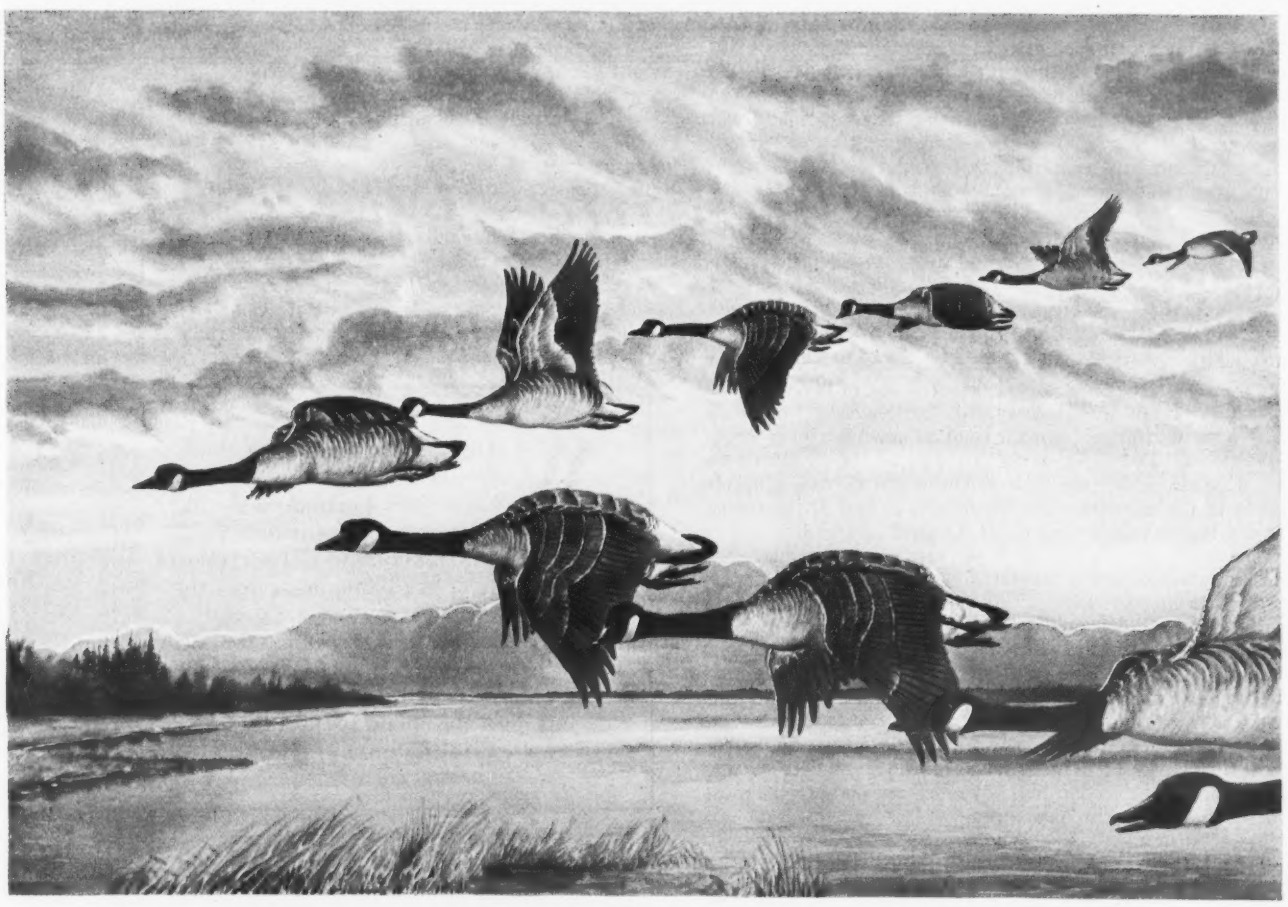
THAT WINGED DEMON OF THE NIGHT, THE GREAT HORNED OWL

THE BRILLIANT RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS, PROUD OF THEIR SHOULDER DECORATIONS OF RED AND SCARLET

That's his raucous way of calling all and sundry of his charges to their banquet, be they Australian black swans or South American rosybill ducks.

For Corsan, a well-fed, thrifty water bird is intrinsically worth a dozen professors—unless one or another of these gentlemen should happen to agree with his appallingly varied lore of bird habits, swan diet, weasel-trapping, swimming and the breeding customs of this or that obscure American goose. Nobody could be less academic than this weather-beaten, wrinkle-faced, incorrigibly outdoor naturalist whose eye is as quick as that of the crow which he hates with such bitter enthusiasm.

Corsan did start a college career once. He matriculated at the famous Canadian Agricultural School at Guelph, Ontario, in his long-gone youth. In a moment of eagerness to see a good fight, frantic from too much book study, which he has always detested, he turned the prize college bulls loose on the campus one moonlit night. He got what he wanted, a battle royal of registered bulls. From the authorities he received, in addition, a permanent vacation from formal studies in the science of the soil. From then on he became his own college.



. . . A FAITHFUL CANADA GANDER LEADING HIS LOVING GOOSE AND HER YEAR-OLD BABIES

IT'S no wonder, though, that Corsan—in spite of his lack of learned degrees—has been given for life the job of saving, breeding, increasing American wild-bird life. After all, Jack Miner, the famous goose-man of Kingsville, Ontario, is very much like him. And it was this red-headed giant of a self-made naturalist who inspired Mr. Kellogg to begin in the United States what is already going on so magnificently across the border in Canada.

Jack Miner couldn't write or read—from books, that is—till he was well past thirty. Just the same it is this man who has accomplished the job—any professor would have told you it was impossible—of changing the migration route of the Canada geese.

Childlike and unrestrained, intensely but unorthodoxly religious, this huge-muscled workman, just by waiting for them every March and October with good yellow corn instead of a gun, has made friends with hundreds of thousands of the great black-and-gray Canada honkers, their wives, their babies. And he's brought those friends of the wild goose, the wild whistling swans, to within three miles of his door, to safe feeding grounds on Lake Erie, to rest on their high-flying migration toward the Arctic. He's lured them to safety—by kindness—from the strange death that was killing thousands of them, as they were sucked while asleep into the terror of the Niagara rapids and falls.

Close as brothers are these temperamentally so different naturalists, Corsan and Miner. Together they've sweat at the back-breaking toil of shoveling wet clay into Jack's tile machine. Side by side they've been while Miner put a bullet through the eye of a red squirrel about to rob a mother Baltimore oriole of her babies. They've trapped the trembly voiced little screech owl who is death to the helpless children of the soft, husky, warbling bluebird. In each other's company they've been silent, listening to the mystery of the cooing love call of hundreds of mourning doves.

Corsan and Miner have learned from each other, but first of all, always, from Nature herself. Unbookish, both would look silly in cap and gown. It was Miner's son, Manly, who recommended Corsan to Kellogg. Oddly enough it was Corsan who first told Kellogg about Jack Miner.

On Wintergreen Lake, wild whistling swans, brought by Corsan, make their home the year round and, when you go there, as you ultimately must, you'll see the still larger, rarer, more marvelous trumpeter swans too. Of these Corsan says:

"They sound like a brass band when they're up in the sky. One trumpeter can outsing a dozen whistlers."

In the wild state these glorious American waterfowl are now extinct. But cunningly the birdman of Wintergreen Lake is giving his own trumpeters that peculiar sense of this-is-home, that he knows all wild things need for their mating. And very soon their cousins, the whistlers, will be calling their wild brothers and sisters down out of the clouds for food, for rest, for a winter haven.

Night and day, every day and night, for Corsan is precisely like one of his hated cat enemies in his habits of sleeping, his ear is cocked for the high-pitched, flageolet-like "wou-haw-ou" of those beauties whose necks are like straight rods of steel. And, more alert than a New York City fireman, this wiry-haired birdman is ready to jump from his bed at their alarm note.

There's the noiseless swoop of the great horned owl that threatens them. Or the web-foot of one of them might be caught in the terrible bulldog grip of a huge, moss-grown snapping turtle—though these are getting mighty scarce in Wintergreen Lake. Corsan's gun is by his side. He has no real rest.

THE FEROCIOUS GOSHAWK THAT WORKS SUCH HAVOC WITH THE LOVELY RUFFED GROUSE

III.

BUT this altogether incredible fellow doesn't seem to need any. Together with his sturdy gray-bobbed-haired wife he's up at dawn, to start whacking at the hundreds of jobs that they share between

(Continued on Page 144)

Debutante Days and Nights

By **GRACE BIRGE**

FOR three glorious months out of her whole life she lives in a whirl of parties, teas, luncheons, dinners, dances, such as few girls ever know. For three dazzling weeks at the height of the season she dances every night till five or maybe seven in the morning. She breakfasts in bed at ten-thirty, or maybe she doesn't get up at all until luncheon.

She works terrifically hard for the Junior League. She raises money for ten or maybe fifteen charities. She answers a dozen or more invitations each day—chooses between three dinners, four luncheons or teas and half a dozen dances. She goes to parties to which two or three thousand young people like herself have been invited.

She gets a more entrancing trousseau than any bride. She has a coming-out party that may have cost $10,000. She meets men, men, men—as she never will again. She is the most thrilled person in the universe for the first half of the season. And for the second half of the season, perhaps the most bored. Certainly the most tired.

What is it all about? Who are these favored few who make this thrilling, whirling, breath-taking bow each year to New York's social life? And what do they make of it?

WHAT does a debutante think about?
What sort of men does she like?
What serious work does she do?
How much does a coming-out party cost?
How many of her 3000 guests does she know?
Where does she find three men for every girl?
Who buys her flowers?
What does she spend for clothes?
Does she drink? Smoke? Gamble?

What She's Like

AT THE end of her first year out, when the debutante thoughtfully looks into next year and tries to decide whether she will take a course in music, art or history, or plunge into a career or just dash off South with her family for some more of the same, does she feel it was worth while? In her heart of hearts, is she still just "girl" like the two and a half hundred thousand other girls in America who reached eighteen at the same time, but who didn't have the newspapers calling up for their pictures, and chaperons to take them to and from parties?

It's an interesting phenomenon of American social life today, this little picked group of one hundred and fifty New York girls who for three months lead this enchanted life—unaware that it is enchanted, unmindful of the hundreds of thousands to whom this dazzling thing called a coming-out season never happens.

Almost the first question the inquiring observer asks is, Who are they? And in the same breath, What are they like?

Q. Who are they? What are they like?

A. They are the daughters of the comparatively few families in America who either through tradition or gradual transition have come to hold a position of social leadership that parallels that of the social leaders in Europe.

They are a charming, attractive group motivated by the same reasons that exist everywhere. There are debutantes who represent great wealth and those who do not. As in every other group, the most attractive, and charming, and appealing members are the most popular, and this factor is independent of wealth. The place of money in this choice circle is a thing taken for granted.

So it is that almost without exception the debutante list of any given year numbers girls graduating from the five or six most exclusive schools in the East. Miss Chapin's School, and the Brearley in New York, Westover, Miss Porter's at Farmington and Miss Walker's in Connecticut, and Foxcroft in Virginia—schools where alone such standards of old-fashioned simplicity and true values are upheld.

What are they like? Just awfully nice girls, more conservatively brought up than most girls, more fortunate in material advantages, more natural and unspoiled, but just as interested in clothes and parties and boys as any girl.

Q. What does a debutante think about? What is her conversation about?

What sort of men does she like?

Does she want to get married?

What does she think about divorce?

A. The debutante is out for a good time. She hasn't a serious thought in her head yet. This coming out of hers is the most thrilling experience of her life. Accordingly her talk is all about last night's party and tomorrow's clothes, other girls and boys, and how tired she is. She hasn't a minute to read. She has no opinions on religion or world affairs or art. She is as wrapped up in the affairs of her own group and her own generation, as oblivious of the rest of the world as Hollywood is of the United States! She knows that the whole world says she's being brought out in order to get her married, but she doesn't bother her head about that.

What She Does

FOR the moment all she requires of a man is that he be a good dancer, a good sportsman, good-looking, must know his way about, must wear the right clothes and be amusing.

Marriage is a rosy, romantic possibility—divorce is "awful"—and when the first engagements begin to be announced she does for a moment gasp at the thought of what an old hag she is getting to be—but dash it! As she slips from one dress into another, speeds from a luncheon to a tea, from a dinner dance to a supper dance, and from a supper dance to breakfast at Childs', what time has an eighteen-year-old to devote to the business of getting married?

Q. What serious work does a debutante do to justify the time and money spent on her?

A. Not a solitary thing! This $10,000 coming-out party of hers, the monopoly of her mother's car, these dozens of dance frocks, these showers

The male of the species . . . to every debutante, three . . . The typical New York beau must be good-looking, a good sportsman, a good dancer and wear the right kind of clothes.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD STUDIOS

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD STUDIOS

Miss Cathleen Fox, snapped at Pierre's. Her debut will be at the new clubhouse of the Junior League.

Miss Grace Birge, whose debut was at the Ritz. The end of the season, when the debutante can go about unchauffeured, unchaperoned, marks her release from irksome formalities.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD STUDIOS

Miss Joyce Phipps—unspoiled—poised—the ideal debutante type.

EDMUND HARRINGTON, LONDON

of flowers, the first pearl necklace, the first bracelet of precious stones, the ermine wrap, the parties upon parties are nothing but a dazzling and wholly undeserved treat showered upon the serene young lady by fond parents, often by interested aunts or grandmothers, with minor reënforcements by devoted friends.

True, she does work for charities. She raises money for ten or fifteen of them because it is a debutante convention to do so. She waylays her relatives and her mother's friends. She sells programs and cigarettes and flowers. And if she has "made" the Junior League, she takes a regular course of lectures and does actual duty in settlements, hospitals, institutions and schools for cripples.

But all of this she takes for granted, as part of the scheme of things. The charities are most of them unknown to her, and the Junior League, after all, is a grand meeting place!

Q. What does the coming-out party cost?

A. The average party from $5000 to $10,000. The extravagant party, $25,000. If the girl is an only daughter, maybe anything! Here is an actual breakdown of the cost:

Rent of suite at the Ritz	$ 500
Decorations	3000
Supper *(for 800 to 1000 people)*	4500
Invitations (Secretarial Service)	$ 750 to 1000
Music	1500 to 2500
Miscellaneous	250 to 1000

Her Coming-Out Party

DECORATIONS, you say, $3000? Ah, but decorations must be different for each party. As the parties are given at the Ritz night after night, the decorator must transform these same rooms so they are scarcely recognizable. Two floral decorators enjoy this enormous patronage—Kottmiller and Wadley & Smythe. And their resources are called upon to do ever more and more ingenious things. Imagine the entire ballroom hung with silk and transformed into a huge garden of smilax and flowers! Or a fairylike winter scene brought to life with dozens and dozens of evergreens heavy with icicles and weighted with glittering snow! The debutante's own flowers, huge baskets, bouquets and corsages sent by friends, are a colorful addition, massed where she receives.

Supper? Here is a typical menu:

Fruit Suprême
Consommé
Lobster à la Ritz
Broiled Partridge
Salade
Bisque Glacé
Assorted Cakes
Demi-tasse

The debutante's mother occupies herself with the menu. For as Theodore, of the Ritz, wisely explains, the young people, and certainly the enchanted debutante, do not know whether they are eating bread and butter or *foie gras*.

Music $1500?

Yes, every bit of it! For there must be an orchestra of from twenty to forty pieces, often more, to provide enough sound for such a large party. Each musician costs so much an hour and the prices are doubled for each piece in the orchestra between the hours of two and five in the morning. The two orchestras invariably used are Markels and Meyer Davis. At very elaborate parties two orchestras are engaged so that the dancing may be continuous. The big supper dance last winter had three!

Q. How far ahead does she have to plan the coming-out party? What's the smartest place to give it? How many does she invite? And whom?

A. If the coming-out party is to be given in town, and in midseason, the reservation for hotel and orchestra must be made in the early spring. The Ritz is considered the smartest place to have it. Everybody feels that if a party is to be at the Ritz it's bound to be good. Then Sherry's, the Colony Club, and this year the Junior League House—all are great favorites. Quite often it takes the form of a dinner dance on the evening of some big supper dance to which the debutante and her entire party of two hundred or more will proceed from their party.

IRA L. HILL

Miss Frederica Frelinghuysen, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Joseph Sherman Frelinghuysen. This is the typical studio photograph released to the newspapers.

But there is a growing feeling that the party can be kept more exclusive when given at the parents' country home. In August at Newport, in September on Long Island, or at Bernardsville, Morristown or Mount Kisco. This necessarily means a smaller invitation list, and more likely a list of guests all personally known to the hostess. Many, many debuts are made at luncheons, almost invariably at Pierre's. Practically none of the debuts are made at afternoon tea today.

The biggest parties number 800 to 1000 guests, and that means an invitation list of 3000 because there are so many parties going on at the same time. Of course nobody numbers 2000 to 3000 among one's personal friends. This is how the list grows:

First, practically every debutante of the season is invited, whether she is known to the hostess or not. Then those few of the girls who came out the year before who are personal friends. Then three boys to every girl. Then the daughters of friends and relations of the debutante's mother. Sometimes the debutante's mother invites all her best friends, and, as the young people disrespectfully put it, they stay until three in the morning or die! And finally, for weeks, everyone the dear debutante knows says: "Can I bring so and so? He's awfully nice!" Before she knows it she has hundreds more than she planned for.

Q. How many of the people who come to her own party does the debutante or her family know?

A. Of the invited guests, about one-quarter, if as many. What with the increased number of debuts each year, it has long been a commonplace for guests to be invited who are personally unknown to the hostess, though their standing is vouched for. The budding debutante in this way is given the opportunity to meet and be met by young people of her own standing from several states. Indeed, the moment her name appears on the debutante list, she begins to receive invitations from Long Island, New Jersey, Connecticut, as well as Manhattan, and she may dash to Philadelphia or Boston for a debut and be back in New York for luncheon.

Q. Who are the Social Secretariats? How do they function?

A. The Social Secretariats keep on hand a list of the 150 debutantes of the year and of many other desirable names, not least important of which is a list of eligible young men. The bureau sends a suggested list to be checked by the hostess who is giving the party, and the invitations are issued directly from the household or more frequently from the secretariat's office. A hostess sometimes simply instructs the bureau to invite so many. These bureaus practically control the invitation lists of social New York—Miss Cutting's, Miss Doane's, Miss Maynard's, Miss Fanshawe's and Hostesses', Inc.

Q. How many clothes does a debutante have to have?

A. The most surprising number of evening dresses, some luncheon and the theater type of dresses, and then a very dressy ball dress. Slippers, bags, necklaces, and so on, to go with them. But it's all comparative. It is not considered at all important to have a great many different dresses—only that those dresses a girl does have should be right. Often a dress which is particularly becoming is worn again and again until it has served its day. All girls come out in white, and for the past two or three years, on the night of her own debut practically every debutante's dress has been a *robe de style*. This year marks a complete change in style, and the debutantes are astonishing the world with their full-length dresses and normal waistlines fitted *over corsets!*

(Continued on Page 178)

Miss Maria Auchincloss, one of the most popular debutantes of the past season.

PHOTO. BY N. Y. TIMES STUDIO

HOW PINTO, WITH HARDLY A MOVEMENT OF HIS LIPS, MANAGED TO THROW SO NATURAL A VOICE INTO THE MOUTH OF THAT QUAINT LITTLE THING WAS REALLY REMARKABLE

Forlorn Hope

By COSMO HAMILTON

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

AND indeed she was—the most forlorn, lonely, poverty-stricken and disappointed girl on land or sea, never so sarcastically named Hope, it seemed to her, as at that desperate time. But just as a man with a wooden leg is somewhat cheered in his affliction at the sight of one who has lost both his lower limbs and is obliged to trundle his way through life in a chair with double wheels, so she, sitting in misery on the windy and sunless side of the Second Class deck of the Olympic, felt briefly that bad luck had not marked her down as its special favorite when she looked at the dismal figure of the man whom everybody shunned. In spite of this, it was a fact that she was down and out.

But when, during the first day's run—her troubles increased by a most uneasy sea—a returning student of one of the Western universities, a bubbly, fair-haired girl, asked her what was wrong, it was characteristic of her to say, "Nothing, nothing at all. What's the matter with *him?*"

She pointed with an astonishingly small foot at the man who was then sitting like a sack of potatoes, nursing his head in his hands.

"Dismal Jimmy? Oh, my dear, the betting is, all over this part of the ship, that he's come on board to chuck himself over the side."

Hope heaved a big sigh which came from the soles of her shoes and said to herself, "Um, and that's the way out for me."

To Selina Woodbridge, on the other hand, the world was a very good place. Everything was rosy to her. She had rushed around Europe with a number of equally enthusiastic if impecunious neophytes and reveled in the time of her life. In any case, she was one of those extremely fortunate young women who are greatly liked by all the streptococci, so that there never was a morning when she did not wake up in the most rumbustious health and carry on with gusto until she went to bed.

It startled her, therefore, to notice on a ship which seemed to be in spirits as high as her own a strange little wistful creature, apparently not a day older than eighteen, very pretty, with large round eyes like those of a doll, astonishingly and attractively tiny, who appeared to find life far from rosy and who looked as though she bore upon her back, like old man Atlas, all the weight of the world.

Being a gregarious, sympathetic person, intensely interested in humanity, and filled with even a livelier curiosity than the average member of her sex, it was natural that she should want to know the reason for the abnormal depression which sat upon this girl. Hers was not the mouth which should wear a downward curve.

And so Selina said, "Never mind Dismal Jimmy. What's the matter with *you?*"

Confession is good for the soul. It comes under the heading of water to a dying plant, a succulent bone to a starving dog and a ray of sun in a fog. And so Hope, who had been as lonely on that great ship as an unclaimed suitcase or a letter to someone who had not come on board, turned eagerly to the girl who looked so well and prosperous, so full of good red blood, so delighted to be alive, and began to pour forth her story.

"I was vaudeville," she said, "and I shall never be again. To cut my story short, I went over to London three weeks ago with a troupe. You know—song, dance and back-chat; toe and heel, splits. We opened last week at the Holborn Empire and created a record in flops. We didn't only get what the manager called 'the raspberry'—we got the blackberry, the gooseberry, the strawberry and every other berry that ever grew on earth. Why? Search me. We were told that it was because Swannen Hoffer has a 'downer' on Americans and says so every day. . . . They wiped us out of the bill. That was our first and last appearance, and now we're going back with a black eye, to be looked at by New York agents as if we ought to be dead."

Selina's word was "Gosh!" in which was summed up every inch of her realization of the tragic position in which this little thing was. "And are the others on board?"

"No. They're working their way back. Tramp steamers for my old pals. Being the only female, I couldn't do that, they said, and so I sold my ring and nearly all my clothes. It looks like my landing with exactly forty-five cents."

"Then what?"

To Hope those two words bore the same pathetic interpretation as "if only" and "don't apply." "Childs'," she said, "or the Automat, with any sort of luck. But I doubt it. I've got no pull, you see. A little gas stove for mine."

Which came as a shock to Selina, who looked upon life as a gift. "My dear," she said, "you . . . you mustn't talk like that! Haven't you got any people, no one to whom you can go?"

The little thing shook her head.

SHE then wriggled out of her deck chair and went over to the rail, from which she watched the sea. If she had been a cry-baby, one who gave way on such occasions to the relief of tears, she might have added a wave or two to that vast expanse of water through which the Olympic steamed. She was, however, one of those funny little things who merely cry inside—a very painful process which preserved the black on the long lashes which sometimes covered her eyes. She couldn't lean on the rail because, being so ridiculously small, it was on a level with her nose. She said to herself, "You'll make a handsome tip of forty-five cents to the stewardess and drop out. A pity. You have talent, Baby, there's not a doubt of it."

But it was nice, in fact it was moving, to feel a warm young arm round her shoulders and to be given words of comfort and encouragement from a stranger in the crowd.

Selina's final words were, "Cheer up, sister. Leave it to us. We'll see what can be done."

Upon which, having drunk that sympathy like a long unwatered plant, Hope turned to go back to her chair. No. By gum, that man! Was there no one with water for him? Wasn't there anyone on that ship who would drop a metaphorical penny in the tin that hung round his neck—"Stone blind. Deaf from birth"? Dumb? . . . That remained to be seen. And so instead of going to her own chair she sat in the one on the left of the man who looked like a sack of potatoes and was nursing his head in his hands.

A SUDDEN shyness dried up her stream of words. She felt that she ought to have rehearsed an opening or prepared a quotation which would have met the case. Something about the sea. A joke about starboard and larboard mermaids and sea-legs. She felt that she ought to have made a husky remark about the necessity of walking only "abarft of this." The usual vaudeville stuff. Instead of which, after a strange hesitation, she said "Good afternoon," thereby letting down her troupe, her training and the whole profession into which she had been born. As a matter of fact, she had opened her eyes in the tent of her parents' barnstormers and been wheeled onto the stage in a comic perambulator before she was ten days old.

With an almost heart-breaking expression of gratitude the man sat up and turned toward the voice. Not one in all this world had even been so kind. He said, "Thank you; yes, it is. Is it?" He then looked all about to verify the fact, and to his intense astonishment discovered that it was.

He was fairly young—somewhere on the sunny side of thirty-five, perhaps. A nice face; brown eyes rather like those of a dog, and therefore honest and quite reliable. A wide mouth with good teeth and a small mustache, spoilt by being waxed. It gave him the appearance of a barber at Aldershot or wherever else soldiers may be stationed for a time. Or of a gymnastics instructor at a preparatory school; more like the latter, really, because his shoulders were wide, his neck muscular and his wrists as hard as steel. Then, too, his hair was gymnastic; strong stuff, wiry, with a donkey driver's twist. He had one of those clefts in his chin that women like so much.

She said at once, and in the voice of one who was a fellow-sufferer, "What's the matter with you?"

Whereupon he put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and produced a rather large card on which was printed "Pinto & Ponto, the World's Greatest Ventriloquist Act." In more modest letters at the left-hand corner of this cardboard square was set out "Lieut. Jimmy Pinto—late Northumberland Fusiliers." And as though this thing summed up the story of his depression he handed it to her.

"This knocks me down with a feather," she cried. "Why, this is the most . . . I mean this is absolutely . . . But this is my game too! Coincidence? I'll tell the world it is."

He didn't understand. He looked at her like an English dog who is being spoken to in French.

Seeing which, Hope rattled off, though with infinitely greater detail and in far more professional language, the story of her flop.

SHE SAT IN THE ONE ON THE LEFT OF THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES

Lieut. Jimmy Pinto hung upon her words, and during her description of the ghastly scene at the Holborn Empire that night he went as white as a sheet. The Raspberry! . . . It was the nightmare of every vaudeville artist, the Sword of Damocles which hung perpetually over the head of every entertainer in every part of the world.

He put his large hand over her small one, shut his eyes for a moment as though the scene that she had conjured up was far too painful to watch, and murmured a sort of prayer.

And this made her ask anxiously, "Has this just happened to you?"

"No. And that's the point," he answered. "I'm not going to get the chance."

"You're not going to . . . Why, how's that?" But if his was the world's greatest ventriloquist act . . . She left her hand where it was—wholly smothered by his. It was the sort of hand that she liked.

He sensed this and was glad. In addition to the comradeship which existed between these two as members of the same precarious profession, here was the only creature on that luxurious floating city who hadn't turned away in horror from his face.

"When I was in the ranks," he said, eager to confide, "the first two years of the war, I used to amuse our fellows up in the trenches by doing silly stunts. I used to go a lot to the music halls in Manchester and that, and found it easy to give imitations of those jokers in various uniforms who threw their voices at dolls. You know, Prince and Harry Ball."

"Sure I know," she said. "Go on, shoot some more."

"I MADE an ugly, lifelike little nipper out of rags and things and worked up a lot of backchat which went down awfully well. I spent hours and hours at this ventriloquism, especially while I was wounded and lay in hospital." He warmed to his subject and the depression left his face. "Then I went home for a bit of leave, was promoted to a commission and while in London bought a proper doll. I called him Ponto, and I give you my word he was fine. He had red hair like a mop and large round eyes which rolled about and a mouth that I could work with my hand through a hole in the back of his neck." He laughed a little at the thought of him and there was affection in his voice.

Not only was Hope interested in all this from a professional point of view but from the point of view of a kind and charitable human being who took a keen delight in being able, even momentarily, to lift the thick cloud which lay on this man's brain. "Some name, Ponto," she said enthusiastically; "go on, spin it again."

And on he went at once. Talk about watering a thirsty plant! "I dressed him up as a sergeant, made him a sergeant. I knew them all right. Been one myself, I had. And I made him say things about his regiment and his Tommies which filled the sheds with yells. . . . Then the Armistice. The great loose-end. My old job in Manchester given to someone else. What to do to keep out of the gutter—that was the one thing that faced me as it faced all the men who had fought to make the world safe for democracy, I don't think. You know?"

"Oh, I know," she said.

"TO CUT it short, Pinto and Ponto stormed the music halls; out in the wilds first and then bit by bit nearer and nearer the goal. Finally London, The Alhambra, The Palladium and at last The Coliseum." His voice broke at the mention of that magic word, the ultima Thule of his lot. "What price that, old dear?"

There was a funny little twist at the corners of Hope's red lips. There might be only forty-five cents at the bottom of her bag, but underneath her handkerchief, her passport, her steamship ticket and a snapshot of the disbanded troupe her lipstick held its place. She said in a voice in which there was reverence and awe, "The Coliseum—wow! And you got over and crept closer and closer to the top of the bill?"

"That's right," he said. "Though out of town I'd been headlining all the way round for a year. Pinto and Ponto

(Continued on Page 165)

HE BLUSHED AGAIN AND HELD THE UMBRELLA AND THE RUBBERS TOWARD HER. "I BROUGHT YOU THESE"

The First Beau

By BERNICE BROWN

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

HATTIE MELLISH, the mother of the two Mellish girls, had been a dancer before them, and there were those who insisted that in the daughters she had merely split up a first-rate talent into two parts. Hattie, had she heard this, would have been the first to disclaim it.

"I never had the advantages the girls have," she would say. "Dancing, in my day, was a polite drawing-room accessory. Today it is a career." Her eyes would flash when she said this, for she had fine black eyes and one forgot for the moment she was middle-aged and, yes, fat.

"Milly and Prudence will do what I never had the chance to do." There was a Prussian set to her chin and her stays creaked. "Milly and Prudence have the world before them."

The fact that Milly and Prudence didn't seem to care that they had the world before them did not interest Hattie Mellish. She had will enough for both of them. Moreover, like most egotists, she had a way of overlooking what she did not want to see.

But, deny it as she would, Hattie Mellish—Hattie Spender as she then was—had had talent. True, dancing in her day had not reaped the golden harvest of rich contracts that was to come later. But it was an art even then, and the fortunate ones, then as now, danced on the boards of the Metropolitan.

But Hattie Spender had never danced there. Indeed, Hattie Spender had never climbed any farther than Boston. In the first place, she was poor; and in the second, she married. True, Hattie had not intended to marry, nor had she furthered her career by doing so. She had, in fact, ended it. But, at the moment, none of this had occurred to her.

Peter Mellish was a pupil in one of Hattie's dancing classes. To support herself Hattie gave lessons in the schottisch and the polka and the lancers, and Peter had joined the class because Hattie Spender was beautiful. Peter hadn't cared much about dancing; in fact, it might be said he disliked it. He was awkward and shy and he had little confidence in his terpsichorean abilities. But he had entered the class because Hattie Spender taught it and it gave him a chance to watch her.

Hattie had no idea romance lurked behind his enrollment in her small leather notebook or that love for her glowed in the heart of this particularly ungifted renderer of the schottisch. Single-track then, as later, Hattie Spender had been interested only in getting on. She would save a little money. Then she would go to New York to study and, if the gods were kind, she would one day travel to Paris. She had health and the confidence in herself that is the precious gift of egotism, and Peter Mellish, not at all rich and not at all good-looking, was the last man she was thinking of.

Then came the chance to dance in Boston. It was a large charity affair and a great danseuse from Paris, who was in the country at the time, was to have been the drawing card of the occasion. But at the last moment the great danseuse from Paris had sprained her ankle getting off a horse-drawn trolley car, and Hattie had been summoned to fill in.

"If these foreigners weren't so blasted economical they won't pay for a cab," the chairman of the committee had exploded, "this would never have happened."

But, fortunately for Hattie Spender, Mlle. Dupont was full of French thrift, and Hattie, whom the chairman of the committee had once seen dance in the small New England city of her birth, was summoned.

This, to Hattie, was the beginning. She was a fine enough artist to know she had still far to go. Besides which, she had not begun young enough. But she had strength and will and imagination. What she lacked in technic she could

make up for in fire. She was beautiful, but like a sensible woman Hattie depended little on her beauty. Well she knew that a certain plain-looking Slav at the Metropolitan was an infinitely greater dancer than she was.

Nevertheless, Hattie's beauty caught them first that night. It was an audience disappointed in not seeing a woman who had danced before the Empress Eugénie. Still, it was a well-dressed, well-bred audience, that was studiously determined to be polite if not enthusiastic.

Peter Mellish, sitting in the fourth row, had never seen anything so lovely. Trim and straight as a young tree she stood there, her white shoulders like alabaster above the wine-colored frock.

The frock was long and heavy with ruffles, but when she danced she tricked it into a grace and vitality as living as the slim white body beneath it.

Peter forgot to clap, even at the end of the second encore. In the first place, there were so many others clapping; and in the second, he was too humble. To think this was Hattie Spender, who had belabored him, valiantly perspiring, through the polka. He had held her in his arms even. Now ——

It was raining brutally when Peter made his escape from the hall and found his way round to a gas-lighted entrance that led to Hattie's dressing room. Peter's coat was wet and drops of moisture clung to his black mustache and burnsides, for Peter followed the period hirsutely. He knocked gently at the door and caught his breath when Hattie tossed it open for him.

Peter was aware he did not cut a heroic figure as he stood there, over one arm a raincoat and clutched in his hands a pair of rubbers and an umbrella. A moment they stared. Then Peter blushed. "It's raining cats and dogs," he said, "and I thought I ——" He blushed again and held the umbrella and the rubbers toward her. "I brought you these."

HATTIE'S first inclination when she threw open the door and saw Peter was to laugh, to laugh bitterly. She had expected the chairman of the committee to come for her. Then something about Peter's raincoat and the rubbers, new and shining, touched her.

What had started as a laugh changed suddenly and Hattie found herself sobbing, sobbing up against Peter Mellish's damp overcoat. Perhaps it was fatigue, perhaps it was the reaction from excitement. Perhaps it was because Peter Mellish was the first man who had ever done a gentle and unselfish thing for her.

At any rate Hattie was not surprised to find herself engaged. She hadn't intended to be. He was, in fact, her first beau, and certainly no beau for a girl to toss away a career lightly for. But she did it. She had married Peter Mellish almost before she realized completely she was engaged to him.

Hattie's career ended forever with her marriage. In the first place, they were poor. Peter worked for his father in the harness and saddlery business, and old Mr. Mellish, for all his New England thrift, or perhaps because of it, was not a progressive manufacturer. Hattie felt in her heart she could have managed better than either of them. And it is not improbable she could have, for Hattie was a born executive.

But in those days women did not interfere in their husbands' business. Besides, Hattie soon had business enough of her own. She had a house to run, and before long there were little Milly and Prudence. Hattie lost her figure almost at once, for in those days women understood little about the science of dieting. If they were meant to be fat they were fat, and there was an end to it. Hattie, evidently, was destined to be one of the fat ones.

Nevertheless, as little Milly and Prudence came along, Hattie taught them to dance. She was not too fat for that, and she would not make the mistake with them that had been made with her. They should start young.

Almost before they could walk Hattie taught them to stand on their little toes and balance. As they grew older she called them in from play for their daily lesson. This was not much fun, for Hattie had kept abreast of the times and their practicing was done largely to a metronome. Over and over they repeated the exercises, until their little backs were aching and their legs ready to crumple with fatigue.

But their whimpering did not touch her. "Stop that crying," she would storm, "and be thankful you've a mother with a brain in her head. If I had had your advantages, do you think I'd be here wearing my fingers to the bone with scrubbing and cooking?"

THEY WERE VERY YOUNG, AND VERY HAPPY, AND A WINTER PARIS LAY BEFORE THEIR FEET LIKE A CARPET OF FLOWERS

This was not true, of course, for Hattie's fingers were well cushioned. Besides which, she had a maid to help, for Peter, who had succeeded to the business, was now making a fair income. Nor was it true, as she implied, that she was unhappy. Her marriage had turned out better than most, for the thoughtful Peter of the rubbers and the umbrella never disappeared, and Hattie was not one to overlook this.

True, she scolded a good deal, for she was a person of restless energy, which had never, since her dancing days, found a complete outlet. But for this she had never blamed Peter. She even grew to think him handsome. One day when Milly found an old photograph, taken at the time Peter proposed to Hattie, and laughed at it, Hattie shook her.

"Did papa really look like that?" Milly had demanded. "Oh, mamma, how could you ever have fallen in love with him?"

Hattie took the photograph and gazed at it. She had almost forgotten it, and the Peter of their engagement days was decidedly funny-looking. But Hattie blushed.

"Your father, my dear, had a very handsome mustache." Her eyes had a distant look. "They wore them like that then."

Nevertheless, Hattie had no intention of letting her daughters waste any time on romance. They should be equipped as she had never been. As soon as they were old enough they should go to Boston and later to New York. She would give her soul, of course, to send them to Paris to study under the great Monsieur Delmar.

When Milly was fourteen Hattie dismissed her maid and did the work herself. There was some truth then in the statement that she was wearing her fingers to the bone. She made her own and the children's dresses and she had a laundress only every other week.

Hattie had no pride about the performance of manual labor. Peter used to object, as did the girls, but Hattie brushed them aside.

"I've better things to do with my money than waste it on green Irish kitchen help," she would say.

THEY all knew she was saving every penny for the children's education.

"I'm sorry, Hattie." And Hattie knew that Peter was really sorry. "I'd like to help you more. But you know what the harness business is, now that automobiles have come in. Not what it was in my father's day."

Hattie's lips drew into a straight line. "I know. But that doesn't make any matter. The girls are going to get on. If it takes my last ounce of strength they shall get on."

There was something terrifying in this middle-aged, determined fat woman. Peter, who had stayed thin, thought back to the girl he had fallen in love with. He still loved her. But he was a little afraid of her.

"I hope," he thought, "the girls won't disappoint her. I may have."

But Peter hadn't. She had never hoped much from Peter. But from the girls she hoped everything. It was with no resentment at last that Hattie took to making cakes for parties. She was a good cook and her cakes brought the most money of any cakes in the city. When the girls cried about it Hattie shook them.

"None of your nonsense," she would bluster. "Baking cakes is an honest trade and in another year you shall go to Boston."

In another year, too, they went.

It was while the girls were in Boston that Peter Mellish died

(Continued on Page 175)

The Ranger

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

VAUGHN WAS NOT OF A TEMPER TO RESIGN. HE WOULD WATCH TILL THE VERY LAST SECOND. FOR ROSETA, HOWEVER, HE ENDURED AGONIES

VAUGHN MEDILL, Texas ranger, hero of many a border battle, is secretly enamoured of Roseta Uvalde, the pretty daughter of a wealthy Americanized Mexican partner in the big Glover ranch along the Rio Grande. Lovesick and depressed, wearied of bandit chasing and gun play, Medill is thinking of quitting the ranger service when he is summoned posthaste to the Uvalde home—Roseta is missing. Has she eloped or is she a victim of foul play? Her father is strangely reticent, obviously concealing a terrible fear. Has he perchance incurred the enmity of the notorious Mexican bandit, Quinela?

Repeated questioning only deepens the mystery of the girl's disappearance, and the ranger grimly abandons words for action.

With unerring skill Vaughn takes up Roseta's trail, swiftly and accurately reading the tell-tale signs: Alone she rode forth in the early morning; at the desert's edge she met a man—not a cowboy or a Mexican judging by his boot prints; then a merry gallop toward the wooded river bank; an ambush; a splotch of blood, a watch, a glove, a cigarette case; a body dragged through the brush and cast into the swift current; the Rio Grande crossed into Old Mexico; then the trail again—three Mexicans, the captive girl and the riderless mount of her unknown companion.

Heedless of danger, Vaughn Medill plunges after them, through the heat of noonday and midafternoon, through rough unknown country, down a winding trail in a deep gorge. The ranger turns the corner of a wall of rock and is met with a line of bandits holding leveled rifles. "Hands up, gringo ranger!"

III.

VAUGHN was as much surprised by the command in English as at the totally unexpected encounter with a dozen or more peons. He knew the type. These were Quinela's bandits.

Vaughn elevated his hands. Why this gang leader held him up instead of shooting on sight was beyond Vaughn's ken. The Mexicans began to jabber angrily. If ever Vaughn expected death it was then. He had about decided to pull his gun and shoot it out with them, and finish as many a ranger had before him. But a shrill authoritative voice deterred him. Then a swarthy little man, lean-faced and beady-eyed, stepped out between the threatening rifles and Vaughn. He silenced the others.

"It's the gringo ranger, Texas Medill," he shouted in Spanish. "It's the man who killed Lopez. Don't shoot. Quinela will pay much gold for him alive. Quinela will strip off the soles of his feet and drive him with hot irons to walk on the *choya*."

"But it's the dreaded gun-ranger, señor," protested a one-eyed bandit. "The only safe way is to shoot his cursed heart out here."

"We had our orders to draw this ranger across the river," returned the leader harshly. "Quinela knew his man and the hour. The Uvalde girl brought him. And here we have him—alive! . . . Garcia, it'd cost your life to shoot this ranger."

"But I warn you, Juan, he is not alone," returned Garcia. "He is but a leader of rangers. Best kill him quick and hurry on. I have told you already that gringo *vaqueros* are on the trail. We have many horses. We cannot travel fast. Night is coming. Best kill Texas Medill."

"No, Garcia. We obey orders," returned Juan harshly. "We take him alive to Quinela."

Vaughn surveyed the motley group with speculative eyes. He could kill six of them at least, and with Star charging, and the poor marksmanship of Mexicans, he might break through. Coldly Vaughn weighed the chances. They were a hundred to one that he would not escape. Yet he had taken such chances before. But these men had Roseta, and while there was life there was always some hope. With tremendous effort of will he forced aside the deadly impulse and applied his wits to the situation.

The swarthy Juan turned to cover Vaughn with a cocked gun. Vaughn read doubt and fear in the beady eyes. He knew Mexicans. If they did not kill him at once there was hope. At a significant motion Vaughn carefully shifted a long leg and stepped face front, hands high, out of the saddle.

Juan addressed him in Spanish.

"No savvy, señor," replied the ranger.

"You speak Spanish?" repeated the questioner in English.

"Very little. I understand some of your Mexican lingo."

"You trailed Manuel alone?"

"Who's Manuel?"

"My *vaquero*. He brought Señorita Uvalde across the river."

"After murdering her companion. Yes, I trailed him and two other men, I reckon. Five horses. The Uvalde girl rode one. The fifth horse belonged to her companion."

"Ha! Did Manuel kill?" exclaimed the other, and it was certain that was news to him.

"Yes. You have murder as well as kidnaping to answer for."

The bandit cursed under his breath.

"Where are your rangers?" he went on.

"THEY got back from the Brazos last night with news of your raid," said Vaughn glibly. "And this morning they joined the cowboys who were trailing the horses you stole."

Vaughn realized then that somewhere there had been a mix-up in Quinela's plans. The one concerning the kidnaping of Roseta Uvalde and Vaughn's taking the trail had worked out well. But Juan's dark corded face, his volley of unintelligible maledictions at his men betrayed a hitch somewhere. Again Vaughn felt the urge to draw and fight it out. What passionate fiery-headed fools these fellows were! Juan had lowered his gun to heap abuse on Garcia. That individual turned green of face. Some of the others still held leveled rifles on Vaughn, but were looking at their leader and his lieutenant. Vaughn saw a fair chance to get away, and his gun hand itched. A heavy-booming revolver—Juan and Garcia dead—a couple of shots at the others—that would have stampeded them. But Vaughn caught no glimpse of Roseta. He abandoned the grim cold impulse and awaited eventualities.

The harangue went on, soon to end in Garcia being cursed down.

"I'll take them to Quinela," rasped Juan shrilly, and began shouting orders.

Vaughn's gun belt was removed. His hands were tied behind his back. He was forced upon one of the horses and his feet were roped to the stirrups. Juan appropriated his gun belt, which he put on with the Mexican's love of vainglory, and then mounted Star. The horse did not like this exchange of riders, and right there followed evidence of the cruel iron hand of the bandit. Vaughn's blood leaped, and he veiled his eyes lest someone see his intent to kill. When he raised his head two of the squat-shaped, motley-garbed and wide-sombreroed crew were riding by, and the second led a horse upon which sat Roseta Uvaldo.

SHE was bound to the saddle but her hands were free. She turned her face to Vaughn. With what terrible earnest dread did he gaze at it! Vaughn needed only to see it flash white toward him, to meet the passionate eloquence of gratitude in her dark eyes, to realize that Roseta was still unharmed. She held the small proud head high. Her spirit was unbroken. For the rest—what to Vaughn mattered the dusky dishevelled hair, the mud-spattered and dust-covered *vaquero* riding garb she wore? What mattered anything so long as she was safe? Vaughn flashed her a look that brought the blood to her pale cheeks.

Juan prodded Vaughn in the back. "Ride, gringo." Then he gave Garcia a last harsh command. As Vaughn's horse followed that of Roseta and her two guards into the brook there rose a clattering, jabbering mêlée among the bandits left behind. It ended in a roar of pounding hoofs. Soon this died out on top.

The brook was shallow and ran swiftly over gravel and rocks. Vaughn saw at once that Juan meant to hide his trail. An hour after the cavalcade would have passed a given point here, no obvious trace would show. The swift water would have cleared as well as have filled with sand the hoof tracks.

"Juan, you were wise to desert your gang of horse thieves," said Vaughn coolly. "There's a hard-riding outfit on their trail. And some of them will be dead before sundown."

"*Quien sabe?* But it's sure Texas Medill will be walking *choya* on bare-skinned feet *mañana*," replied the Mexican.

VAUGHN pondered. Quinela's rendezvous, then, was not many hours distant. Travel such as this, up a rocky gorge, was necessarily slow. Probably this brook would not afford more than a few miles of going. Then Juan would head out on the desert and essay in other ways to hide his tracks. So far as Vaughn was concerned whether he hid them or not made no difference. The cowboys and rangers in pursuit were but fabrications of Vaughn's to deceive his captors. He knew how to work on their primitive feelings. But Vaughn realized the peril of the situation and the brevity of time left him.

"Juan, you've got my gun," said Vaughn, his keen mind striving. "You say I'll be dead in less than twenty-four hours. What's it worth to untie my hands so I can ride in comfort?"

"Señor, if you have money on you it will be mine anyway," replied Quinela's lieutenant.

"I haven't any money with me. But I've got my check book that shows a balance of some thousand dollars in an El Paso bank," replied Vaughn, and he turned round.

Juan showed gleaming white teeth in derision. "What's that to me?"

"Some thousands in gold, Juan. You can get it easily. News of my death will not get across the border very soon. I'll give you a check and a letter, which you can take to El Paso, or send by messenger."

"How much gold, señor?" Juan asked.

"Over three thousand."

"Señor, you would bribe me into a trap. No. Juan loves the glitter and clink of your American gold, but he is no fool."

"Nothing of the sort. I'm trying to buy a little comfort in my last hours. And possibly a little kindness to the señorita there. It's worth a chance. You can send a messenger. What do you care if he shouldn't come back? You don't lose anything."

"No gringo can be trusted, much less Texas Medill, of the rangers," rejoined the Mexican.

"Sure. But take a look at my check book. You know figures when you see them."

Juan rode abreast of Vaughn, dominated by curiosity. How his beady eyes glittered!

"Inside vest pocket," directed Vaughn. "Don't drop the pencil."

Juan procured the check book and opened it. "Señor, I know your bank," he said, vain of his ability to read, which to judge by his laborious task, was very limited.

"Ahuh. Well, how much balance have I left?" queried Vaughn.

"Three thousand four hundred."

"Good. Now, Juan, you may as well get that money. I've nobody to leave it to. I'll buy a little comfort for myself—and kindness to the señorita."

"How much kindness, señor?" asked the bandit craftily.

"That you keep your men from handling her rough—and soon as the ransom is paid send her back safe."

"SEÑOR, the first I have seen to. The second is not mine to grant. Quinela will demand ransom—yes—but never will he send the señorita back."

"But I—thought ——"

"Quinela was wronged by Uvalde."

Vaughn whistled his reception of that astounding revelation. He had divined correctly the fear Uvalde had revealed. The situation then for Roseta was vastly more critical. Death would be merciful compared to what the half-breed peon Quinela would deal her. Vaughn cudgeled his brains in desperation. Why had he not shot it out with these malefactors? But passion could not further Roseta's cause.

Meanwhile the horses splashed and cracked the rocks in single file up the narrowing gorge. The shady walls gave place to brushy slopes that let the hot sun down. Roseta looked back at Vaughn with appeal and trust—and something more in her black eyes, that tortured him.

Vaughn did not have the courage to meet her gaze, except for that fleeting moment. It was natural that he sank in spirit. Never in his long ranger service had he encountered such a damnably baffling situation. More than once he had

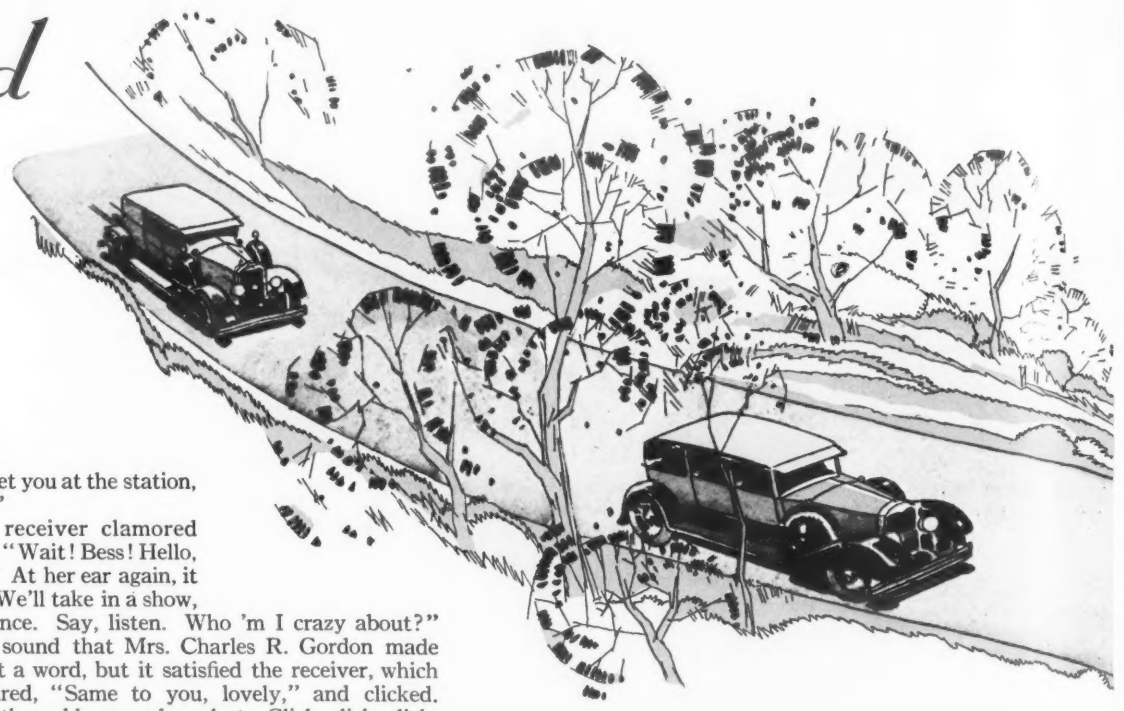
(Continued on Page 185)

SHE HELD THE SMALL PROUD HEAD HIGH. VAUGHN FLASHED HER A LOOK THAT BROUGHT THE BLOOD TO HER PALE CHEEKS

Winding Road

By ROSE WILDER LANE

Illustrated by Russell Patterson



AUTHOR'S NOTE—I think two things: That fiction about the American small town is all wrong nowadays; it's too static, too languid, old-fashioned. Real small-town life in 1929 isn't like that. And I think that the automobile should be written as what it really is. The automobile in fiction is a racing car, or a touring car, or otherwise in itself an excitement. In reality, it's a taken-for-granted, matter-of-fact background. Everything happens in it—and especially in small-town life, everything happens against the background of the automobile.

A DEEP and melancholy barytone voice was singing in the living room. The song rolled from open casement windows, over lawns and blossoming syringas; more softly, yet powerful, it penetrated the jade-and-ivory kitchen.

"I'm tired of livin', afeard of dyin'," the barytone sang plaintively.

Mrs. Charles R. Gordon was making strawberry jam. Just before the bridge tea yesterday she had finished hulling two gallons of berries. She took them from the electric refrigerator now. When she lifted the waxed paper from the jar, the whole kitchen was filled with their scent. "M-m-m-m," Mrs. Charles R. Gordon said, wrinkling her nose. She hummed, "But old man river, he jus' keeps a-rollin'—he jus' keeps r o l l i n ' —a-long ——"

MRS. CHARLES R. GORDON PUT THE RECEIVER TO HER EAR

She read again the label on the bottle of fruit p e c t i n, and flipped a pointer on the electric range. Seven m i n u t e s, according to directions and all the shining jars on the porcelain s i n k b o a r d would be full of delectable jam. It gave her a busy, domestic feeling to think of it. She hoped that when she'd been married a long time she w o u l d n ' t be tired, careless about housekeeping, like some girls. The telephone rang. Mrs. Charles R. Gordon's heels clicked blithely on hardwood, went muted on rugs as she hurried through dining alcove and living room. With a click the barytone was silenced. In her own very small entrance hall Mrs. Charles R. Gordon sat on a tiny red lacquered chair, opened the door of a lacquer cabinet, put the receiver to her ear.

"H'lo!"

"H'lo, sweetness. Wanta go to St. Louis?"

"Since you ask me, why ask? When?"

"On Number Six. Leaves at 10:12. Can you make it?"

She was dismayed. "On the train?"

"IT'S this way," the receiver said hurriedly. "That new shipment of cars is there, got the call 's morning, and you know Doc Evans? He's been hounding me for delivery since March, and Joe spilled the news; Doc's going to St. Louis to get one of those cars right now. Well, if he goes alone then maybe I'll lose out on commission. We could use the money, huh?" She was nodding as she listened. "So I'm going, and I've got Joe and the Murphy boys; that's five, but Len's tied up, and I got no time to get anybody else. If you wanta go along and drive a car back, that'd bring the whole string down. I'm not asking you, y'understand. But I thought may——" She had glanced at her wrist watch, and now interrupted.

"Meet you at the station, honey."

The receiver clamored thinly. "Wait! Bess! Hello, hello!" At her ear again, it said, "We'll take in a show, and dance. Say, listen. Who 'm I crazy about?"

The sound that Mrs. Charles R. Gordon made was not a word, but it satisfied the receiver, which murmured, "Same to you, lovely," and clicked. Click; the red lacquer door shut. Click, click, click, her heels went rapidly, to the kitchen, bedroom, bathroom. Five minutes; the bags were packed, she was dressed. Five minutes more; windows closed, strawberries in refrigerator, note left for milkman, Charley's mother telephoned to. Mrs. Charles R. Gordon shut her own front door and heard the spring lock click; she looked with pride at her syringas as she carried the bags to the garage. All the bungalows in Tracy except hers had banks of spiræa; hers had syringa.

IT WASN'T that she disliked spiræa, only she liked to make up her own mind. She was very individual that way. She did not have a permanent wave; her straight brown hair was folded like wings over her ears, and done in a small knot. Sun-tan powder she had adopted, and stockings to match, but she wore no jewelry, not even glass or wood. Her wedding ring was a plain old-fashioned gold band. Since her marriage she had been gaining; she now weighed 106 pounds. But she had no intention of developing curves, or of ever wearing longer skirts. Her type was feminine, she knew; but not *that* feminine.

She drove a little old flivver that Charley had taken in on a deal. It wasn't like the car she had driven when she was Bess Merrill, but she didn't care. She felt more important in it than she had in her father's.

The train was in the block when she reached the station. Joe's brother would take care of the flivver. Charley, carrying the bags, just murmured to her, "Gee, Bess, you look great." She was glad she had worn her new hat. It was strange to see a train coming in; the engine looming so large, almost frightening, roaring so near. She hadn't seen a train come in, for—why, for ages! Not since Aunt Ella came from California by train.

Hardly anyone was in the day coach. It looked large and empty, all the green seats in rows, with clean linen stretched on the headrests. Bess was thrilled when the train started; if Doc Evans had not been there, she would have given Charley's arm a little squeeze. But she did not want to appear silly; they had been married almost two months now. The train's queer rackety motion settled into a steady metallic speed, and beyond flicking telegraph poles the country wheeled backward.

Doc Evans sat opposite, his back to the engine. The breeze from the window lifted his thin hair; there was a vague excitement in his eyes. Bess liked Doc Evans. He was very, very old, fifty or seventy years old, and here he was going to St. Louis to drive his first car. Bess hoped she would be like that when she and Charley were old.

"It'll be airplanes next," Doc Evans said. "Yes, time you're my age you'll think no more of an airplane than I'm thinking of this train now. And I saw the first horse brought into Webster County. Folks came from miles around to see it. We drove oxen then; I was only a lad of a boy. I was a young man when the railroad came. Yes, and now there's airplanes flying everywhere, even in Arabia and China."

Doc Evans had been around the world. He had been born in Tracy and had always lived there, seeing the town grow from a crossroads store and post office to its present population of eleven hundred; but after his wife died, when the children were all grown and married, he had seen the whole round world. Bess loved to get him started talking about the trip. Tracy Baptist church had made him a delegate, and he had gone to an international Baptist convention in Stockholm; there he met a party going to Vienna, and in Vienna, not liking to come back across Europe all alone, he had joined a young man going to Egypt. He had his savings in Tracy National Bank to draw on. It was two years before he came home, through San Francisco. He had brought back a collection of small stones, one from each place he had seen, and there was only one grief in all his memories of those two years. Labels had come off two of the stones; he knew that one was from Baalbek and one from Karnak, but he did not know which was which.

Almost anyone else would have pretended he knew, and pasted the labels on again, but it did not occur to Doc Evans to do this. He was honest. Bess admired him, and so did Charley.

At first this trip was fun. It was fun to hear Doc Evans talk, and it was fun to walk swaying up the aisles, and to eat in a diner, while fields and farmhouses and little towns went past. But in the afternoon the novelty wore off. There wasn't anything to do. It was eight o'clock before the train crawled through the red and green lit dimness of railroad yards, into a steel-arched, echoing station. Bess felt stiff and gritty, and as though she had come to a strange place.

But a taxi took them out of the strangeness. She knew St. Louis well enough; she had often driven up. She knew the shopping streets, the theaters, the movie palaces and hotels. The taxi stopped at that most magnificent hotel where Charley and she had stayed a day on their wedding trip. This was sheer extravagance, but if Doc Evans hadn't been there she would have kissed Charley. The taxi starter opened the door, and Charley, on the curb, held out his arms. Grinning, Charley said "Don't look—leap!" It was their own little joke; she didn't care who was looking on; she leaped. Charley swung her around and set her on the sidewalk.

DOC EVANS was going on to stay at another hotel, with Joe and the Murphy boys. She said good night to him, and then what fun. The whole city was theirs. The lobby was fun, the news stands and the crowds and the faint sound of music from the dining room. Nobody was more at home here than Charley. They couldn't get the room-and-bath they'd had before, but they got another just as good. What fun to be dressing for the evening together! Charley in his shirtsleeves, tying his tie, humming "Old man river, he don't say nothin', he m u s t k n o w s o m e t h i n ', h e —— S a y, kid, joo have a fit 'f I tried a f l y e r i n a 'plane?"

THE ORCHESTRA WAS MARVELOUS

"You mean buy one?"

"Well, somebody'll own the first one in Tracy. They're coming, baby."

"Honey, we can't afford it."

"Oh, well—we can pretty soon, and I don't mean maybe."

Leaning closer to the mirror, smoothing an eyebrow with a careful finger tip, "I don't care where you go or what you do, only you got to take me with you."

"F'r cryin' out loud, kid! Would I do anything else? Any plane *I* own'll be a two-seater."

"Promise?"

"I'll say!"

"Gee, I think you look grand in a Tux, Charley."

Nobody looked grander, in the whole great dining room. If women saw him when they looked at him, well, they saw her, too; and that was that. Her arms, her shoulders, her face, were all one smooth golden tan; the jade-green chiffon made her eyes a strange sea color. Charley didn't look twice at anyone else. How smoothly thick the linen was; how sparkling the glass and silver!

"Now, I'm one of these boys that astonish you when the waiter speaks French," Charley confided, and when the waiter stood at his shoulder he asked, "Do you speak French?"

"No, sir," the waiter said.

"Then bring us hors d'œuvres, petite marmite, petite mignon, salad suisse, and one péche melba."

"Very well, sir. And what will you have to drink, sir?"

"Demi tasse," Charley said. And when he had gone, "Isn't that just my luck! If he spoke French, honest I'd have astonished you. I can say 'apportez-moi'."

"Yeah, 'n' so can I! I read the same ad. But look—do you know how you say 'I love you'?"

"I do not. Do you?"

She nodded. "M-m-huh. I learned it from an awful cute boy."

Charley's eyes got quite narrow. "The hell you say!"

"M-m-huh. I was crazy about him too. Wanta know how you say it?" She went on quickly, before he could answer. "You say it this way; you say, F'r cryin' out loud, kid! Any plane I buy'll be a two-seater."

Just barely in time, Charley remembered not to laugh too loud. He swore a nice little swear at her instead.

It was fun in the taxi, riding in the traffic all between the lights and crowds with Charley. It was marvelous to be seeing the very latest talkie together; she clutched him in all the exciting places, and he knew how she felt when she cried. They had ever so much to say about the picture, the actors and actresses, the music and the news reel, but there was no time to say it now; another taxi whisked them away and almost immediately they were dancing. That was best of all. They could dance every dance together. The orchestra was too marvelous, the floor was perfect, and Charley didn't care if they never stopped. "The night's young yet," he kept saying, long after midnight.

WHEN she woke in a strange room, without Charley, she was quite sick with terror for an instant. Then she remembered. He had gone to the agency. A bell boy was knocking at the door, saying politely, "Seven forty-five please. Seven forty-five." When she answered, he put a slip of paper under the door, so that if she went to sleep again she couldn't say he hadn't called her. She was yawning enormously.

Charley had ordered breakfast for her. She was dressed in sport skirt and tuck-in blouse, the bags were packed, and she was putting the last touch to her make-up, when the breakfast came on a tray. And he had remembered that she didn't like her grapefruit sweetened.

When she saw that the grapefruit wasn't sweetened, that there wasn't even a maraschino cherry in it, a great warm lump came up in her throat. She had a solemn, tremendous feeling about Charley. She thought, "We must always, always, keep on being in love like this." While she ate, at a little table by the window, the traffic roar coming up from the street, she thought how strange it was that once she hadn't been married. Bess Merrill seemed a girl she had known quite well, a long time ago. To think there had been a time when that girl hadn't even known Charley!

The front of the automobile agency was spacious and bland, a glitter of plate glass and of shining cars set forth preciously, huge jewels displayed on mosaic flooring amid palms. But Charley's new cars were at the back of the agency, down a narrow alley noisy with machine-shop sounds. Cars were coming and going, crawling, backing, shouldering each other over the uneven cobbles and on the greasy dark cement floors. Joe and the Murphy boys had already gone with three cars, a mechanic told her. Her husband was out with the customer; she was to wait.

She climbed into one of the new cars. The instrument board was improved, and she liked the movable driver's seat. But all the time she was waiting for Charley.

He crowded between the cars and came to her. Doc Evans was outside, he said. "He's handling the car all right; he'll make it. You go ahead, I'll nurse him along through the downtown traffic." Water was swishing and vacuum cleaners buzzing where the negro helpers were washing cars; Charley had to shout. "Listen to me, Bess; it's a two-hundred-mile drive, and this is a new car. Don't go over twenty-five. And keep on going. Don't stop. It's steady driving that'll get us home tonight."

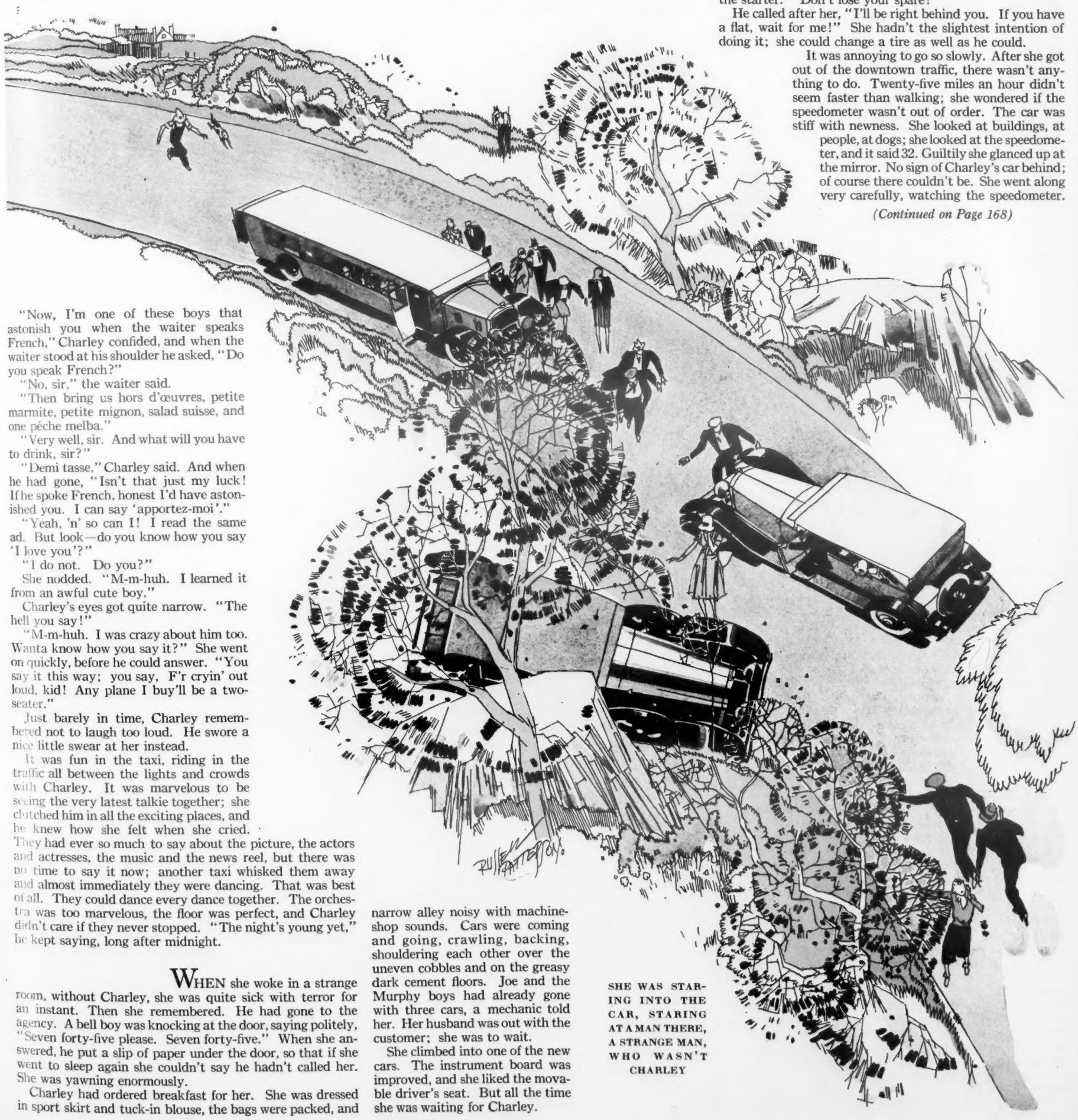
HE LOOKED very handsome, in his old suit and mechanic's cap, leaning close in the coupé's open window. "I know you, kid. You'll want to stop and poke into everything. Don't do it. You keep the wheels turning right along, at twenty-five per."

She wrinkled up her nose at him. "'By!" Her toe was on the starter. "Don't lose your spare!"

He called after her, "I'll be right behind you. If you have a flat, wait for me!" She hadn't the slightest intention of doing it; she could change a tire as well as he could.

It was annoying to go so slowly. After she got out of the downtown traffic, there wasn't anything to do. Twenty-five miles an hour didn't seem faster than walking; she wondered if the speedometer wasn't out of order. The car was stiff with newness. She looked at buildings, at people, at dogs; she looked at the speedometer, and it said 32. Guiltily she glanced up at the mirror. No sign of Charley's car behind; of course there couldn't be. She went along very carefully, watching the speedometer.

(Continued on Page 168)



SHE WAS STARING INTO THE CAR, STARING AT A MAN THERE, A STRANGE MAN, WHO WASN'T CHARLEY

THE GIRLS' CURVING FIGURES FORMED QUESTION MARKS. NOISE, HARSH AND TUMULTUOUS, SHOOK THE TABLES

By the Dawn's Early Light

By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER
Author of Ladies in Hades, Maypoles and Morals, Etc.

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

AFTER two-thirty A.M., when the entertainment at the downtown night clubs begins to pale, the all-nighters move north to Harlem and the black-and-tan dives which also are known as night clubs.

What happens in these joints where whites and blacks mix indiscriminately is his story this month—a raw, nasty story, but presented with no apology because it is the unadorned truth.

But there is a moral in this article. Even if the putrid details of naked dancers, suggestive songs and noisy drinking offend you, read on page 99 the seven paragraphs beginning at: "Sam," I said, "tell me something. What is really back of all this night-club stuff?"

If it is true—and it is, without a doubt—that a considerable part of the money spent in night clubs goes to swell the criminal defense fund, why are these resorts allowed to continue openly in business?

The city could close them. The state could close them. The Nation could close them. And yet they remain open and undisturbed. Why? —THE EDITOR.

"WHITE folks has to learn to dance," a slim yellow girl said to me in one of the Harlem night clubs. "We culled jus' dances natural." *Au naturel* as well, one might say, after a tour of the uptown night resorts. Not quite, of course. Even in Harlem they draw the waistline somewhere. If not the color line.

Dancing, on the part of these *café au lait* ladies, is not an art; it is an emotion, expressed in the primitive sign language of the jungle. One finds small difficulty in reading between their slender lines. Happily they were not born mermaids. The drama they perform is frank and uncensored; however one may feel about the plot of the piece, the acting is perfect. No white woman, burdened by centuries of inhibitions, could hope to equal it. When these red-hot mammas strut their stuff we know that we are in the presence of experts. Their fig leaves are purely—or should we say impurely—decorative.

We had seen sixteen of these loose-leafed ladies perform before a large and appreciative audience. Their breast straps and girdles were of various designs, chiefly inconspicuous. By way of relief, large imitation jewels and other arresting decorations, placed as they so frequently are on modern evening gowns, gave to the ladies' *tout ensembles* character and point. That it might be perceived more clearly, one ambitious young person had chosen a mirror.

But it was the girls, and not their exterior decorations, which chiefly held the audience's attention. Each one was giving, by means of those actions and reactions which speak so much more eloquently than words, a pantomimic interpretation of what happened in the Garden of Eden. Actresses, no doubt, of experience, they threw themselves wholeheartedly into their work. The girls' curving figures formed question marks. Noise, harsh and tumultuous, shook the tables.

Slim, smooth-muscled bodies writhed and shuddered with the violent grace of animals. Lithe muscles, rippling like soft amber. Every movement was swift, eager, hectic. Purposefully hectic. There was no artistic repose. But artistic repose is studied, not natural, and these were Nature's children playing with unleashed emotions. They uttered shrill cries as they danced. Impromptu ejaculations, such as are heard so often at religious revivals. Emotional outbursts, from a not dissimilar cause. Something far deeper and more important than art, in this dancing. A passionate hysteria, self-induced. Arms and hands flashed in caressing gestures. Their whirling legs seemed scarcely to belong to their bodies. Things apart.

We were sitting in one of the big Harlem night clubs, run by negroes for the benefit of audiences exclusively white. With me were Mary Phipps, the artist, who draws Southern pickaninnies for children so delightfully, and Sam Ayres, who, being a newspaper man, knows the New York night clubs backward.

"I hope," Mary grinned when I proposed the Harlem party, "that they are the sort of places you can take a nice girl to."

"They're the sort you can't keep them away from, generally speaking," Sam chuckled.

"Well, I suppose all God's chillun have got wings," Mary went on, thinking of her pickaninnies.

"For the matter of that," said Sam, "so have bats."

"Flying is necessary in other than celestial circles," I suggested.

"And a lot of people of all shades," added Sam, "are going to find themselves with wing feathers not a bit like the kind the angels wear, when they wake up in the other world. Their plumage will be more colorful and brilliant. Tropical, as it were. Harlem should prove interesting, Miss Phipps, seen 'by the dawn's early light.'"

"Provided by that time we can see anything at all. Well, after a recent example in high places, I suppose we should all be patriotic. Let's go."

At midnight we were driving uptown.

Visiting the Harlem night resorts during the early hours of the morning has long been a popular pastime among certain classes. When the gayety of the downtown clubs has begun to wane and the alcoholic urge to adventure grows acute, the familiar "Let's take a run up to Harlem and look 'em over" seems not only a logical but often an inspired suggestion. And of late, since prohibition activities and a double killing in one of the popular midtown night clubs have operated toward a more strict enforcement of the three o'clock-closing law, more and more people are going to the uptown resorts. Not only to the big show places but to those more exclusive and intimate clubs at which the closing problem is solved very simply by converting patrons into members, at a nominal charge. The list of one's social clubs may be expanded very considerably by spending an evening, and a few dollars, in Harlem.

But it should be remembered that there are two kinds of night clubs in the Harlem section, and in one respect they are as far apart as the poles. The first are the big "colored" resorts catering entirely to white audiences. In them the color line is drawn by a fence or railing about the dance floor. When the negro actors are performing the whites sit on the other side. When the performance is over the actors retire, and the spectators crowd to the floor to dance. No more mixing of the races than over the footlights at such plays as Porgy or Lulu Belle. These well-advertised places are patronized by the usual sight-seeing crowds, along with a proportion of smarter people who come not only to dance but to enjoy the clever if sometimes appallingly risqué shows.

THE second are the real "black-and-tan" dives, smaller and more intimate clubs, run by negroes for members of their own race, and such others as may care to join them. Here we find those who seek caviar for jaded appetites, patrons who like their sex raw—with tabasco sauce, wealthy men with their secret mistresses, unwilling to expose their peccadillos to the downtown crowds, women who have become *déclassé* through indiscreet love affairs, alcohol or drugs, sinking to unspeakable levels, with a few smart society people looking on, enjoying the spectacle as tourists in Paris enjoy the sights of Montmartre. Slumming, of course, is the keynote—the excuse. I heard a well-dressed and apparently refined woman say to a taxi driver in front of one of the larger Harlem night clubs, "Take us to the worst place you know!"

Incidentally, that woman had done a very dangerous thing, whether in Harlem or any other section of New York. The worst, the most dangerous of all the resorts in the big city are those for which nighthawk taxicab drivers act as "steerers." The unwary visitor from out of town who listens to their offers to take him to a "nice little place" where he will meet all the celebrities may as well say good-by to his bank roll, if nothing more, especially if he has been drinking not wisely but too well.

A friend of mine once got into such a place while searching for an ordinary bar. A head waiter who looked like an Italian gunman rushed him to a table. A girl quickly joined him. When he said something about a drink a bottle of champagne, already opened, appeared as though by magic. He was urged to buy something to eat. Knowing that he had very little money with him, my friend declined, called for his bill. He was unable to get it; the waiter seemed deaf. The girl coaxed him to dance. At last, his patience exhausted, he left the table abruptly, made for the front room. The beetle-browed Italian barred his progress, scowling. The bill, produced under protest, was for thirty-three dollars—just two dollars more than my friend had with him. The manager, hastily summoned, inquired if he had a bank account, invited him to write a check. This he refused to do, knowing it would probably be raised. He finally escaped through the heavily barred entrance door by surrendering all the cash he had with him except enough silver to pay the taxicab fare to his hotel.

Strangers in New York who tarry in such places are apt to be picked very clean. "Spiked" drinks assist in the process if ordinary methods fail. Sometimes the unfortunate guest, deposited unconscious on a neighboring street corner, spends what is left of the night in the hoosegow, and figures on the police-court blotter next day as an ordinary drunk. Rarely does he know the address of the place to which he has been taken, but even if he did, family and business reasons usually prevent him from making a protest, which in most cases would be quite unavailing. The taxi drivers, of course, get their "cut" of the loot.

But to return to the loose-leafed and loose-jointed ladies of whom I have spoken. They had performed for us in one of the big Harlem "shows." In color they ranged from the classic "high-brown" to a paleness which might readily have passed for white. Even their crooked hair had been straightened by the use of a patented lotion which, I remarked to Mary, had made its inventor rich. She smiled at that.

"What a pity," she said, "somebody hasn't invented a lotion to straighten people's crooked morals."

"There'd be no money in it," Sam laughed.

A VARIETY of talent had appeared on the large dance floor. Girls dressed as taxicabs dashed about offering everyone a ride. The dialogue of some of the "acts" was so spicy that no white comedians could possibly have gotten away with it. The skits, the songs, the jokes touched the lowest limit of vulgarity, but from negro actors they seemed less offensive, more in keeping. There was eccentric dancing of the highest order; the whole show moved with incredible snap and speed.

"Pity we haven't got pep like that," I said to Sam.

"We've spent several thousand years," Mary smiled, "trying to get rid of it."

She was right enough in that. Civilization means repression. There was nothing repressed about these colorful children. Every movement was violent, dramatic. Even the dancing had an explosive quality, as though inspired by inward forces that could not be restrained.

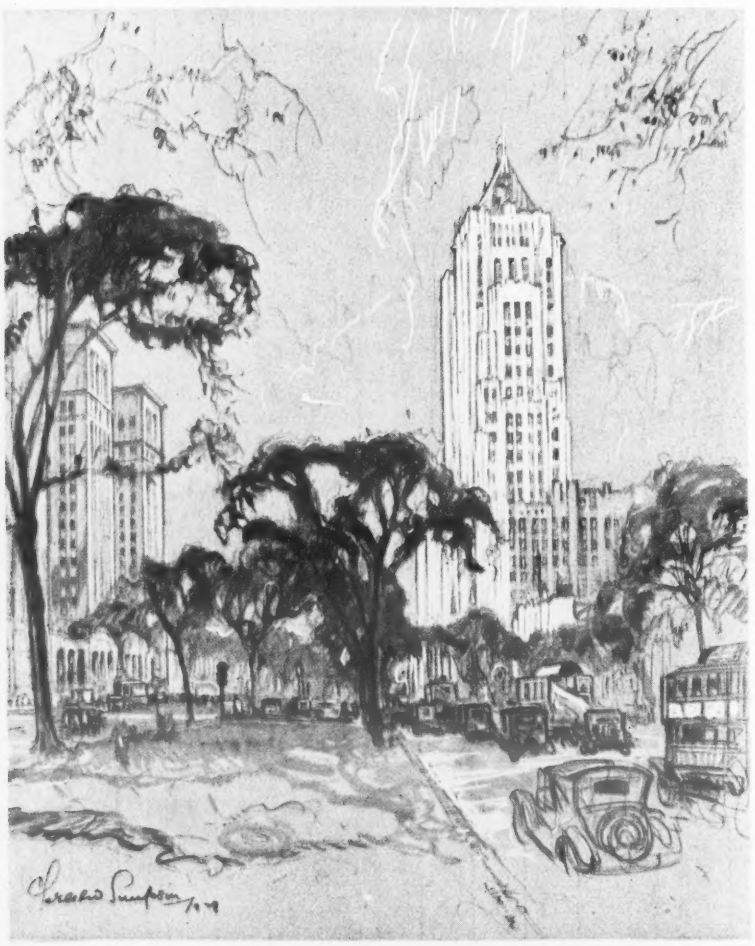
(Continued on Page 96)

THE CONVERSATION AT THE NEXT TABLE WAS GROWING THICK. "GET HOT, BABY," ONE OF THE MEN WAS SAYING. "HAS I GOT TO BREAK YO' ICE?"

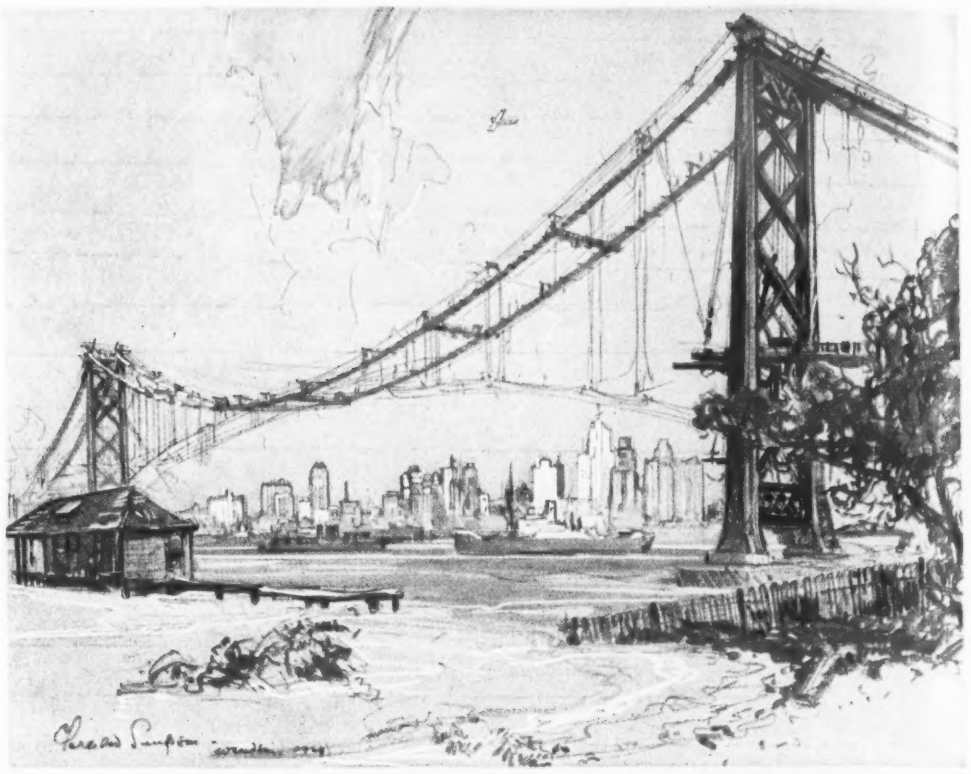
Detroit

Sketches by **CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.C.A.**

Text by **GLADYS H. KELSEY**



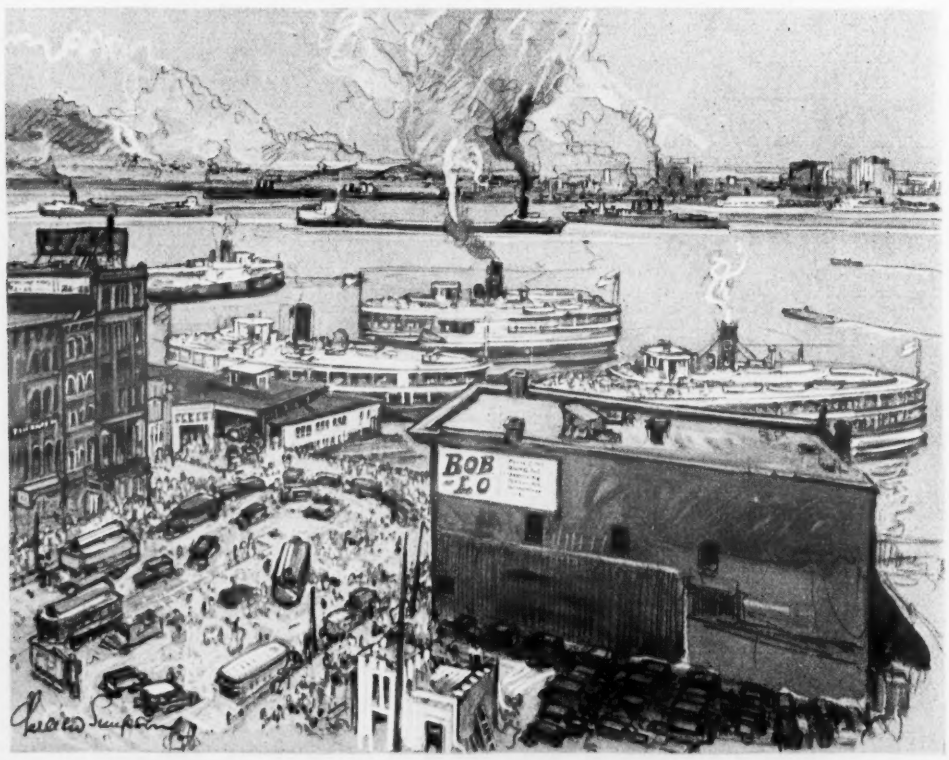
SHIFTING OF BUSINESS FROM THE OLD DOWNTOWN FINDS A NEW COMMERCIAL CENTER. THE GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING (LEFT) AND FIRST UNIT OF FISHER BUILDING (RIGHT)



WHEN THE NEW AMBASSADOR BRIDGE IS COMPLETED DETROIT AND WINDSOR, CANADA, WILL BE LIKE ONE CITY, THOUGH OF DIFFERING ALLEGIANCE

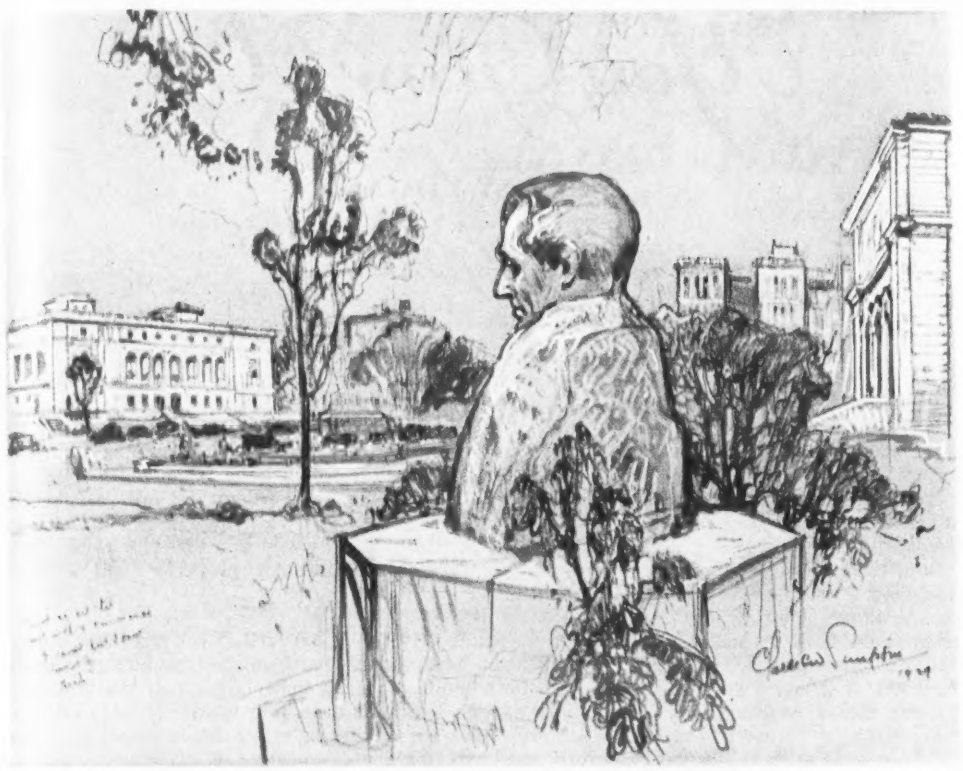
IF THE nobles of the court of Louis XIV had not been so enamored of high hats the beaver industry in the woods of Canada would never have flourished to the extent of the establishment of the post of Detroit. Thus the foundation of the present fourth largest city in the United States might have been indefinitely postponed. Curiously enough, that was the last time a high hat was ever of any use in Detroit. In pioneer days pride was the only unforgivable sin, and nowadays it simply doesn't pay. The lad in grimy overalls who tinkers crazily at the corner garage, and is a greasy and unprepossessing person to meet, may be a big motor magnate next year—master of his millions and able to bestow valuable favors. It has happened so many times.

Detroit is said to be a city of two millions, with a population of one hundred thousand. It is always safe to say that, because it sounds as if it ought to be clever. As a matter of fact it is true, and means just that. The same pleasant little city that existed in the 90's, when twenty miles an hour was sinful speed, with its old-guard



THE DETROIT RIVER AT THE FOOT OF WOODWARD AVENUE, A CENTER OF SHIPPING AND TRANSPORTATION ACTIVITIES FOR MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES—FROM THE FRENCH VOYAGEURS TO CANADIAN COMMUTERS

THE SHOPPING DISTRICT. GREAT DEPARTMENT STORES OVERSHADOW THE OLD LIBRARY FREQUENTED BY THOMAS A. EDISON

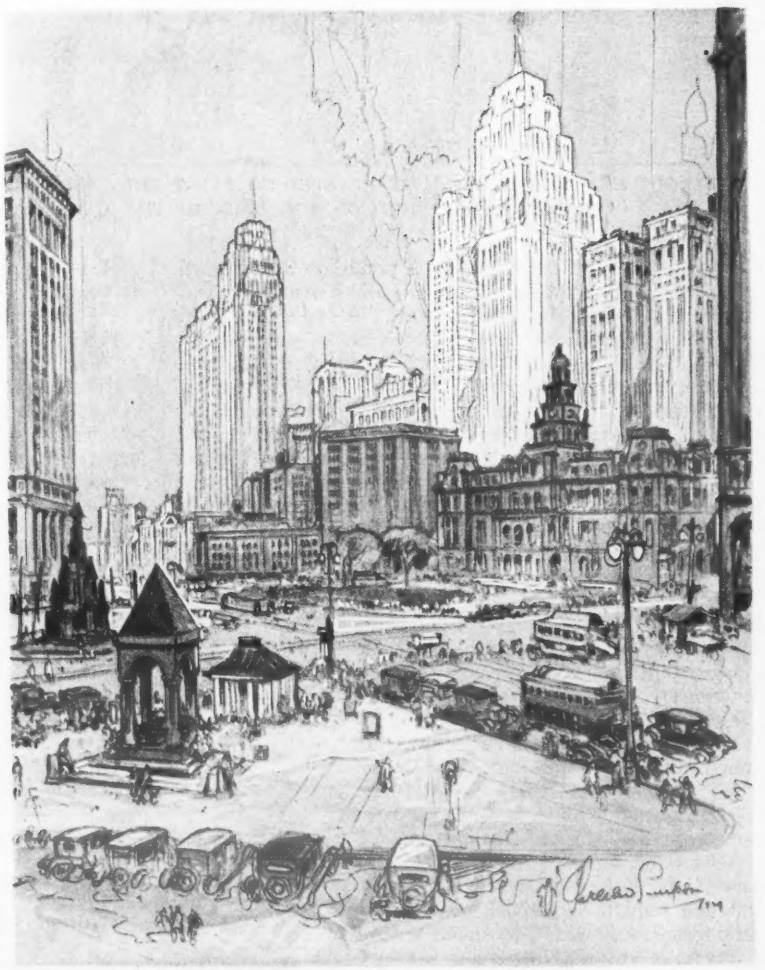


DETROIT'S CENTER OF ART AND LEARNING. THE LIBRARY (LEFT), THE ART INSTITUTE (RIGHT), AND BORGLUM'S LINCOLN IN THE FOREGROUND

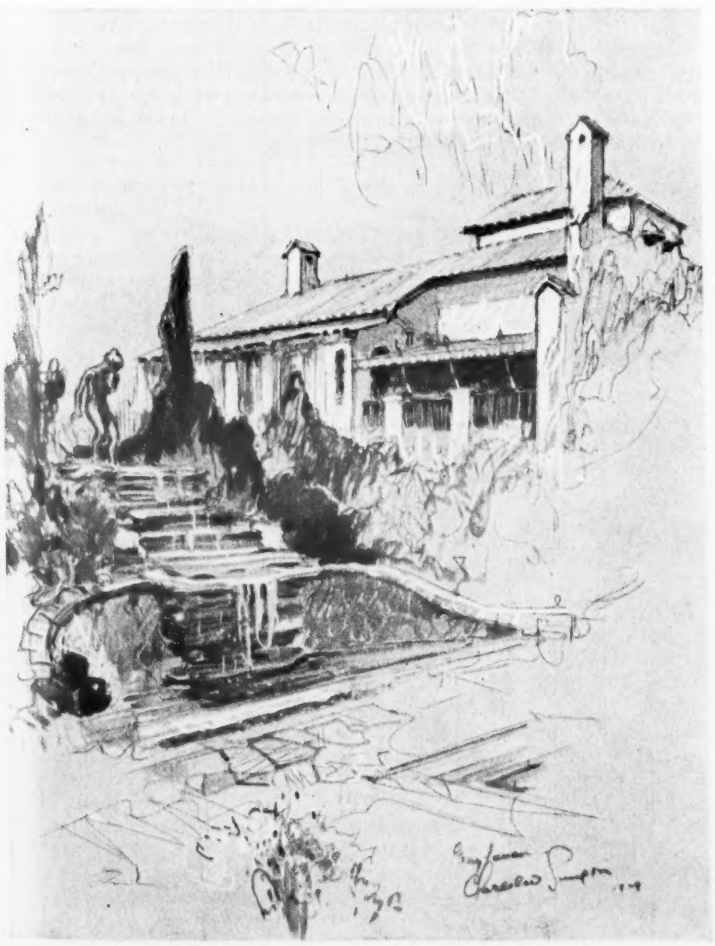
aristocracy sitting placidly in the east end, gazing with scorn at the upstart north end, is there today. Detroit's great skyscrapers rise out of well-matured rows of elms. The old town still exists for those who know how to find it, but a strange thing has happened to it: A great big city has moved right in on top of it and completely obscured it, and the hundred thousand are bewildered quite often by the things that city does.

The Campus Martius, with a squat, gray city hall lost in shadows of glittering skyscrapers, is the heart of this changeling which industry has substituted, and if you observe it carefully you will get part of the answer to the riddle this city reads you. There is the past still holding its own, for Detroit has one of the most thrilling and romantic pasts of any American city, and there is the present—immense, galvanic Detroit transmitting from her feverish, throbbing energy currents which no smallest hamlet in the world has failed to sense. In Detroit nothing is impossible.

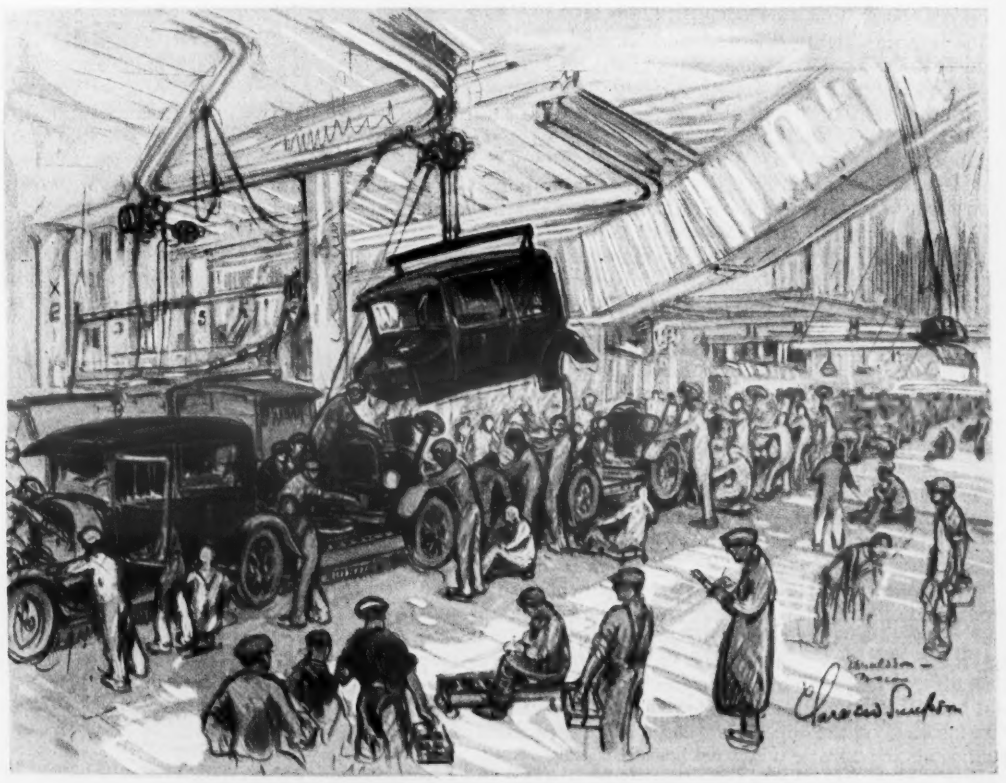
(Continued on Page 219)



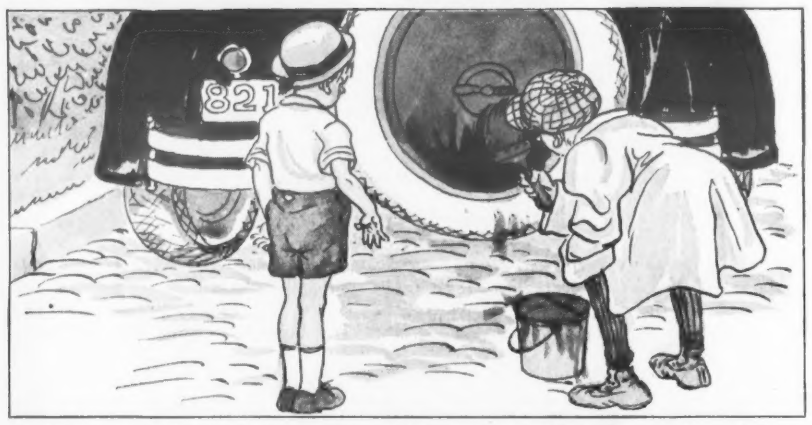
IN THE CAMPUS MARTIUS, THE THROBBING HEART OF THE MIGHTY CITY OF TODAY, THE PAST STILL HOLDS ITS OWN, RECALLING A TIME WHEN CANNON SWEPT EVERY APPROACH



A VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL GRAYHAVEN HOME OF LAWRENCE P. FISHER, ART PATRON AND MOTOR-CAR BODY MANUFACTURER



OUT OF DETROIT CAME THE POPULAR-PRICED AUTOMOBILE, AND QUICK TRANSPORTATION FOR THE MASSES. "BUCKING THE DOG"—THE ASSEMBLY LINE AT HENRY FORD'S RIVER ROUGE PLANT



WITHOUT EVEN HESITATING, HE STARTED TO PAINT THE IRON CENTER OF THE TIRE FASTENED ON THE BACK OF THE CAR

You Grow Up

By DAY EDGAR

Illustrated by Bob Dean

AS YOU came out to the porch, on that momentous summer afternoon, you were at peace with a just and friendly world. It was a simple, understandable world, for it held a sure relationship between virtue and reward. If you were bad you were punished, but if you walked in the paths of righteousness nothing in the world would harm you.

You had abundant proof of the good wages of virtue. About you still clung the importance and deference that had been showered on you yesterday. A part of your fat little body was clad in the birthday pants of blue velvet; and in one of their tight pockets lay three shiny dimes. You had been good; the universe, therefore, was your friend.

Sitting on the porch steps, you looked gravely at the west. A dozen blocks away, beyond those sleepy maples, stood a street fair with a portable merry-go-round. In that revolving contraption, with its musical pipes squealing melodiously, was concentrated the earth's store of breathless fun.

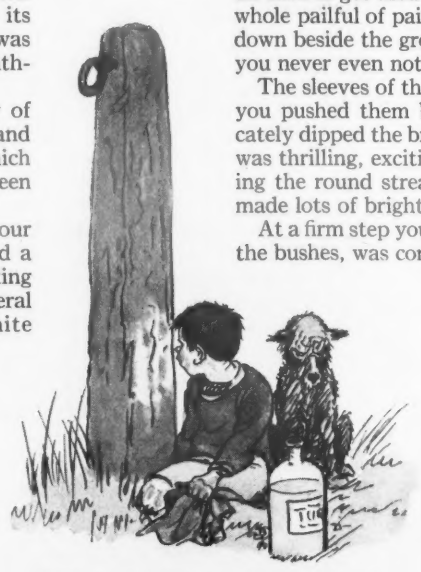
Later, under the promised convoy of your father, you would journey forth and embark upon many circular voyages which fall by right only to those who have been respectful, obedient and truthful.

Across the street, just opposite your porch, you noticed a boy. He carried a pail, and though he walked fast, looking back over his shoulder, he made several mysterious stops. Now, near a white hitching-post, he again suddenly halted.

Puzzled, you crossed the street and saw that he was painting the post green. He worked fast, so fast that it was almost done by the time you got there. You were delighted. This boy was highly talented, and you yearned for his notice.

"You're painting," you announced brightly. "That's green."

Although you waited hopefully, the stranger ignored you. He slapped the brush against the bottom of the stone post, now and then glancing at the house on the other side of the hedge. His face was bright with excitement and you knew he was having a good time. When he stood up he was a lot taller than you. Suddenly you wished you were big, too, and allowed to wear a real man's painting jacket.



YOU LABORED ON IN SOLITARY DISGRACE

YOU followed admiringly after him as he moved to a lawn mower close by the hedge. The yellow handle slanted out invitingly and you held your breath. Lawn mowers, you felt, were not easy to paint. But this boy did it, and did it easily. Faster than you could follow, his brush turned the yellow handle green. His skill fascinated you. It was necessary, absolutely necessary, to be noticed by this boy. If only he would look at you just once while you trotted along at his heels!

He stopped again, and you did too. Near the curb, hidden from the house by thick bushes, stood a new black automobile. Somehow you suspected that automobiles, more than anything else, were frightfully hard to paint. By now, though, you had faith in the boy, and you were right. Without even hesitating, he started to paint the iron center of the tire fastened on the back of the car, and he kept whistling a funny, hissing whistle under his breath.

Enchanted, you watched the ugly black enamel yield to the beautiful, bright green. Here, you felt, was a great improvement. You could have clapped your hands for joy, and more than ever you longed to attract the artist's attention to yourself.

An inspiration came. Now you knew how to win his respect. You pushed your hand to the bottom of the tight pocket, groping for the three shiny dimes.

The other boy, you noticed, had swung around to look back at a truck that had stopped by the corner. He dropped the brush into the pail and suddenly you were afraid he was going away. You spoke just in time: "I got money."

He turned and looked at the three dimes proudly displayed on your clean palm. Then leaned close to you.

"Wanna paint some?" he whispered.

This was incredible, staggering.

"Yes!" you cried. "Let me do it!"

His green fingers plucked up the three dimes and he pushed the pail toward you. From somewhere came a man's angry voice, but you paid no attention. The merry-go-round was forgotten in the splendor of your new possessions.

"Here," said the other boy quickly, "you can have this too. Keeps the paint off yer new clothes."

You were very grateful, and you smiled trustfully at him while he helped you put on the big painting jacket.

"Thank you," said you politely.

"Go ahead an' paint," he suggested, but you needed a little time to get used to owning a real grown-up's jacket and a whole pailful of paint and a brush. Charmed, you squatted down beside the green pail, and you were so interested that you never even noticed that the other boy had gone.

The sleeves of the painting jacket were much too long, so you pushed them back from your wrists. Then you delicately dipped the brush into the fascinating green depths. It was thrilling, exciting. You raised the heavy brush, admiring the round stream that flowed back into the paint and made lots of bright, dancing ripples.

At a firm step you looked up. A man, on the path between the bushes, was coming toward the car. You felt no fear or guilt. Instead, you felt the need of a spectator, someone to help admire your magnificent treasures. Then, just as you raised the brush to show him, he saw the beautiful green patch on the back of the car.

"Say!" he shouted. "What are you doing there?"

His loud, angry voice stunned you. He grabbed your shoulder and shook so hard that the brush fell out of your hand and spilled paint all down the front of your birthday pants. It was the first time any grown-up had yelled at you like that. You wanted to call out for someone to keep him from hurting you any more, and you were very, very glad to see another man coming down the street, running.

But this man yelled at you, too, even more terribly than the first. His hands were all green on the inside and he was shouting something about a lawn mower. Soon a lot more people and little boys were gathered around you. A woman hurried up, pushing a white baby carriage with a top that had been painted green. She was mad, too, but you paid no attention, for now you saw your father coming and you knew that everything would be all right.

"Here I am, papa!" you called. "I didn't do anything."

Eagerly you put out hands that were wet with paint. Your father pushed through the other people, and when he saw you he stopped. His mouth stayed wide open and he looked at you just like one of the goldfish looking through the glass bowl in the parlor. Then he came right up and grabbed you and said:

"Why, you little devil!"

You tried to speak, but everybody turned toward a truck that had stopped by the curb. A man jumped out. He wore dirty white pants, like your big jacket, and his shoes were all spotted with white paint. He glared at you and snatched up the pail and began shouting about something that had been stolen from his truck. Then your father pulled the big jacket off you and handed it to the man.

"I bought it," you stammered.

"Don't lie!" said your father.

"I was working up on the roof," the man said angrily, "and he run around the corner before I could get down."

"I bought everything," you began, but now your father was shaking you again.

"I'll teach you to lie," he said in a dreadful voice. "I'll teach you to steal and destroy property—and then lie about it!"

HE HELD you tight and started hitting you hard, terribly hard, on the blue birthday pants. With both hands you clung to his legs to help you stand the shock of each blow. Because your head was held under his left arm, you were looking right out at the crowd of grown-ups and boys.

You looked at the boys. They were nudging one another because your face, after each blow, gave a jerky little bob, as if you were saying good morning to them. They wanted to hear you cry, so you closed your mouth hard and bent your head and looked at the sidewalk beside your father's feet.

Then something worse happened. When the boys saw all they wanted from the front, they moved around behind you. They stood there, out of your sight, and while the whipping went on you could hear them whispering and snickering among themselves. At that your endurance and your pride vanished together, and long afterward you remembered how the neighborhood was filled with the sound of your shrill, broken-hearted wailing.

At last the whipping ended, and later, dressed in old clothes and provided with some rags and a bottle of turpentine, you were trying to remove green paint from a stone hitching-post. And as you labored on in solitary disgrace, your thoughts grappled with a bewildering problem.

You had been good, and yet you had been punished. In after years you recalled that problem, for in that hour was born the suspicion which grew, with time, into the realization that the wolves will as readily fall upon the good deacon as upon the wicked gambler.

So the western sun, as it went down that evening, took from you the innocent trustfulness which always flies away forever when the first knowledge of injustice comes; and after that hour you could never be completely a child again.

For you, in your turn, had just made the old, sad discovery that the universe is not friendly at heart.

WITH BOTH HANDS YOU CLUNG TO HIS LEGS TO HELP YOU STAND THE SHOCK OF EACH BLOW

Breakfastless Children and Tuberculous Youths

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

Drawings by Dorothy Christy

THE physician decided to ask his patient about her eating habits. She was a thin, languid modern woman. One of those "painful" women—always whining and complaining. Her husband had a comfortable bank account and so it was inevitable sooner or later that some surgeon would tell her she had chronic appendicitis. It was to see whether she should have her appendix out that the physician was called in.

"What do you eat for breakfast?" he warily asked her.

The draperies and the negligee stirred contemptuously.

A little cold breakfast food or half a glass of milk.

"We girls"—she was thirty-three—"we girls never eat breakfast."

"Nothing at all?"

"A little black coffee—nothing fattening, you know."

"What do you eat for lunch?"

"Oh, we girls never eat luncheon."

"No lunch?"

"Oh, you know—a sandwich and another cup of black coffee; we girls don't believe in luncheon."

"Well," said the doctor bluntly, "you girls have got just a little tuberculosis Not very much—just a little. That is what is the matter with you—not appendicitis. That's why you're tired all the time—chronic fatigue, first, from too little to eat and, next, from the tuberculosis such a life has induced in you. Good morning, madam. I hope you enjoy your lunch."

Lazy Mothers

MAN, observed some anonymous philosopher, is the only animal which has a continuously available food supply. Of course, he left out goldfish and Pekinese dogs, but otherwise the statement may be allowed to stand.

To have a constantly available food supply is an advantage. It has taken centuries of industrial organization, development of agricultural science, and invention applied to transportation to obtain it. And the modern woman throws all these accomplishments over with one gesture. She reaches for a cigarette instead of a banana.

Worse; she lets her children start the same bad habit. Poor breakfastless children! Mother is still in bed during the breakfast hour and father has gone to work. Or mother and father have both gone to work. Or mother has gone to a lecture on the multilateral treaty, or on Is Progress Real—or Ain't It? Or, best joke of all, she has gone to the baby clinic. Mother is weighing babies and the kitchen looks sort of messy and unappetizing. It has become an unfrequented spot.

So we'll just bolt a little cold breakfast food, or half a glass of milk and get started. We can buy a pickle at the delicatessen on the way to school. Nothing satisfies you like a pickle.

Then, naturally, the poor breakfastless children get tired in the course of the morning, and fatigue takes the appetite away. And so they do not want any lunch. That is good because mother is in the same fix. So they have a friendly pickle together, or maybe a dandy goose-liver sandwich, or a nice can of tomatoes and reach for a couple of cigarettes.

And the vicious circle goes on—no breakfast, fatigue—fatigue, no appetite—no appetite, no lunch—no lunch, fatigue—and so on.

Perhaps you think this picture is exaggerated. Oh, I know you don't do it! Your children have enough to eat. You don't mind about your figure. You are philosophical and know that when a woman has several children she must expect to be a little stout. You don't fight that and nobody in your block does; their children are all cared for at breakfast. I know it is not you. It is the people in the other block. They are the ones who must look out.

'Ware Starvation Diets

WE KNOW it must be somebody because physicians see these patients all the time. They see the breakfastless children and the lunchless mothers—and lunchless girls, whether mothers or not.

There are even more unquestionable voices which tell us of modern conditions. The four leading baking companies in the United States report that earnings declined as much as 22 per cent in 1928, and blame this decrease on the potency of the appeal for slim figures in women. The Sugar Institute has entered upon an advertising campaign which may extend over several years, to combat the iniquitous effect of starvation diets and has solicited the help of the medical profession in this work, help which should be furnished.

A good school inspector—and good ones are hard to find—tells me that the commonest cause of undernourishment in school children is lack of home control. It isn't lack of food. It isn't poverty in the real sense of the word. It is failure on the part of the parents to arrange for good, well-cooked meals, and further failure of supervision by the parents to see that the child eats a proper amount. The first is the most important. Granted that a child is flighty and capricious, especially at breakfast time, if the breakfast is ready and appetizing, instinct will make the child get its share. But if there is no breakfast, or even if there is breakfast and no parental control, the child goes without the morning meal.

As for the lunchless girls, you can hardly find a physician who does general practice or medical diagnosis who has not a harrowing story to tell along these lines. "The return to Rubens" is the slogan of one of my practitioner friends. "We have had enough of the Burne-Jones type, let us return to the Rubens ideal of female pulchritude."

Amuses himself at the theater by looking at the women and picking out the ones who have tuberculosis.

"Oh, we girls never eat luncheon."

Why are these physicians so anxious to have the type changed? The answer is not difficult. Because they think it will be a healthier, happier type. They see into the future.

The breakfastless child and the lunchless girl face the future. What will it hold?

Of course, you women of the present day, if you really want to get tuberculosis it probably can be arranged. If the slenderness of your figure is worth spending several years in a sanitarium for, that is your own business. If black coffee for breakfast and a pickle for lunch are perfectly sufficient to keep you going for the whole day because you're the delicate, sensitive type, you may be able to get away with it. But don't suppose you are not running some danger.

The danger you are running is of developing tuberculosis.

I pick the word developing very carefully. Everyone has *some* tuberculosis. The question is: Who is going to destroy their tuberculosis and who is going to develop it?

There are just four factors involved. Number One is the cause of tuberculosis—the tubercle bacillus itself. As it is always present, it must be counted in.

Number Two is the bodily build of the individual. The long, thin ones are much more subject to the disease than the short, wide ones.

Number Three is individual immunity. What sort of juices do you manufacture in your blood and tissues? We do not know quite so much about this as we should like, but we know the factor is there.

Number Four is food, air and sunshine. It is the only one you can control.

How Tuberculosis Grows

WHEN you hear that the cause of tuberculosis is everywhere and that everyone sooner or later gets it, this may sound like an exaggerated statement. But it is strictly scientific and one of the most dependable pronouncements of scientific medicine. How do we know this? Why are we justified in making so flat and alarming a statement? The evidence is quite convincing and comes from many sources. It has been known for many years that at post-mortem examinations, small scars were almost universally found at the top of the lungs. After the discovery of the cause of tuberculosis in 1882 it was possible to prove that these were all old healed spots of tuberculosis. Healed scars of the same sort are found in lymph glands and other places. When the subject was deliberately investigated to find just how universal tuberculosis infection is, the results staggered everyone. A German pathologist, Naegeli, in 1900, reported that in five hundred autopsies he found 71 per cent of tuberculosis. Over the age of eighteen, there was found 98 per cent of tuberculosis. But of these only 28 per cent had died of the disease. Under the age of eighteen, only 25 per cent showed tuberculosis. It was never present in newborn infants. From these figures which have been amply confirmed by others we must conclude that no one is born with tuberculosis, but that every year a person lives adds to the chances of picking it up, so that by the time the age of eighteen is reached, ninety-eight people out of a hundred have it. *But* only a relatively few die of it.

How does it spread? Everyone gets it, but how do they get it? Where do they get it from? Here again the opportunity is universal. It has been estimated that the number of tubercle bacilli cast out by a single tuberculosis patient every day is as great as the number of human beings on the earth. They can be breathed into healthy lungs and they can be swallowed.

(Continued on Page 233)

"BUT OF COURSE WE AREN'T GOING TO FALL DOWN!"
"AREN'T WE? PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL YOU A LITTLE MORE ABOUT WHAT I MEAN BY DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS"

Miss Dale Learns to Laugh

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

IT WAS well known that Mr. William Farrier, of the Farrier Textile Company, conducted his three large factories in his own way and that his own way had proved to be an almost uninterruptedly successful one, even during the depressions in the textile industries; but, as he seldom took anybody into his entire confidence, his edicts mystified subordinates and irritated them into covert criticisms.

"Off his nut again!" they were likely to say at such times. "It certainly beats all how he pulls this stuff without wrecking the business!" It cannot be denied that this was said of him rather often; and, in fact, the expressions just quoted were used without variation twice in one interview that took place in an outer room of the chief offices of the company, upon a rainy day shortly after Mr. Farrier's departure for his first vacation in years.

The interview was confidential, consisting of a low-voiced dialogue across a flat-topped desk, upon which stood a small, framed placard, bearing the label in gilt upon black, "Mr. McCombs." It was not Mr. McCombs, however, who complained of his employer; the complainer was a thin, neat, aggressive-looking young man, who had drawn up a chair to sit opposite the more placid appearing McCombs, and, leaning forward upon the desk, nervously emphasized some of his remarks by tapping sharply upon its surface with a lead pencil. "The old man's done some pretty upsetting things in his time, McCombs," he said, continuing his plaint. "But the one that's got my goat worst of all is what he did to that door yonder. That sign's certainly a stumper for me!" As he spoke he glanced frowningly at the door that annoyed and perplexed him; but it was merely an ordinary businesslike portal with an upper oblong area of ground glass, upon which there appeared, newly lettered in black paint, the three simple words, "Assistant General Manager." The aggressive young man shook his head forebodingly; then returned his glance to the face of Mr. McCombs. "Doesn't it beat the Dutch?"

"Well, I don't know. Sometimes the old man does things that look pretty funny for a while; but they nearly always turn out all right in the end, I've noticed, Mr. Frazier."

"Yes, maybe—with all the luck on his side!" Frazier assented grumblingly. "But this is different. Since he acts as his own general manager, look where that puts the assistant general manager when the old man's away." He frowned again at the annoying door. "Right there is the head office of our whole show until Farrier gets back, and you can't deny it, Mr. McCombs. My soul! I don't believe there's another man in the country who would calmly sail away on a two months' trip to Europe and leave an inexperienced little yaller-haired girl in absolute charge of a big business!"

"Oh, come!" McCombs protested, and he laughed indulgently. "She's got light hair—it's right nice-looking hair, too, I'll say that for her—but she certainly isn't inexperienced and she isn't a little girl either; I don't know that you can rightly call her a girl at all any more. She's been here nine years. She began at the bottom, in the winding room; she's worked all the way up just the same as a man would, and she had a good education to start with, I understand. You ask her a question about the slightest detail in any of the Farrier plants and you'll get your answer like a shot; she knows the inside of these factories from A to Z, and Farrier knows she does."

"YES, she knows the inside of 'em; but that's just the trouble. The inside of 'em's everything she does know. The outside business is where we're getting in a jam right now, and she's never had anything practical to do with it; but of course she thinks she knows it all. Fine for me!"

"Oh, you'll be all right," McCombs returned cheerfully. "Anyhow the old man's vacation's half over; he'll be home in a month and then you can tell your troubles to him."

"Can I? A month from now may be too late. My troubles are hitting on all eight right now and I'd like to know what I'm going to do about 'em!"

McCombs laughed. "Only one thing you can do: Go in and place 'em before the highest authority in sight. She's just finished dictating, and there's nobody else in there right now. Better go to it!"

"My soul!" Frazier moaned. He threw down the pencil, mumbled indistinctly a further protest, uttered a final sound to suggest that he snorted in disgust, then rose abruptly and strode across the room to the offensive door. In the act of opening it he made some slight alterations in his facial expression, so that although he passed the threshold still frowning his appearance when he entered the room was at least not one of acute rebellion.

"Uh—Miss Dale," he said. "Can you spare me a few minutes? It's pretty important."

"Of course." Miss Dale looked up from her desk, and his indignant description of her—"a little yaller-haired girl"—was repeated emphatically in his mind. She had been nine years in the business and she had passed twenty when she entered it; but she had gained neither the kind of weight that adds pounds to the body nor the other kind that confers impressiveness of aspect. Apparently she had not even increased in age, and, as for her general appearance, it could have been irritating to no man except one obliged to lay important business matter before her for decision.

The perturbed Frazier's sense of injury was quickened by the sight of her. "You'd be just the thing to take out for a cabaret evening," he thought. "But this is he man's business, and you know about as much how to handle it as a chickadee knows how to handle a freight engine!"

He drew up a chair to the desk. "I expect we'll have to send some pretty long cables to Mr. Farrier about this thing before we're through," he said. "But as you seem to be representing him just at present, they tell me in the office it ought to come before you first."

Miss Dale looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. "Mr. Farrier said he didn't care for any cabling—unless we burned up. What's on your mind, Mr. Frazier?"

He was somewhat taken aback by the coolly authoritative tone in which she spoke; her manner was quietly but definitely that of an official superior. However, he still maintained his frown as he said, "I guess it'll take quite a little explaining to you, Miss Dale."

"Will it? Why?"

"Because your whole experience has been with the inside departments, and you couldn't be expected to know a great

(Continued on Page 81)

Good Care

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

Illustrated by Harry H. E. Burne

MRS. JESSUP HESITATED. AN IDEA, VISIBLY, CAME TO HER

MR. AND MRS. LASSITER went right on talking while Zenia cleared away the breakfast dishes.

"You've all got your knives into Lollie," said Ben. "She can't help being pretty and young and jolly, and you know perfectly well she isn't trying to snatch anybody's husband. She just makes herself agreeable to everybody, that's all. She doesn't mean a thing ——"

"I'd like her better if she did," said Mrs. Lassiter. "She's like the mean man in the story—the one that would take a dead mouse from a blind kitten even if he didn't want the mouse! If she cared two straws about Phil Darcy I'd forgive her for keeping him out on the terrace half the evening, with poor Molly trying to dance with old Mr. Renfrow and look as if she didn't know where Phil was. Lollie's just a scalp hunter, that's all."

"Well," said Ben, "she doesn't seem to want mine—what's left of it." He ran his hand over his thinned hair. "So I don't see what you've got against her." He rose, lighting a cigarette. His wife, after a brief pause, abandoned the topic of Lollie Jessup. Zenia came back from the pantry.

"Zenia'll see that nobody bothers you," said Mrs. Lassiter. "You ought to finish those illustrations today, oughtn't you?"

"Easy," said Ben. "Don't you spoil your fun by fretting about me. I'll be all right."

"I hate to go off like this," Mrs. Lassiter said. "Why don't you ask some of the men over from the club and play bridge?"

"Maybe I will," said Ben. "Don't worry about me. Have a high old time with Albertine. Buy yourself a hat or something."

Zenia, bearing the coffee machine, glanced back over her shoulder.

"'At's dess what I say, Miss Amy. You sut'nly need a hat ba-ad! Yas'm. 'At ole blue one don't look good on you, Miss Amy."

Mrs. Lassiter shook her head.

"You needn't think you're going to get that blue hat away from me, Zenia. I'm going to wear it all summer." She turned to Ben. "Well, good-by, old boy. I feel like a pig having a good time with Albertine while you stay out here and work."

"I'll be all right," he promised.

SHE kissed him, contriving, as she did so, to set him in subconscious movement toward the studio door. She followed Zenia to the kitchen.

"About Mr. Ben's lunch, Zenia—you'd better just take it to him in the studio. Omelet and spinach and stewed apricots. And for dinner ——"

"Lamb chop," said Zenia, "leaf uh lettuce an' some 'at rice pudd'n." Her gaze dwelt darkly on the small blue hat which Mrs. Lassiter was pulling down over her black hair. "Honest, Miss Amy, 'at ole blue hat ——"

"Never mind about that old blue hat," said Mrs. Lassiter. "You take care of Mr. Ben. Don't let anybody interrupt him. If anyone telephones, say ——"

"Say he dess step out," Zenia finished. "Honest, Miss Amy, I ain' tryin' git 'at ole hat off'n you. I dess tellin' you ——"

Mrs. Lassiter laughed. "There's my taxi. Good-by, Zenia. And remember, I'm counting on you to ——"

"I take care of Mist' Ben aw right," said Zenia. She observed from the kitchen doorway that someone, at an upper window in the house next door, had witnessed the departure of the cab. Her gaze darkened. She came back slowly to the high stool before the sink and, as she diligently washed spinach, sprig by sprig, she sang mournfully under her breath:

"Blue sky—
Blue eye—
I got 'em blue-hat blues!"

She stopped the chant abruptly. Drying her hands on her apron she reached the front door just in time to make it unnecessary for Mrs. Jessup to ring the bell.

"Hello, Zenia." Mrs. Jessup's good will extended itself to the servants of her friends. "Is Mrs. Lassiter in? I just ——"

"No'm. She ain' in dess now."

Zenia spoke in a whisper, her head jerking toward the studio.

"An' Mist' Ben wukkin'. He got to git some pictures drawed today, an' ——"

"Oh, you mustn't dream"—Mrs. Jessup's voice rose and sweetened on the word—"of disturbing him." She became profoundly contrite as Ben Lassiter, in an inky smock, appeared at the studio door. "Oh, I'm so sorry you heard me, Ben! I just stopped in to see if Amy ——"

"She's just gone to town," said Ben. "Her sister's there tonight and they're going on a spree together."

"Oh!" Mrs. Jessup was charmingly disappointed. "Then my nice scheme's all off! I wanted you and Amy to drive down to the shore with me this afternoon. I thought it would be fun to have a swim and stay down for dinner and perhaps dance afterward."

She hesitated. An idea, visibly, came to her. "I suppose you couldn't leave your work and come, anyway, could you? I ——"

"Oh, I'll finish that by four, easy," said Ben.

"Oh, fine!" Mrs. Jessup glowed softly. "Then shall I stop for you at half past, say?"

"Right," said Ben. "You're a life-saver, Lollie. I thought I was in for a slow evening."

Mrs. Jessup laughed, waved, and, with a little-girl gayety in her skipping step, departed. Ben Lassiter followed Zenia out to the kitchen.

"I'll be dining out," he said. "So you won't have to bother about dinner, and you might as well take the afternoon off and have a good time." He slid two dollar bills toward her. "How about lunch, Zenia?"

"Nev' you mine 'bout lunch," said Zenia. "You goin' git plenty."

Lassiter's eye dwelt unfavorably on the glistening fluff of spinach.

"Plenty of that stuff, eh?" He put another dollar on the table. "Come on, Zenia. Fix me up some regular food, will you?"

"You goin' git ——" Zenia paused. "Nev' you mine 'bout lunch, Mist' Ben. You goin' git plenty."

"Something good," he urged. Zenia grinned benevolently upon him.

"Yassuh," she said. "You go back an' git 'em pictures drawed. I 'tend to lunch. You goin' git it plenty an' you goin' git it good!"

When the distant sound of the studio door came to her she went into the passage and spoke softly into the telephone.

"Garber's groc'ry? Say, lissen—kin you make anotheh 'livery out to Mis' Lass'ter's in time fo' lunch?"

"WHEN you promised me you'd take care of him!" Mrs. Lassiter spoke in both sorrow and anger. She still wore the costume in which she had returned from New York, but not even to the blue hat did Zenia venture to lift her penitential glance. "Mushroom soup," said Mrs. Lassiter. "Pork tenderloins! Stuffed tomatoes! When you know perfectly well that any one of them would—and iced coffee, after what happened the last time! I should think you would feel just awful! When it was so important for him to finish those drawings too."

"Yas'm. I feels dess awful 'bout 'em pictures." Zenia sniffed. "An' I feels worse 'bout makin' Mist' Ben miss 'at gran' pahty down to uh sho'."

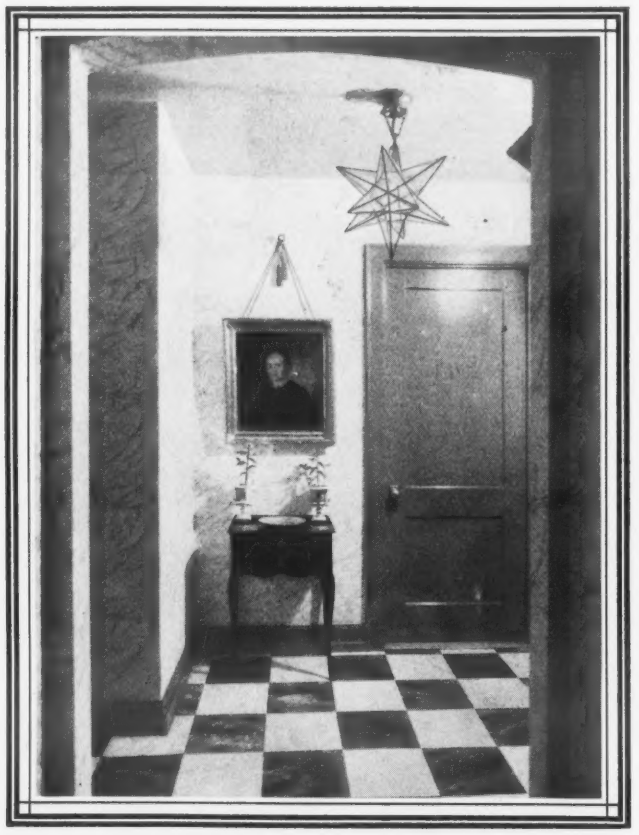
"Party?" Mrs. Lassiter's voice quickened slightly.

"Yas'm. All my fault Mist' Ben got to lay in baid huggin' 'at ole 'lectric pad 'stead of goin' down to uh sho' swimmin' an' dancin' wif Miss Jessup. You ain' hahdly gone 'fore she come oveh askin' Mist' Ben take huh down yonnuh fo' dinner. She talk kine loud, so Mist' Ben heah huh an' come out. Yas'm. Soun' like gran' pahty, an' I feels dess awful 'count I make Mist' Ben miss it."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lassiter.

Wilbert, driving Garber's truck, presently invited Zenia to ride beside him. She consented.

"I got to git back quick," she explained. "Mist' Ben waitin' fo' he med'cine." She surveyed herself in the windshield mirror. "He got 'notheh one nem 'spepsia 'tacks. Mis' Lass'ter she gimme 'iss blue hat 'count uh how I taken care uh him."



Furnishing the Small Apartment Attractively

By J. L. KOLLE

Interior Decorator, The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Michigan

THIS dynamic city has attracted so many families and newly married couples that apartments have become the accepted home, usually for temporary occupancy until houses can be built or more permanent residence found; however, while planning for these or during the stages of building them, these families should not be made to feel homeless.

My clients were a young couple who faced this situation, and although the plans for their house were not yet started, we knew vaguely that it was to be of combined eighteenth-century architecture, quite simple and informal. With this in view and knowing that everything selected should have its place in the more permanent home, we went to work. Our aim was to make this, their first home, as attractive as possible with the least expense.

An apartment of four rooms, with an entrance hall and small kitchen, was selected. Usually these typical backgrounds are quite hopeless, and this one was no exception, although the arrangement and the proportions helped and were encouragements. First, all the lighting fixtures were removed and the "standard" wall papers taken off, so that a less stereotyped effect was possible. By eliminating the center light from the living-room ceiling, space was gained and an unnecessary unit avoided.

We took an inventory of usable furniture and found two bedrooms practically complete. The larger room, for the owner's use, to receive the mahogany pieces, which had been collected from time to time and picked up here and there. It was decided to have the other pieces repainted for the small guest room, so that several unrelated pieces became more unified, and to leave only the small old cherry desk and pine bedside table in their natural finish.

Wedding gifts were assorted and placed in the scheme. These consisted principally of lamps, pictures, mirrors and small pieces of furniture. Groups were made up to accommodate them, so as to get their decorative value.

For the entrance hall, only artificially lighted except for reflections from the open archway to the living room, a more daring scheme was planned. All the woodwork, including doors, was painted Chinese vermilion, the wall covered in white paper marbleized in pale greens, grays and black, and on the floor—which was of terrazzo—was cemented a black-and-white linoleum, marbleized and having twelve-inch-square blocks. The oversized pattern gave the hall a more spacious feeling. A stock pattern selling for $3.75 a square yard was selected, and this did away with the necessity of a fitted carpet or the use of smaller rugs, which at best seldom stay put on a stone floor. Only one lighting fixture was required, and so it was quite simple to find one which could again be used in another hall, it being a ten-pointed star with leaded sides of semitransparent glass—star lantern—and costing twenty dollars. This is arranged with a short wire and plug, screwed directly into the existing ceiling socket and readily removed for future use.

How We Started

THE furniture selected was simply a small table, a reproduction costing forty-five dollars and provided with small drawers; over this was hung, from brilliant yellow cords, a family portrait. In order to relieve the solid red panels of the doors, small gold stars of assorted sizes were used, placed there with no idea of pattern and utterly disregarding the examples offered by astrologists' maps. These

ENTRANCE HALL *(At top)*

Marbleized linoleum, $3.75 a square yard.
Star lantern, $20.
Small French table, $45.

LIVING ROOM

Above—As viewed from the entrance hall.
At right—As seen from the dining room.

Carpet, $5 a yard.
Crimson moire, 50-inch, at $5.50 a yard.
Curtain poles, $17.50 each.
Chintz slip covers, 32-inch, at 98c a yard.
Smooth mohair for large armchair and piano pad, 54-inch, at $6.50 a yard.
Bobbinet, 72 inches wide, $2 a yard.
Sofa and chair (denim), $275 for two pieces.
Large French armchair, $155.

stars are reflective and whimsical. To enter a hall of this kind, after having passed through a more somber public corridor, stimulates the mind and indicates a plan less studied than attractive. The practical side is also appealing.

Next the living room was planned, and since it opened directly from the entrance hall, enough of the red, although of a different shade, was repeated to unify the two schemes. Here the walls were hung in sulphur-yellow paper, having a very indefinite classic pattern in white and gray. All the woodwork and radiators were painted the same shade as the background, which formed an excellent foil for the crimson-red moire overcurtains and the lavender carpet. Try to visualize this color combination—yellow, red and lavender! It was supplied by the gay Georgian chintz costing only ninety-eight cents a yard but lending a great deal of chic and dash to the otherwise patternless room. A curtain moire at $5.50 a yard was chosen and it is the plan to cover the overstuffed pieces with this after it has served its purpose as draperies.

Écru bobbinet glass curtains, ruffled and held back, soften the light. Narrow strips of carpet sewn together form the rug, and since effect was wanted a quality costing five dollars a yard was used. This rug, measuring approximately thirteen feet square, possibly dyed another shade, will have a place in the future plan. Firstly to economize and secondly to conserve space, furnishings were reduced to a minimum, only the most necessary being used. Rather than buy the piano, it was rented for the term of the lease. This arrangement made funds available for permanent furnishings, at the same time providing an essential.

The Living-Room Furniture

ALL the overstuffed furniture was undersized, without sacrificing comfort. A small Adam sofa and chair temporarily covered in sateen were slip-covered in chintz having a coco-colored background with clusters of gay yellow, lavender and red tulips and peonies with gray-green foliage. The large Louis XV chair, in order to reduce its optical size, was covered in plain smooth mohair of a soft green shade, again repeated in the piano bench pad and for two small pillows on the sofa. An interesting colorful black Chinese Caromandel screen, also a gift, was used to hide the almost indispensable radio, and the cabinet for the piano rolls and the "antique" Venetian desk, painted a soft gray-green with faded decorations, balances the pair of portraits on the opposite wall.

This desk was a find, a reproduction with all the earmarks of an antique. Its color and size suited the scheme perfectly, to say nothing of its price of ninety-five dollars. The room was most effectively lighted by three lamps, one on the piano, one for the sofa and chair, and the third for the lounging chair and desk. Perfectly plain tailored shades were used, and although different in size and shape, they were alike in color, a warm champagne and related in their simplicity. You will notice an absence of all unnecessary pieces; although a small nest of tables, which does not show in the photograph, adds convenience at many times without being in the way at others. Skillful arrangement added much to the spaciousness and to the utility of the room, which was a living room in every sense of the word. A book space has not been forgotten. The upper part of the secretary, a hanging bookshelf over the nest of tables and a small closet completely lined with shelves, form the library.

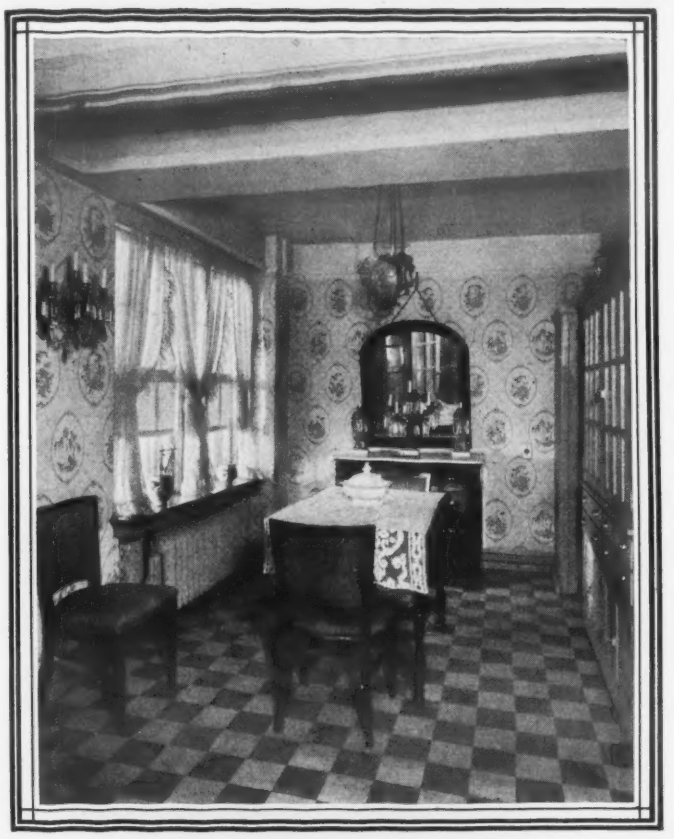
A pair of old French crystal girandoles, together with the candelabra, all provided with ivory wax candles, furnish pleasant and effective light for the small dining room. An auxiliary light for in-between meals was necessary, and so an old Italian floating oil lamp was found and converted. White wall paper with green motifs, the color of which is repeated in the ruffled organdie curtains, was used, with gray-painted wood. Rather than use a rug, which might prove troublesome in so small a room, green-and-gray small-blocked linoleum covered the floor, and on the French directoire chairs was used striped dark-red-and-green antique satin. The small Victorian chest of drawers, primarily a bedroom piece, was utilized for table linens, and the like.

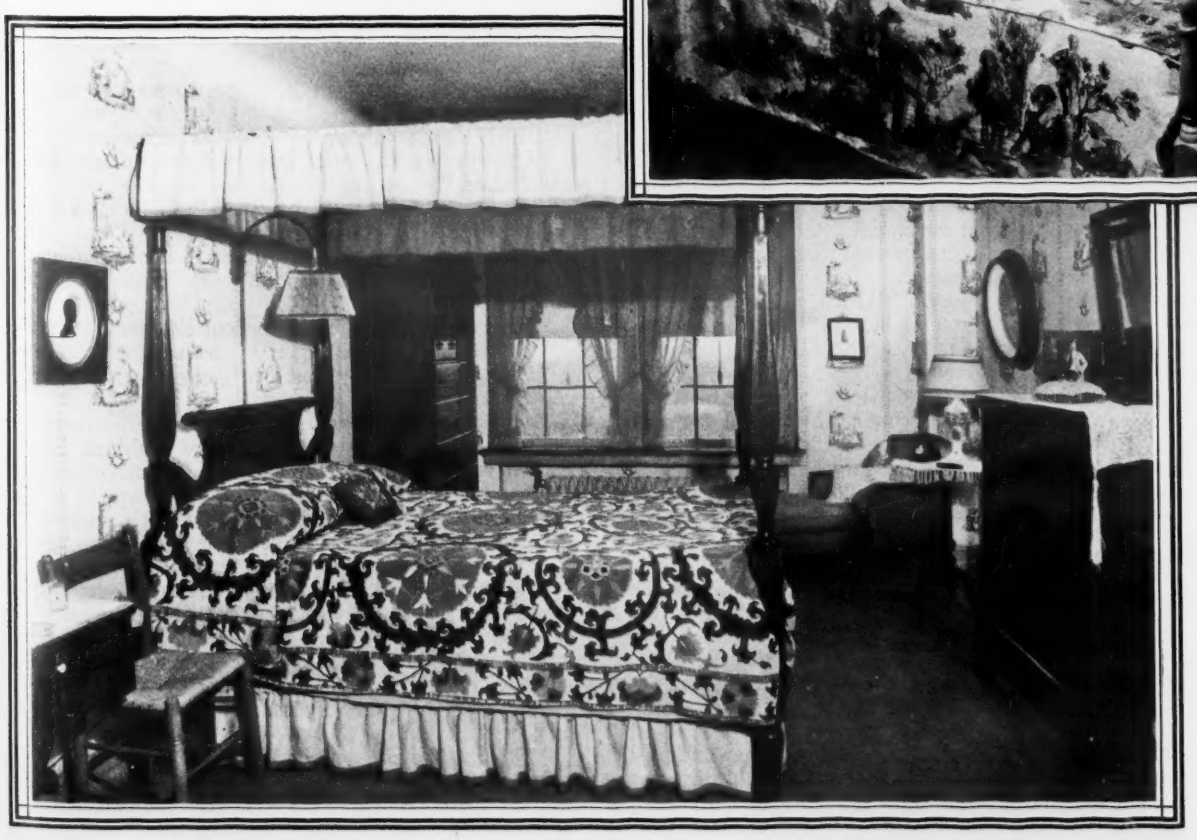
(Continued on Page 161)

DINING ROOM *(At right)*

As seen from the living room.

Chairs, $45 each, covered.
Striped cover, $11 a yard.
Table, $37.50.
Lantern, $18.
Green organdie, $1.85 a yard.



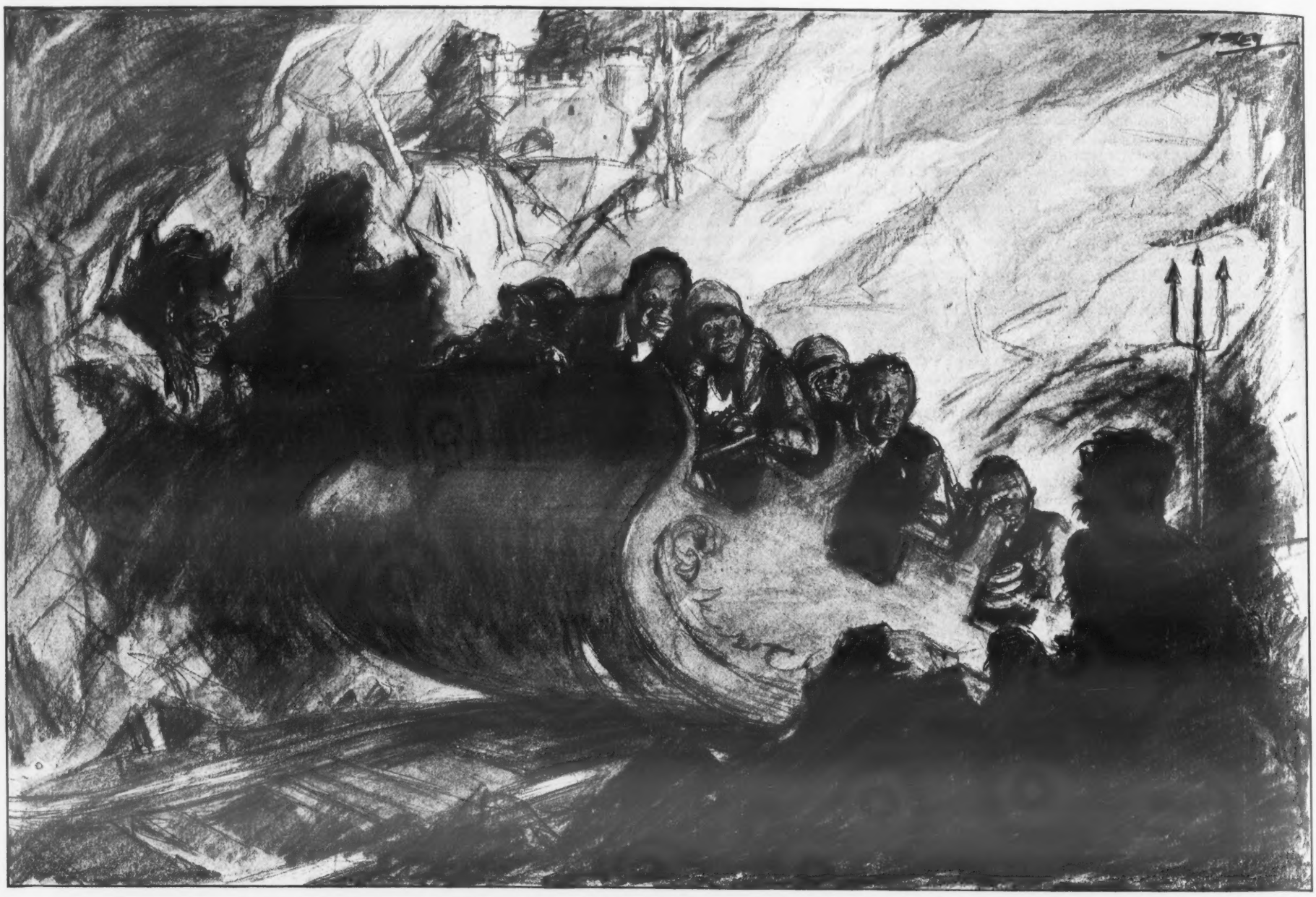


GUEST ROOM *(Above)*

Old furniture repainted, approximate cost for five pieces, $45.
Bedspreads and draperies, $6.50 a yard.
Rayon taffeta, 50-inch, at $5 a yard.
Yellow organdie, 50-inch, at $1.85 a yard.
Cotton damask, 36-inch, at $1 a yard.

OWNER'S BEDROOM *(At left)*

Carpet, Rego Wilton, 9-foot width, $8.50 a square yard.
Organdie, $1.85 a yard.
Thirty-six-inch linen used for the valances on bed, natural color, piped with green, at $1.85 a yard.
Chaise longue, $62.75.
Four yards of Sol satin at $3.50 a yard.



OUT THEY SHOT INTO COLORED LIGHT. "OH, WE'RE TRAVELING!" BREATHED PETUNIA

That Cold

By MARY JOHNSTON

Illustrated by Raymond Sisley

"YOU are a little late, Petunia." That was Mrs. Amyas Raleigh, the white lady who employed Petunia. She stood upon the back porch, between the pillars, and spoke to Petunia coming in the seven-in-the-morning glow up the brick-paved yard from the alley gate. Petunia continued to approach, between the high brick walls, past the big sycamore and the brick outside kitchen. Everything was warm, old, red brick that wasn't white pillars and green blinds and bronze sycamore and wine-colored oaks. Petunia moved languidly, with her hand upon her breast. Mrs. Amyas Raleigh foreboded. The small, silver, interior voice that kept her informed said quite clearly, "Armistice Day."

Petunia now stood upon the lowest of the three porch steps. "I got a terrible cold, Miss Kate! It's heah, and heah. I can just drag myself along. And I coughs."

She coughed. "Hollow," remarked the silver voice inside Miss Kate.

Petunia resumed explanations. "It just seemed I couldn't leave mah bed, but then I said to myself, I says, 'I got to go tell Miss Kate, even if it most kills me, so's she can get Nelly ——'"

"Petunia, you know I've company coming today."

"Miss Kate, I downright sorry, but I got to go back to mah bed. Nelly'll help you out just like me, or as much like me as she can." Petunia clasped her hands above her forehead. "I 'clar to goodness my haid's just distractin' me!"

"Do you want some aspirin?"

"Yaas, Miss Kate, maybe that would help."

"Laura!"

Laura, who was Mrs. Amyas Raleigh's grown daughter, brought the aspirin and shook three tablets into Petunia's trembling hand. She also shook her bright head. "Petunia, you're leaving us in the lurch."

"'Fo' the Lawd, Miss Laura, you'd have to do just the same if you was me!"

And Laura, who was a candid young one, thought, "Maybe I would, maybe I would!"

The magnolia by the porch rustled in the morning air its strong, dark green and glossy leaves. The sun made torches of the autumn trees and intensified the white pillars. Beyond the alley, from Ludwell Street, sounded the cry of an early vendor. "Sweet—sweet—sweet potatoes—potatoes!" Down the river some craft uttered its deep-throated word . . . perhaps an excursion steamer, it being Armistice Day and Indian summer.

"I reckon," said Petunia, "I'd better be creeping along, for I've got such a swimming in mah haid. . . . You let Erasmus get Nelly, Miss Kate, and I'll be back first thing in the mahning."

Slowly and waveringly she departed, down the brick-paved yard, to the alley gate. It shut behind her in the definite way the alley gate had of shutting. Mother and daughter looked at each other. "Well," said Laura, "that's that!" and put back a branch of the microphylla rose that had loosened itself from a pillar.

The alley through its length might be considered to be commanded by the upper windows. Petunia traversed that channel, sun-lighted, brick-paved and garaged, with a few remaining, abutting, small brick houses in which yet dwelt servants of the habitations to which they belonged, with overhanging trees that cast bright leaves, and overhanging ivy casting no leaves, contemning the red and yellow. Petunia arrived at the mouth of the alley, pausing ever and anon to cough, and with her hand going periodically to her head.

Out in Ludwell Street she began to straighten and to step more lightly. This increased until you would never have thought she had a cold. Once again she coughed, deeply and hollowly, and then she grinned. "Miss Laura always talking about 'saving energy'! Reckon that's my last racking of my po' frame till I has to have another holiday!" She began to swing herself as she walked, and her hand forgot the way to her head.

"Sweet po-ta-toes! Sweet po-ta-toes!" George Washington Harris checked his old white horse and his ancient wagon and himself, ancient too. "Mahnin', gal! Does you want ——"

"No!"

"You's vigorous erbout it. Seem to me you finish yo' work mighty early."

"Sho! I got a holiday."

"I heah say it Armistice Day. I been figurin' what dat wuhd mean."

"Sho! It's the name of the general who stopped the war by getting in between the armies."

"That so? Well, Bob and I must be perambulating. Sweet po-ta-toes! Sweet po-ta-toes! Where you gwine now?"

"To my sistah's, to get on my best clothes."

"There's room in the wagon, ef you's gwine my way."

"I'm going your way, but I'm going faster than you're going. So long!"

Elvira lived in an alley, in a very good upstairs room. She was not at home because she cooked for Mrs. Edward Paulett and was now in the kitchen. Petunia's new dress and hat lay where she herself had deposited them an hour ago. The dress was red and brown, the hat was brown and red. She had in her pocket a new pair of stockings, and her Sunday shoes stood at the edge of the patchwork quilt upon Elvira's bed. Rapidly enough she divested herself of the dress in which at this moment she should have been sweeping Mrs. Amyas Raleigh's front steps—if she had not had that cold. She stood in a clean slip, her bronze skin smooth and warm, and her body like a young Juno's. Through Elvira's window came the strains of a hand organ, an early, a holiday hand organ.

"It's that Trovatore thing," quoth Petunia, and as she moved about the room hummed to the organ.

Elvira's small mirror. She set it on the washstand, then on a chair, then on the floor. "Ise complete," said Petunia.

"It's a great pity I got to wear this old coat. Vow to the Lawd I won't wear it! I'll make Percy or Breckinridge carry it. It's a warm November."

Her peregrinations brought her to Elvira's small table. Elvira's Bible lay open upon it. Elvira was a tremendous church member. A match box kept the leaves as they were, and a silver pen, one of Elvira's treasures, pointed out a verse. Petunia glanced that way. "Humph! I know she lay a trap for me! I'll step over there and read yo' verse, Elvira, when this holiday is over. I earn this heah holiday, and don't you think I didn't!"

This alley led to John Rolfe Street, which led to High Street. Above the fiery maples a clock struck half-past eight with a single startling sound. She met an acquaintance. "Hello!" "Hello!" "You got holiday?" "Jes' the same as you!" They both smiled widely. "I'm on my way," said Petunia, "to Crab Hill, to the Jones'."

"Then what specially going to happen?"

"I don't exactly know yet. But something always happens," said Petunia, "when I has a holiday. It happens and it keeps on happening and it happens right away!"

The street car turned the corner and clanged at the square above. "Heah's the chariot," said Petunia. "So long, and a good time, Charlotte!"

AT THE rear of the car, reserved for her color, she found only three or four passengers and none that she knew. "Too early for the crowd. I've got a long day, a good long day, because I was foreseeing! I'm more foreseeing than others," thought Petunia.

An old, very large, charcoal-hued woman had a bushel basket and a peck basket and an armful of chrysanthemums and marigolds. She had come from over the river and she would sell, seated on a box, at such a street corner. She eyed Petunia, sitting beside her. "Dese heah christian-anthems en ma'igolds favor you mightily, honey, in yo' fine new dress!"

"I'm going to a friend where they have them by the million. Christian-anthems and marigolds and cosmos and zinnias and asters and prince's-feather and dahlias."

"Does she sell them?"

"No. She gives them to her friends. She and her brother. She got brothers."

A well-made, warm-bronze young man seated across from Petunia exhibited interest. "That must be the Jones'. They got a yard packed full like that. I am a friend of Percy's."

"They are the Jones."

"My name is George—Walter George. Is it possible I am speaking to one of the Miss Sandys?"

"I am Petunia Sandys."

"I already guessed you were the youngest and the fairest."

What really could be said to that except to draw a full breath and smile and continue the conversation? The old flower woman faded out.

Walter George was dressed for toil, not holiday. But he explained: "I've a half holiday. I've got my clothes at the works. My mind's been projecting about what it wanted to do, but now it knows! It wants to come to the Jones' this afternoon."

"WE ARE going to the new amusement park."

"Then it wants to go right there."

Petunia sighed. "I got to get off the next corner for the Crab Hill car."

"I wish to goodness the works wasn't sending me to Argall Avenue about something mighty important!"

Petunia stood by the curb waiting for the Crab Hill car. Flags—there were a lot of flags—fluttering before the big red business houses, over the red-brick, sunlit street, streaming against the genial, blue, autumnal sky. Music. . . . "Fo' the Lawd, I heah a band!" There was now a morning crowd, coming and going, in spirits and talkative. All of them heard the music. They swarmed like bees to this corner. "That's the Ninety-ninth, coming from the station!" The band played Dixie. Petunia in her excitement let a Crab Hill street car go by.

Dixie—Dixie—Dixie. Borne flags, proud, streaming flags . . . the band; the horns and fifes and the drums . . . marching men.

Look away! Look away!
In Dixie Land I take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie!

The sidewalks, the attentive houses cheered and cheered. Petunia felt herself inwardly rising and falling, like an excited wave—like shouting in church, though her generation never shouted in church. "My Lawd! I wish Armistice Day come every week! I wish there was er crowd of generals like that general!"

White folk were talking beside her. "They didn't stay in Dixie. They went overseas."

"Lot of colored men went, too," thought Petunia.

The Ninety-ninth marched by, marching up High Street, the flags dwindling, the music dwindling.

'Way down south in the land of cotton,
'Simmon sees and sandy bottom.

The ranks along the curb broke, dissolved, flew or sauntered about their business. Some had holiday, but not all. The Crab Hill car approached, stopped. Petunia boarded it. Crab Hill had ten minutes in which to arrive. She sat in meditation. "Walter George. That's an unusual name. . . . Percy. Breckinridge. Walter. . . . He right handsome and educated. 'Is it possible I am speaking to Miss Sandys—the youngest and the fairest?' . . . Walter George. I heah say there are Georges in Gloriana County. . . . He's at the works, and they's sending him on something important. He looks like he's trustworthy. So's Breckinridge. Percy ain't trustworthy, but he's dashing. . . . Mr. George looks dashing, too, but he's solid. This is a nice car. I think Crab Hill is beautiful! Those trees are lovely. That sky's lovely. . . . Sure as I'm bawn, yonder's an airship!"

GRANDMA

THE small yard of the Jones' bloomed profusely. There seemed, in this warmly lingering autumn, every fall flower. The older women of the large family had brought them from every house in which they had been in service. There were scarlet sage and late-blooming dahlias, marigolds of every shade of gold, cosmos in white and mauve clouds, chrysanthemums red and tawny and yellow and white, cockscomb and strawflowers. A gum tree that had not yet cast all its polished and deeply crimson leaves contributed to the splendor.

The family received the visitor with *empressement*. Percy and Breckinridge were not there at this hour, their holiday, like that of Walter George, being but a partial one. But Mrs. Jones and grandma and Maria and Constance and Rosalia and the children were there. Mrs. Jones and Maria and Constance washed and ironed for three white families; the back yard fluttered now all white with many articles. But washing was yesterday, and ironing tomorrow. Today was happily falling interim holiday. Rosalia worked as waitress in a tea room in the city, but she also had achieved a holiday. The family was out in the yard, looking up at the airship. It was a small dirigible, and now it passed above Crab Hill, not so far up in the blue sea, looking for all the world like a big, silver fish disporting itself or voyaging upon its own needs. It showed a flag—swimming there with its flag.

The Jones family and Petunia watched it absorbed, their heads thrown back, their eyes rounded, their lips parted. It passed right overhead. There dropped overboard a bit of paper—it was waggish today. The paper described a spiral like a snowy leaf. The silver fish sailed on, its bulk and its sonorous droning lessening. The paper spiraled down into the gum tree and thence to the roof of the small porch of the Jones residence. Ephraim, aged twelve, burst into action. "I gwine get it!" He swarmed up by the grapevine and the slim wooden pillar and retrieved a sheet on which was penciled in bold capitals, HEAVEN IS OUR HOME.

THE Jones family became voluble. "Will you think of that!" Mrs. Jones laughed and laughed. "What you think they mean? They think they going fool colored folk?"

"They didn't know we's colored. They didn't know where that was going to drap, fast as they were going! They just out to fool the world."

"Just someone fool up there!"

But Ephraim, who was going to turn out a preacher and a saint, looked with large eyes and a dreamy face. "Maybe it's so——"

They returned to the house, that was a very good old log one.

Going, Petunia appreciated the blooming yard.

(Continued on Page 222)

"SOMETHING COME OF IT THAT GWINE LAST ME THROUGH TO HEAVEN. BRECKINRIDGE AND ME GWINE MARRY!"

THE STARS SHONE THROUGH THE GRILLED WINDOWS

De Profundis

By **RICHARD HALLIBURTON**

THE noonday heat rested heavily on the Îles du Salut. Man and beast, the wind and the sea, lay sleeping. It was the siesta hour. But that day the Îles du Salut were not destined to complete their usual slumber, for they were awakened, suddenly and startlingly, by a strange and terrible roar that fell down upon them from the skies. Every sleeping inhabitant leaped to his feet. Was a cyclone coming from the Caribbean Sea? Or a tidal wave? Windows flew open. People rushed out into the streets.

The cause of all the roaring was soon apparent: a gigantic airplane streaking overhead—the first airplane the Îles du Salut had ever seen.

It was the flying boat Washington making its historic, pathfinding flight from New York to Buenos Aires.

And I was aboard her.

At noon that day, flying at six thousand feet, I had descried upon the sea, some miles ahead, three dark blurs. Quickly they grew in clarity—islands, small islands, green islands, covered with palm trees and houses. Nearer and nearer, with two thundering engines, we rushed toward them, down upon them, within three hundred feet of them.

A fierce excitement seized hold of me, for I knew that this, below, was Devil's Island!

Devil's Island, and its two companions—the Îles du Salut—the most terrible, the most tragic prison in the world, where, just off the coast of French Guiana, France sends her worst, her most dangerous, criminals to die of tropical heat, and fever, and wretchedness, and despair.

Down upon the eight hundred miserable, decaying victims of this infamous prison, our seaplane swept like a supernatural monster from some other world. Many a prisoner there—in captivity twenty years—had never seen men fly before. The excitement was enormous. They poured into the prison courts, or clutched the iron bars that held them back, trying to behold the miracle.

The Iles du Salut

BUT no prisoner there was half so agitated over seeing us as I was over seeing them. I nearly fell out of the plane, staring down at these little islets. I could distinguish each one that makes up the group—Devil's Island, the smallest, completely hidden under the palm trees; Île Royale, the largest, with the big prison on the plateau, and the hospital, and the commandant's house; and St. Joseph, the terrible island of agonies where, under the roofs of those three long buildings, two hundred men were caged like animals in windowless, somber, special-punishment cells, for the expiation of their crimes and the protection of society.

All this I knew because I had informed myself beforehand. And I knew that I was coming back to this place, to live with these outcasts, wear their convict clothes, eat their convict food, be damned as they were damned. I didn't know how all this was to be brought to pass. That outsiders were not welcome I was well aware. But at the same time an overpowering desire to enter there rose up in me. Absolutely nothing else on earth mattered. I was prepared to take any risk, pay any price, that would get me convicted into the company of *les miserables* on the Îles du Salut.

And I got there, and I did all there was to do, and saw all there was to see. And I have come away to tell the story, to tell it as bluntly as editorial censorship permits. But if I tell only that which is the truth, who shall condemn me?

The moment we landed in the harbor of Cayenne, the capital and chief port of French Guiana, it seemed the entire population rushed to the dock to greet us. A fête was given that night in our honor, and when the Washington sped on next morning, and I was left behind, French hospitality continued to be showered upon the one remaining "hero."

It was soon apparent, however, to the official French families that I was not a hero at all, but a disgrace to my country and my social caste, for I very quickly found out that Cayenne is as much of a prison center for the French *transportés* as the Islands, and I promptly withdrew from its respectable citizenry in favor of all the thieves and murderers in town. I wanted to know the *transportés* intimately. That's why I had come so far. To achieve this I had to be, as far as possible, one of them. And so from the very first day, I plunged into my new rôle, and for the month I remained in French Guiana scarcely spoke to anybody not in convict stripes. Local Creole tea parties held for me no interest. But in the faces and the hearts of those outcast thieves and murderers I found a living, aching picture of much that is wrong with the world.

Needless to say I became the season's greatest scandal in Cayenne. Also, needless to say, I didn't care.

My opening offense was to make a friend of a young French convict-interne in the convent-hospital, where, in lack of a hotel, I was quartered. André was intelligent, civilized, an ex-Parisian medical student. True, he was a murderer, and having spent seven years in various Guiana prison cells was now serving out his life sentence as a hospital slave. But these facts only made his friendship of double interest and double value to me.

I talked to him, the first time, during the siesta hour when every one of Cayenne's ten thousand inhabitants sleeps. Nothing stirred outdoors but the countless vultures which hopped and waddled unmolested about the sun-scorched streets.

"André, you're a fine young fellow. What are you doing in this dismal place?" (I knew well enough what he was doing, but I wanted to have him tell me himself.)

"I'm a convict, monsieur—*en perpétuité*. But, as you see, I've received a 'first-class' ticket for good conduct and can work in private homes and institutions. I don't have to wear the stripes."

"You were sent here for murder, weren't you?"

"*Oui, monsieur*. I killed my mistress."

"Oh——" A slightly embarrassed silence, and then: "It must be depressing to look forward to spending all your life in Cayenne."

"If it only were Cayenne. I'll probably be sent back to St. Laurent."

"St. Laurent? Where's that?"

"That's the headquarters of the penal colony, but it's only a detestable little town on the Maroni River—the river that divides French Guiana from Dutch Guiana. The biggest prisons are there, and about two-thirds of the prisoners—three thousand or more. You never see that many, as the lumber camps keep most of them employed."

"But the islands——"

"They have eight hundred. Half on Royale and half on St. Joseph. Devil's Island, where Captain Dreyfus was imprisoned, has less than a dozen—political exiles. We have five hundred in Cayenne."

"That makes about forty-five hundred in all."

"Sixty-five hundred, counting the two thousand *libérés*."

"*Libérés?*"

"Yes. They are the ex-convicts who have served out their sentence but cannot leave the colony. They have to remain as many years as *libérés* as they served as convicts—that is, if their sentence is under seven years. Over seven, they have to stay here always. They are the poor old wrecks you see with their wheelbarrows, sitting around on street corners starving to death."

I had seen them and I was to see many more of them. They are one of the most tragic features of this tragic place.

The Dry Guillotine

"WHAT does become of all the *transportés*, André?" I asked. "You say there are sixty-five hundred. But I see numbers on their uniforms as high as 50,000. Where have they all gone to?"

André laughed. It was a very bitter laugh.

"To the bamboos."

I looked uncomprehending.

"That's the cemetery. It's enclosed by thickets of bamboos. The French government has to send new men out fast to keep the prisons filled. The casualties are a thousand a year—dead, escaped, disappeared. One convoy replaces another. The commissary department always plans for 50 per cent of the new men to die the first twelve months. Food and clothes are purchased accordingly. I came out seven years ago with seven hundred others. Not one hundred of us remain. Fifty a year are murdered by their fellow convicts; a hundred die trying to escape. The fever, the dysentery, the food, the heat, the jungles, the despair take the others. France knows, when she sends us here, that we'll never come back to plague her. One year—five years—ten years! It's all a mockery. Any sentence to Guiana is a condemnation to death. We call it the dry guillotine."

"It must be quite an undertaking to transport a thousand rebellious prisoners, all at once. I suppose they have a special ship?"

"They have that all right—La Martinière. She has the noble distinction of being the only convict ship left in the world. Leaves the St. Martin de Ré prison at Marseilles twice a year. It was March when I came over on her—seven hundred of us. We wore heavy gray-wool uniforms and wooden shoes. They had us manacled in threes. Squads of soldiers with fixed bayonets all about. Everybody carried a

NOBODY EVER THOUGHT OF LOCKING LEON UP. THE CHILDREN OF THE MILITARY GUARDS ADORED HIM, BECAUSE HE MADE CANDY FOR THEM

big canvas sack for his equipment. It was a half-fearful, half-hopeful moment for me. Out of prison, if only for ten minutes, with a sea voyage ahead. But, oh, *mon Dieu*, I did not know. None of us spoke. Every mouth was closed grimly. All you saw were expressions of misery and malediction. Manacled to me on one side was an assassin who had killed because he was too lazy to work. On the other a bank bandit who had locked his victim in the vault and let him suffocate. Behind the military cordon a big crowd stood and watched. A few old women, suffering and weeping, caught sight of their boys, and waved a pitiful handkerchief—perhaps he would come back soon, perhaps escape. There was always hope. They couldn't see the thickets of bamboos waving in the hot Guiana breeze. My own mother died long before. I thanked God for it—that day. But my sister was there. She always fights for me. She saw me, and I heard her cry out *'À Bientôt!'*

"*À Bientôt!*—seven years gone—seven thousand years ahead."

Silence.

"If you were a judge, what would you do, André?"

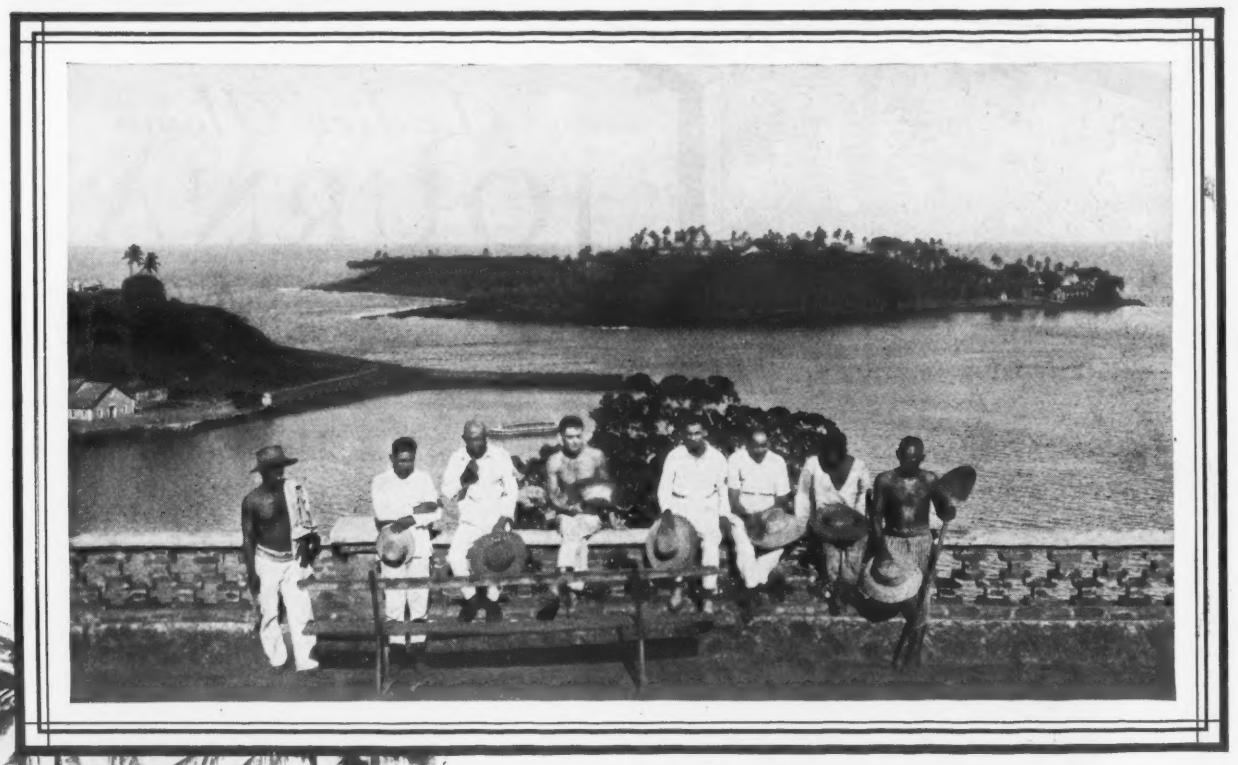
"Well, monsieur, I'm a convict. I've suffered as the others have suffered. I hate this place with all my soul. Even so, I can understand that many of us deserve all we get. Many are incorrigible criminals, who have been sentenced time after time in France until the courts as a last resort send them here to die of fever. I suppose if I were a judge, I'd do the same with them.

La Martinière

"BUT there's another type on the convoy, men like myself, not at all criminal at heart—men who have committed a crime in a moment of blind passion, only to be horrified the next moment at the behavior of their own hands. These men, often of gentle birth and good minds, suffer most from the degradation and torment of prison life. They are the first to die—die of broken bodies and broken hearts. If I were a judge, I'd have to imprison this type, I suppose, but this I do know: I wouldn't send them to be tortured in Guiana.

"I'M A CONVICT—EN PERPÉTUITÉ. BUT, AS YOU SEE, I'VE RECEIVED A 'FIRST-CLASS' TICKET FOR GOOD CONDUCT . . . AND I DON'T HAVE TO WEAR THE STRIPES"

THE AUTHOR—AT THE RIGHT—AS A TRANSPORTÉ



THE PRISONERS LABORED IN GROUPS, REPAIRING THE STREETS . . . SOME UNDER GUARD, SOME UNSUPERVISED

"And there is the most tragic element of all—the boys—eighteen years old, seventeen, even sixteen, caged on the Martinière with its cargo of viciousness and sent into exile for some youthful madness. They get debauched by the older convicts, taught every form of crime, and dispossessed of all the goodness and honor they ever knew. What boy's heart is truly criminal at seventeen? But his innocence is short-lived on the Martinière. The judge who sends him to this hell hole is the worst criminal of us all."

That evening when André had finished with his hospital duties, he came again to my room. All afternoon I'd been evolving complicated schemes to get myself locked up inside the prison walls, and needed his assistance.

"André, here's one hundred francs. I want you to buy me a complete convict uniform. That's enough money?"

"*Oui, monsieur*, but—if you will excuse my saying so—isn't it a very strange purchase?"

"Not at all. I wish to spend tomorrow night in the prison barrack, and need the proper costume."

Again André would have smiled at my idea, only he saw I was in dead earnest.

"I want to find out the truth about prison for myself."

"Will they let you?"

"The warden won't. I think the guards will."

"But, monsieur, you don't know what you're getting into. There'll be eighty convicts in that barrack—Arabs and negroes, murderers and robbers. They will kill you if they think you've any money."

"Then I'll take a knife."

"Somebody will steal it."

"If I'm in danger, André, I'll just yell for you."

Next morning, playing the rôle of stranded aviator, I gained, through devious channels, the ear—and the pocket—of the two guards who came on duty late that afternoon. They were amused and pleased that a great American flyer like myself should want to spend a night in their prison, and agreed to help me. We must stake our chances on audacity. To ask for official permission would be disastrous. Our plan was simple, but completely bold.

The prison schedule had to be considered first.

At six o'clock in the morning the two hundred and fifty prisoners quartered in the Cayenne barracks went to work—the other two hundred and fifty stationed locally were in punishment cells, in lumber camps, or scattered about the town as servants, internes, watchmen, and the like. They labored in groups, repairing the streets, working as stevedores, or at a dozen other forms of manual labor, some under guard, some unsupervised. At ten-thirty they returned to the prison court, were fed their noonday soup and allowed to rest till two; then marched out again, and back at half-past five. Between half-past five and six they ate supper and assembled in the court for roll call. Immediately afterward they were locked in for the night.

It was the guards' plan that I should enter the courtyard as the roll-call formation was breaking up. I'd be wearing the uniform—barefooted, wide straw hat, just like all the others. The chances were excellent that if I mingled with the crowd of convicts returning to their barracks for the night I could enter the barrack door along with them and never be noticed. Once inside there'd be no guards to question me—but once inside I'd have to shift for myself. There were at present a few more canvas-strip beds than inmates, for the Martinière had skipped its last semiannual voyage while the departures to the bamboos had continued to be as numerous as ever. I could probably find and occupy one of these strips. As for getting out in the morning—I had no concern over that. My only concern was getting in. If I failed and was caught? I promised my accomplices I would in no way implicate them. All the guards had to do was not to see me when I passed from the street through the prison portal into the courtyard. The hour was to be quarter to six. We could not see a single hitch.

Convict No. 49,766

NEXT morning André had my uniform ready—cotton blouse and trousers, striped red and white, and the straw hat. Stamped across the blouse in big black figures was the number 49,766. I discreetly did not ask André where he got the outfit. Unfortunately it was almost new, so we soaked it in hot water to take the shine and stiffness out.

To rehearse my new part I slipped down behind the hospital walls to the seashore during the siesta hour, donned the uniform and paraded barefooted up the main street. Of the dozen people abroad at that moment not one even so much as noticed me. That was good.

Half-past five came. Again I went to the shore, and waited, this time behind the prison walls which also face the sea. This time I was carrying a small tin bucket. André, now keenly interested in my adventure, had suggested this, for at the supper hour a number of town-quartered prisoners come with their regulation buckets to the prison for their rations. I would be mistaken for one of these.

(Continued on Page 130)

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Eleven Years After

ON NOVEMBER ELEVENTH we shall celebrate the eleventh anniversary of the end of the Great War. And at this time the world seems closer to an actual peace than at any time since the Armistice was signed.

The Briand-Kellogg International Pact, pledging most of the civilized world to renunciation of war, is in full force. President Hoover has ordered our Army and Navy to find ways of cutting down their mounting costs of peacetime operation. With Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, the President has been working out a plan for reducing navy-building competition, and France, Italy and Japan will be asked to join with England and America in a five-nation conference and limitation of armaments during the coming winter.

The Young Plan for the payment of reparations is in effect. Germany, by her magnificent commercial exploits on sea and in the air, has won for herself the admiration of the world. And there seems to be a real possibility that under the skillful guidance of America's senior statesman, Mr. Elihu Root, the United States will at last become an active member of the World Court.

But even if all this is accomplished, the women of our nation and of the world at large cannot afford to relax their drive for a continued international peace. Theirs is the voice for peace that must never be still.

As Premier Briand of France said at the last meeting of the League of Nations:

"It is to the women of the world that I particularly address this appeal: See to it that your neighbors love the peoples of other lands as well as of their own. See to it that they are taught that war is impossible and that peace must reign forever. When that is achieved, there will not be any need for the League Covenant to mention reducing armaments."

We Should Pay Our Share

ALTHOUGH the United States is not a member of the League of Nations, and in all probability will not be during the present generation, we are taking either official or unofficial part in the work of various divisions of the League that have to do with economic and sociological problems.

It is highly important that we should do this, that we should coöperate fully with other nations in discussing international finance, disarmament, and in seeking the solution for such vexing world questions as the trade in narcotics, traffic in women and the protection of children.

But while we are sharing in the benefits of such discussions we are paying practically none of the expense involved. The secretariat of the League includes Americans, acting in individual capacities and not representing our Government, but paid out of the funds of the League, to which the nations that are members contribute about $5,000,000 a year.

In 1928, Congress voted $16,600 to cover America's share of the expenses of four general conferences, but this seems to be the total of our contribution.

If we are in the future to continue our recent participation in the affairs of the League, even on an unofficial basis, we should pay our way—all of it. For whether we like it or not, the problems of the world are the problems of America too.

Saving the Babies

THE American Child Health Association, whose slogan is "The health of the child is the strength of the Nation," gives us another splendidly glowing report on the decrease of infant mortality. Though not quite so good in 1928 as in 1927, the death rate of babies in 719 cities was only 68.3 for each 1000 born—two-thirds what it was fifteen years ago.

The lowest infant death rate among the states is reported by Washington, with 43 to each 1000 born. Then come Idaho and Oregon, then North Dakota, Utah, California, Minnesota, Nebraska; with Connecticut, in ninth place, as the first Eastern State.

Among the cities, too, the West has far exceeded the East in saving the babies—and it must be more than mere coincidence that the same cities show up at the top of the list, or near the top, year after year.

The record is splendid, and one to be vastly proud of. But there is another side of the picture that is not touched in this report—the appalling situation that is discussed by Dr. Logan Clendening in this issue of the JOURNAL under the title Breakfastless Children and Tuberculous Youths.

The increase in tuberculosis among young girls has been giving worry to departments of health in various cities for several years past. From sixteen to twenty-two seem to be the susceptible ages, and three main causes may be set down:

First, improper breakfasts in the school years, when breakfast is the most important meal in the day for the growing child. The blame in this instance falls directly upon the shoulders of lazy mothers.

Second, insufficient clothing.

Third, fashionable starvation.

Saving the babies loses much of its effectiveness if we continue to let these young folks die before they reach full maturity.

Answer the Roll Call

FROM Armistice Day until Thanksgiving Day you will again be given the privilege and the honor of wearing the button and posting in the window of your home the banner of the Red Cross—to show that you, too, are the friend of humanity.

Four million responded last year—to finance the world-wide work of the Red Cross in the relief of suffering, famine and distress after disaster. Your dollar will help the work to go on.

Answer the roll call!

Thanksgiving

MOST gracious God, by whose knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew: We yield thee unfeigned thanks and praise for the return of seed time and harvest, for the increase of the ground and the gathering in of the fruits thereon, and for all the other blessings of thy merciful providence bestowed upon this nation and people. And, we beseech thee, give us a just sense of these great mercies; such as may appear in our lives by an humble, holy and obedient walking before thee all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honor, world without end. Amen.

—From the Book of Common Prayer.

The Art of Table Conversation

By ERNEST DIMNET
Author of The Art of Thinking

ONE hot summer afternoon, in a mountainous region just off the Cévennes, after climbing for several hours a road which the natives had pronounced to be level and smooth, we—that is, my bicycle and I—arrived dry and dusty at a murderous-looking house supposed to be the village inn. There was a woman there nursing a baby, and I was afraid the baby plus two o'clock might be insuperable obstacles to luncheon. But they were not. The baby seemed to cook everything, for it was over every dish, and two o'clock was forgiven or forgotten. Only, when my cutlet appeared on the rough table, there was no knife for me. Indeed, there was not any knife at all in the place, and to my puzzled look the woman replied, as surprised as I was: "*Mais, chacun a son couteau.*"

Then I realized the situation. The road menders or foresters who called at this inn for their dinner had no idea of dinner, only of food. They were given some, and ate it, probably off their knees, each man using his own large pocketknife. Then also I recollected a lean old farmer in the North of France who died without once sitting down to eat his food. Eating meant food, that was all, and dinner meant noon and not conversation whether artistic or not.

Food and Talk

BUT do we think of food when, all tuxedoed and beautified, with pearls in our shirt fronts and a lady on our arm, we march down in solemn procession to the dining room? Or have we a premonitory thrill at the thought of one more experience in human commerce, the revelation of what poor Enoch Arden called the "kindly human face" and an accompanying warm sensation round our hearts? Is the display of silver, lace and flowers on the table an incentive to mere food, or is it, on the contrary, something to help us to think away food? And for what is there a table president, all smiles, but respected and even, in a remote extenuated way, somewhat awe inspiring, if not to remind us of the real character of dinner?

Indeed, a dinner party is an assembly of men and women feeling at their most civilized, and expecting from their two hours together the most exquisite enjoyment of their civilization. Habit, of course, wears out the consciousness of this refined aspect of a daily occurrence, but the least appearance of novelty can easily revive it. When we stand at the captain's table, the liner's first night out, it returns upon us with its full force; it is not the menu that is in our thoughts, and the people we are going to be introduced to are not just people; they are men and women, fellow beings from whom we expect something, souls. We never experience anything of the kind in the dining car, where dinner is only food, and when a friend invites us to the restaurant we do not expect half so much as if we had been invited to his home.

THEY LOVE TO TALK, BUT THEY HAVE NO IDEA OF CONVERSATION, AND THEY ARE INCAPABLE OF COMPUNCTION AT THE IDEA OF BORING A WHOLE TABLEFUL OF PEOPLE

Most human beings may imagine that they are not intellectual, care nothing for the working of their minds, are just simple honest folk, but they are more discriminating than they suppose. They know what "a clever thing" means, they remember some and quote them, and, secretly or openly, they want to hear more or, above all, to say them. Even reduced to mere business, human intercourse retains, as well as a geometrical demonstration, an artistic element to which we do homage in the well-known phrases, "neatly said" or "neatly done."

But the "good things" people say in the dining room are not the same as the good things they will say after dinner. People are not so near one another in the drawing-room. They are scattered, they are conscious of the part they play or of the objects they have in view. Often they are on the defensive. Frequently, too, they will flirt, which, per se, is exclusive of sociability and destructive of what we call conversation.

A Human Touch

IN THE dining room, first of all, we are unconscious of inequalities, for we eat, and eating, like dying, is the common lot, sometimes humiliating, often—to sensitive people—quite a little pathetic. The phrase "keep body and soul together" is horribly pathetic. Certainly people in the dining room feel more brotherly and farther away from fighting than anywhere else. What makes Geneva so useful for the peace of the world? Simply the fact that people who used only to communicate through notes have now advanced to the human intercourse and actually talk, walk and eat together. When questions are particularly thorny and opposition is threatening to become irritation, the tea hour does wonders. Two years ago at a *Bierabend* — which meant drink and not food—Herr Stresemann said something which sounded harsh and which headliners all over the world proceeded to present as irreparable. All this poison was quickly neutralized, at the famous Thoiry inn, by a tête-à-tête lunch of

(Continued on Page 149)

Chic for Street or Travel Wear

As Found in Our November Paris Collection

1277—Joseph Paquin's coat has a shaped back panel, side sections overlapping the front at the waist in a scalloped outline, a one-button closing. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42. In his dress, Design No. 1254, the left sides of bodice, front and back, are cut in one, and overlapping tabs join upper and lower sections; corresponding tabs trim cuffs; a separate circular panel is placed under the set-in belt and attached at left seam of the skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

1282—Lucile's coat has a bloused waistline above the fitted hipband; skirt cut with circular feeling at sides, the fur band extending part way around hem; sleeves flare slightly at wrists. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42. 1281—Poiret's design has a bolero left front and back; trimming edges this, the circular skirt, and serves as belt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. 1262—The shaped, slightly flared back panels of Lenief's coat are attached diagonally; the collar is worn either high or on shoulders; sleeves are flared. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46.

Joseph Paquin
1277

Joseph Paquin
1254

Lucile
1282

Paul Poiret
1281

Lenief
1262

ALL these designs are characteristic not only of their individual couturiers but of the best and most wearable of the winter's mode. From Joseph Paquin are the coat at the left and the dress next to it. The coat, "Au Bois," is in a green broadcloth, with a slightly flaring hem and a molded fit, trimmed with fox. The green felt hat is from Molyneux. The dress, "Au fil de l'eau," in sheer woolen, has a normal waistline, a soft front draping on its skirt, and a lingerie collar. The felt hat is by Agnès.

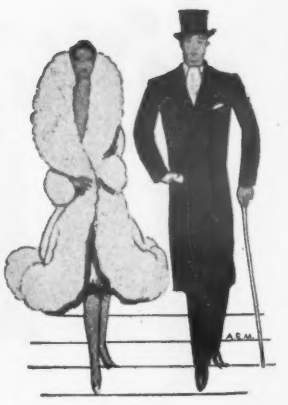
Lucile designed the coat in the center of the page, giving a jacketed effect by crosswise fabric trim and defined hips; it is trimmed with Krimmer. The hat is Agnès' tricot-tweed turban. Second from the right, "Spahi," shows Poiret's characteristic touch in the trimming, graceful princess silhouette and circular feeling—in two shades of green, woolen or silk; Agnès' felt hat, with its long rippling back brim, accompanies this.

Lenief's coat, "Longchamps," at right, indicating a love of lavish fur trimming, slim underskirt, normal waist and molded line, is in a black woolen trimmed with lynx. Hat from Mado.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Radical Changes in Winter Fashions

Are Definite With Leading Paris Dressmakers



By RICHARD E. MYERS
Paris Editor of the Journal

TO BE, or not to be—normal at the waistline—is not the question. For the answer is—to be. The dictum emanates from the vast majority of the leading dressmakers in Paris. They are right. Why shouldn't a smart figure follow Nature's curves in the outlines of dress? And the curve it is, too, though far from being too snug to be becoming. All of this necessitates another phase of the mode. The longer skirt. For sports types of frocks, which really are tailored woolen dresses for street wear, the skirt is but a few inches below the knee. For afternoon gowns, they come well down—at least halfway to the ankle—and even a few reach almost to the ankle, illustrated in a most captivating manner by the lovely Patou gown, "Castiglione," on page 50. Evening hemlines are evened off at the ankle, too, but there are quite as many side and back dipping ones as in the seasons past.

For a very long time now the dressmakers of Paris have been inching along to these very points and now that they have come with unanimous vote, it seems a bit sudden. There are other changes. Take the sweater. With too few exceptions to note, the sweater has become history and in its place is a smart, trig-tailored shirt waist in jersey, worn inside the skirt with a belt to keep it in place. Jane Régny does this most admirably in her street costumes and either makes the blouse rather mannish or adds femininity through pipings of the skirt material along feminizing seams. This points to the fact that sports clothes are sports clothes. Nothing else. They are designed and intended for honest-to-goodness sports—skiing, tobogganing, indoor and outdoor ice skating, motoring, shooting and flying. For these affairs, the pullover sweater maintains its stand, and very often has a polo or high collar. It may be belted, or it may hint of the high waistline in the manner of Patou, who makes these in a fascinating Russian-blouse style.

Ensembles

TO BE very accurate in one's reference to dress, one must say "street costume" when reference is made to the sports type of frock to be worn for shopping, the casual luncheon or professional hours, and even for one's travel clothes. Paris pronounces a pretty hard-and-fast rule about this, and especially in reference to the fabrics, sponsored by Rodier's matching tweed and jerseys, wherein patterns are different and mixed colors alike. There is scarcely a couturier in Paris who did not accept the challenge and make either one-piece frocks in the jersey, and coats in the tweed, or use the tweed for skirt and coat with silk or jersey for the blouse. Sometimes the coat is in a diagonal weave and sometimes a mottled pattern, but no difference, the point is that a plain, solid color in these is out of the running. Browns in beautiful soft tones—some rich with a hint of red that looks like cinnamon, and Lelong's chestnut—are very important. Black-and-white mixtures have an enormous place in these jersey-tweed combinations, and there are dark greens, mixed reds and blues.

The coats in these ensembles have changed. They can be anything between half-length coats to full-length, and still be smart. They may have fur collars or be completely free from it, in a strictly tailored manner. Travel coats are often quite loose and rather raglan in effect, made of reversible woolens as thick as fur. Champcommunal makes these exceedingly well and often places a slim inner coat beneath, which she calls a separate lining. Scarfs are becoming an inconspicuous part of the costume, made in the fabric of the coat or frock and tied in the style of a man's Ascot tie, as Worth does it. Generally these are tailored like an enormous necktie, though Schiaparelli donates big bows made of loosely knitted yarns, and Chanel makes them of softest kid in blending tones to match the cuffs on her gloves, and new bags.

Afternoon ensembles enjoy unprecedented elegance, in richness of fabric and beauty of line. Coats are lavishly trimmed in fur—in fox, in beaver, and in the complete astrakhan family. So many of the couturiers place bands of fox around the coat at three-quarters depth, and many repeat a band at the elbow in addition to the sumptuous collar. Worth and Lelong are among the leaders who place a fur hem on a three-quarters coat with a band repeated on the hem of the frock to give a double-banded effect. The furred mode goes so far as to make an effort to revive the muff, shown by many important houses, and Schiaparelli innovates a clever idea of doubling under one end of a long, slim, fur scarf, to make the tiniest sort of muff.

Characteristic of Chanel's grace and charm are these becoming models. Design No. 1268 has vertical bands trimming the bodice, overlapping sections and inverted box pleats in the skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

In Design No. 1275 the bertha becomes a scarf, and the jabot and double circular flounce are flattering. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

In Design No. 1279 the slashed yoke forms a scarf, and the skirt has three groups of inverted box pleats. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Fabric and Line

SO MANY of the rich fabrics that have long been held as part and parcel of the evening mode step into the fashion for afternoon. Soft printed chiffon lamés which give the effect of foulard, panne velvet, more silk velvet, plain and printed, than ever seen before, and tulle—a new indestructible type which Worth features from morning through night. One of his most enchanting frocks is in this new tulle—brown posed over green satin.

The afternoon frock borrows its silhouette from morning and evening, by being long-limbed in its skirt line, with an ample hem, and trickling and ruffling in all sorts of ways, with even and uneven hemlines, with tunics and overblouses which Patou fosters in many interesting ways. The couturier must have consulted the weather prophets, for the winter mode admits many afternoon ensembles with short jackets and capes.

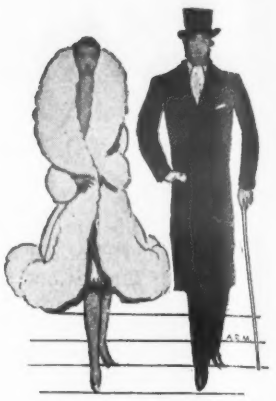
Chanel makes beautiful short fur capes in mink, rather circular

(Continued on Page 143)

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Diversified Daytime Modes

From Our November Paris Collection



1273—From Premet comes this feminized tailored model, with its slenderizing bodice bloused above the belt, and its youthful circular skirt; the belt passes under tabs, which the cuffs repeat—original model in beige crêpe satin for afternoon, or wool crêpe for morning. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

1272, from Lucile's collection, is youthfully simple, with its normal belt, soft skirt fullness, banded V neck, full-length vestee, pouch pockets, and lined flaring cuffs. The belt is buckled in the back. In blue velvet and beige crêpe de chine, marocain or sheer woolen. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

Premet
1273

Drecoll-Beer
1258

Nicole Groult
1276

Redfern
1274

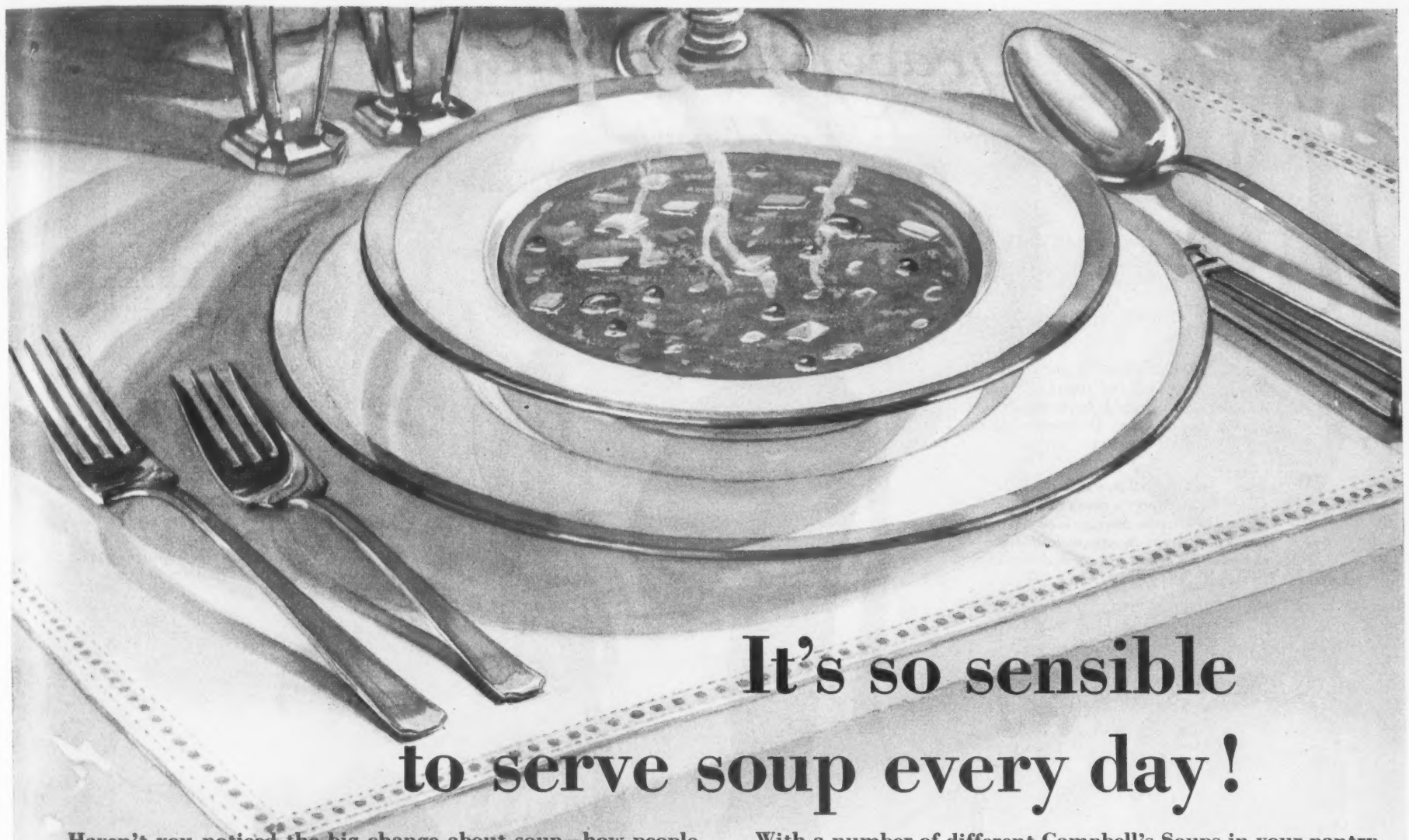
Lucile
1272

1258—Drecoll-Beer's "Candide" creates a vestee effect by seaming, and a band, which becomes the buttoned skirt fastening; its irregular circular flounce is attached to a fitted yoke—of blue crêpe de chine. Its simplicity gives wide choice of fabric. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

1276—"Mousquetaire," from Nicole Groult, introduces a militarylike bodice, button trimmed, belted; collar and cuffs are consistent; its circular skirt is swagger—in a light mixed beige woolen, with collar and cuffs of linen or in velveteen. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

1274—By Redfern, blouses its waist above the leather belt, fits it below, gives width to the skirt by side pleats at the left, and uses a becoming shawl collar—in navy woolen, or silk; appropriate and wearable, for street or business. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 65 cents.



It's so sensible to serve soup every day!

Haven't you noticed the big change about soup—how people who used to serve it only for special occasions are now serving it every day! There are two reasons for this. First, because soup is such a delicious and healthful food. Second, because Campbell's 21 soups—already cooked, make it so easy and convenient to have a constant variety of soups—a different one every day.

You've no idea, until you've tried it, how much a daily soup varies and brightens your menus and how much it saves you in every way.

With a number of different Campbell's Soups in your pantry, your meal-planning is easier. A soup a day is the modern way—to give freshness and newness to the meals, to please the appetite, improve the health.

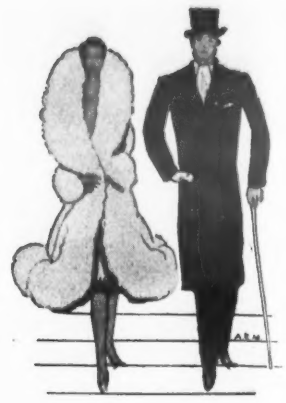
There's a luncheon or supper in Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its 15 different vegetables, its invigorating broth, its substantial cereals, its fresh herbs and seasonings. 12 cents a can. Make it *today's* soup!

Every little thing I do,
Campbell's Soup, I owe to you.
Once I feel your warmth inside,
I just beam with health and pride!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

Graceful Formality

As Found in Our November Paris Collection



1263—Dœuillet-Doucet's "Cabotin" has a dipping back line, full sleeves, a wrap-around fastening, and is fur-trimmed—in figured lamé or velvet. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46.

1264—From Drecoll-Beer comes "Mison," its left-sided drapery a continuation of the low-placed circular flounce, a contrast to slimly fitted hips—in satin, moire or faille. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

1280—Philippe et Gaston's "Desirée" has a close-fitting bodice, circular skirt and shirred girdle—in crêpe satin or velvet. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

1271—Philippe et Gaston also shows "Favorite." Three flounces, flat and high in front, circular and dipping in back, form the skirt, with defined hips—in georgette, chiffon, velvet, or flat crêpe. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Lucile
1267

Lenief
1278

Drecoll-Beer
1264

Philippe et Gaston
1280

1267—Lucile's winter collection includes the three-quarter-length evening coat, molding the body, with generous sleeves and scarf collar—of black velvet, coat and scarf lined with geranium silk. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

1278—"Ritz," designed by Lenief, with its four circular godets in the skirt, this motif repeated in the pieces at left hip and shoulder, shirring at the right hip, molds the figure—in red crêpe de chine, with two black flowers at the shoulder. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Philippe et Gaston
1271

Dœuillet-Doucet
1263

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

VOTED THE LOVELIEST SUB·DEB

BY

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

"WOODBURY'S IS MARVELOUS • IT SURELY HELPS TO KEEP YOUR SKIN LOVELY AND SMOOTH"

MISS LOLITA GLADYS GELPI . . . DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. VIVIAN GELPI, OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A VIVID LITTLE FACE—brilliant, long-lashed dark eyes—a velvety skin, touched with flame-like color—

Southern softness, French vivacity—

She is seventeen years old, a true child of New Orleans; nursed by a colored mammy, educated by French convent nuns, speaking French—the intimate language of her family—as readily as English.

She loves the easy graceful life of Louisiana; boat rides up the Mississippi to the plantations; dancing in flower-filled patios; parties all day at the Country Club; everybody knowing everybody else.

. . . "And everyone has a good time. And all the girls in New Orleans are beautiful. Yes, eight out of ten are not just pretty—they're beautiful! . . .

"And nearly all of us use Woodbury's for our skin. We think Woodbury's is marvelous. If a girl has any trouble with her skin—she goes right after it with Woodbury's soap. It surely helps to keep your skin lovely and smooth!"

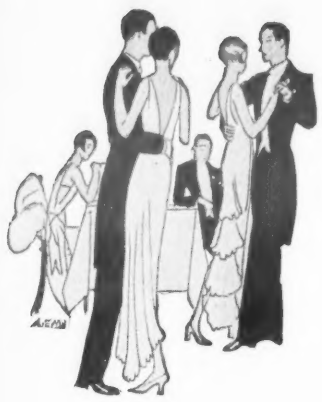
•

A LOVELY SKIN—what woman, young or old, can be indifferent to it! There are many, many different types of beauty—as this series of lovely Woodbury users shows. But one thing is essential to every type—a clear, flawless complexion.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of women to overcome the faults in their complexion, and to keep their skin smooth and clear. Get a cake of Woodbury's today! Begin, tonight, to care for *your* skin with this wonderful soap!

Send for the delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial. Enclose 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1821 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

© 1929, The A. J. Co.



Our November Paris Collection

Suggests Additions to the Winter Wardrobe

1283—"Pontife," from Lanvin, includes the slim, slightly bloused bodice, tailored belt and a circular skirt, attached with a scalloped band below the ever-present tightly fitted hips. A shoulder bow may be added. In red panne velvet or crêpe. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

1252—Worth's "Coup de Foudre" has a youthful modified princess bodice, shirred at the normal waist, a bow with long streamer ends at the left hip; its gathered skirt dips at the back, following the bodice line, to which it is attached—in crêpe or velvet. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Jane Régny
1256

Lanvin
1283

Jane Régny
1253

Jenny
1265

Lanvin
1261

Jenny
1266

Worth
1252

Lanvin
1260

1253—Jane Régny varies the jacket design by curved bodice edge, a chic pointed yoke and box-pleated vestee; she makes it in a fancy brown-and-yellow jersey. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

1265—"Sleeping," a travel coat, from Jenny, swaggers, with double pockets, flaring sleeves, straight closing and snug belt—in tweed mixture, with lynx collar. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

1261—Lanvin's "La Mousse" swings gracefully from little-girl shoulders, and ties at the neck with an ermine scarf; fabric bands form the trim—original in soft green broadcloth. Designed for ages 4 to 12.

1266—"Vagabond," from Jenny, hugs the figure, with two inverted box pleats from yoke to hipline, back and front, in marocain for afternoon, or sheer woolen for morning. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

1256—from Jane Régny, develops the jacket theme, stitched bands on blouse create a bolero effect, circular skirt with godet—the original of blue crêpe de chine, plaid collar and godet. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

1260—"Matinal," designed by Lanvin, uses a bolero, circular side godets, attached at the hips with curved bands and a simple tailored belt—original in powder blue marocain. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents

4 UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY AND HOW TO USE THEM

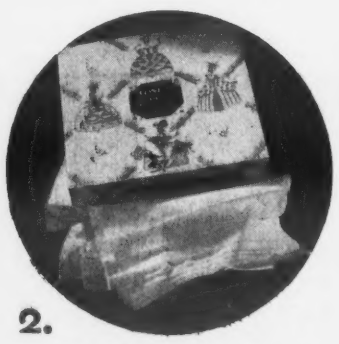
1. Pond's Cold Cream

for thorough cleansing

apply it generously

always after exposure

and before retiring.



2. Pond's Cleansing Tissues

soft, ample, absorbent

remove cream and dirt.

To banish oiliness

and firm your skin

3. Pond's Skin Freshener

pat it on briskly.

For powder base

and soft, white hands

smooth in a little

4. Pond's Vanishing Cream.

VITAL MOMENTS in a well-groomed woman's day . . . the all-important, yet simple care she gives her skin . . . Study these pictures . . . follow these swift, sure steps . . . Pond's four famous aids are unfailing . . . they keep your complexion exquisitely fresh and clear.

Pond's Cold Cream comes first . . . pure, light . . . use generously for thorough cleansing two or three times through the day . . . at bedtime . . . always after exposure. Quick, caressing, upward, outward strokes to smooth it in . . . they keep your contours young and firm. Now leave a moment to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . coax every particle of dirt up to the surface.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues next . . . to remove all cream and dirt. Take two at a time from the dainty latticed box. Fold or crumple in your hand . . . lift off the cream and dirt, using exactly the same caressing upward motion as when applying the cold cream.

Now Pond's Skin Freshener . . . cool, exhilarating . . . it banishes the last trace of oiliness. See how you soak a sizable pad of cotton . . . pat face, neck all over briskly. This gentle Tonic closes, refines the pores . . . for sallow cheeks it's magic to conjure back fresh vital color.

Now for the smooth, well-bred finish that adds so much to your poise . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Smooth in a delicate film before you powder. And don't forget your hands . . . It keeps them velvet-white.

And now your powder and rouge blend beautifully. Finished, enchanting, your loveliness will last the evening through!

For generous trial sizes of these four unfailing aids—send coupon below.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Y
107 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1929, Pond's Extract Company

A sun-room of any house ..but MODERNIZED

Make it your room. Just follow these simple suggestions for fixing up . . .

TOO OFTEN the brightest room in the house shows the dullest of decorating ideas. It's a catch-all for cast-off things—an orphan that never gets anything new.

Have you ever thought that your sun porch is the one room in which you really can show how clever you are with color? Yes, that's the room in which you can be a modern if you wish . . . even daringly different.

To show you how just a few simple touches will transform that everyday sun porch, Hazel Dell Brown of our Bureau of Interior Decoration planned the interior illustrated. She began at the very bottom, the natural foundation for the room—the floor. Over time-scarred boards she installed one of the very newest effects in Armstrong's Linoleum, a colorful rubble-stone design embossed in three different planes. It was just the floor to capture every bit of sunshiny cheer, to interestingly reflect the play of light and shadow.

This Armstrong Floor gave her the clue for the rest of the original touches—recessed flower arch, colored pottery jars, painted Venetian blinds, yes, even that unique aquarium with its red-scalloped frame.

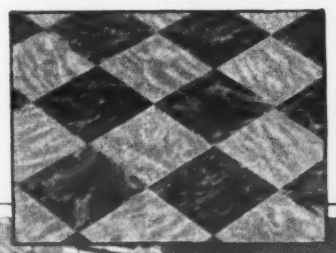
You could have this same room in your house—or one just as bright, just as original *but entirely different from floor to ceiling*. For today in Armstrong's Linoleum, you are offered floor patterns and colors of almost every description. Merely stop in at any good department, furniture, or linoleum store. Choose the design that you like best. A few days later your new floor will be in place—firmly cemented over linoleum lining felt—the old floor out of sight and out of mind forever.

It's really surprising what inspiration a new Armstrong Floor will be in planning the rest of the decoration . . . surprising, too, to find how little care your new floors need. The surface is made spot-proof, stain-proof by the new Accolac Process. Dirt wipes right up. Light waxing and polishing keeps the surface gleaming. In rooms where floors need frequent washing, you can quickly restore the original lustre by an occasional application of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Let Mrs. Brown Help You . . . Perhaps you would like Mrs. Brown to help you in fixing up your own sun porch. She will gladly aid you, free of charge, even send you room color schemes made up of actual materials.

This personal service is explained in Mrs. Brown's latest book—"New Ideas in Home Decoration," with color illustrations of all types of rooms, really new ideas. Just send 10¢ (Canada, 20¢). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 923 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 69



Embossed Inlaid No. 6092

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Rainy days can't dim the cheer of this modern sun room. Nor of its colorful Armstrong Floor—Embossed Inlaid No. 6101.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

FOR EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

French Charm

From Our November Paris Collection

1269—This blouse, from Joseph Paquin, is equally smart either with or without the stitched bands, and worn either as an overblouse or tuck-in. Its surplice line and scarf collar are becoming and graceful, and the shoulder tucks give soft fullness; crystal buttons and gauntlet cuffs are new details—in crêpe satin, or flat crêpe, or crêpe de chine, or a wool georgette. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Joseph Paquin
1269

Joseph Paquin
1270

1270—The lower edge of this blouse, from Joseph Paquin, may be scalloped or straight, and it may be worn either over or inside the skirt. Its button-trimmed, overlapping vestee, the pockets and buttoned, flaring cuffs, hand tucks at shoulder, are all touches making for that highly desirable effect of custom-made type of dressing—in satin crêpe or marocain. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Redfern
1257

1257—A princess combination, from Redfern, well designed to fit smoothly under the prevailing dress silhouette; the trimming can be scalloped embroidery or bands of lace insertion—in crêpe de chine, georgette or ninon. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.
1259—A negligee, from Redfern, dainty and feminine and graceful. Youthfully slim in the back, it has a slight fullness of blouse and a softly gathered skirt in front. Flowing sleeves add long lines, consistent with the 1930 tendencies for flattering length. A charming design for crêpe de chine or crêpe satin, with wide écru lace. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Redfern
1259

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

These Stores Sell Paris Patterns

WHEN you use Paris Patterns you wear Paris clothes.

Paris Patterns are the only authentic French pattern designs, created by the greatest couturiers in the world and cut to American standard sizes.

So smart they are distinguished anywhere, Paris Patterns are so easy to follow that an amateur has no difficulty with them.

You can buy Paris Patterns at the following stores:

ARKANSAS
Little Rock
The M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA
Fresno
Radin and Kamp
Hollywood
B. H. Dyas Company
Long Beach
Buffums'
Los Angeles
B. H. Dyas Company
San Francisco
The Emporium
The White House

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport
D. M. Read Company

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Woodward and Lothrop

GEORGIA
Atlanta
Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose

ILLINOIS
Chicago
Boston Store
Springfield
R. F. Herndon Company

INDIANA
Indianapolis
L. S. Ayres and Company

IOWA
Burlington
John Boesch Co.

KANSAS
Topeka
Warren M. Crosby Co.
Wichita
Sanger Brothers

LOUISIANA
New Orleans
D. H. Holmes Company
Shreveport
Feibleman's

MAINE
Portland
Eastman Bros. and Bancroft

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston
Chandler and Company
C. F. Hovey Company
R. H. Stearns Company
Thresher Brothers
R. H. White Company
Lynn
Spalding Dry Goods Co.
New Bedford
Steiger-Dudgeon Company
Springfield
Albert Steiger Company
Worcester
John C. MacInnes Co.

MICHIGAN
Detroit
Crowley, Milner and Co.
Flint
Herbert N. Bush, Inc.
Grand Rapids
Wurzburg Dry Goods Co.
Lansing
J. W. Knapp Co.
Saginaw
William Barie Dry Goods Co.

MINNESOTA
Duluth
Duluth Glass Block Store Co.

MISSOURI
Kansas City
John Taylor Dry Goods Co.
St. Louis
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City
M. E. Blatt Company
Elizabeth
Levy Brothers
Newark
L. Bamberger & Company
Paterson
Quackenbush Company

NEW YORK
Binghamton
Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Brooklyn
The Namm Store
Buffalo
Adam, Meldrum and Anderson
Hempstead, L. I.
Franklin Shops
Jamestown
Macomber and Stuart
New York City
Lord and Taylor
R. H. Macy and Company
John Wanamaker
Rochester
Duffy-Powers Company
Troy
G. V. S. Quackenbush Co.
Utica
J. B. Wells and Son Co.

OHIO
Cleveland
Higbee Company
Toledo
Lasalle and Koch Company

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City
Rorabaugh-Brown Dry Goods Co.
Tulsa
Brown-Dunkin Company

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown
Hess Brothers
Lancaster
Watt and Shand
Philadelphia
John Wanamaker
Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh
Boggs and Buhl
Joseph Horne Company
McCreery and Company
Williamsport
L. L. Stearns and Sons

TENNESSEE
Memphis
Bry Block Mercantile Co.
Nashville
Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum

TEXAS
Dallas
Sanger Brothers
Fort Worth
Sanger Brothers
San Antonio
Wolff and Marx Company
Waco
Sanger Brothers

UTAH
Salt Lake City
Auerbach Company

VIRGINIA
Danville
L. Herman
Richmond
Miller and Rhoads

WASHINGTON
Seattle
MacDougall-Southwick Co.
Spokane
Whitehouse Company

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee
Boston Store
Gimbel Brothers

CANADA
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Hudson's Bay Company
London, Ontario
Smallman and Ingram
Ottawa, Ontario
Bryson-Graham Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario
The T. Eaton Company
Montreal, Quebec
The T. Eaton Company

or by mail from

The Paris Pattern Company, Inc.
French Building
551 Fifth Avenue New York City

These suds *last* because they're *rich*

That is why they loosen *all* the dirt *so easily*

THERE are two kinds of speedy suds. One kind comes up fast—and goes down as soon as you put the clothes in. The other kind comes up just as fast—but *stays* up until your washing task is *done.*

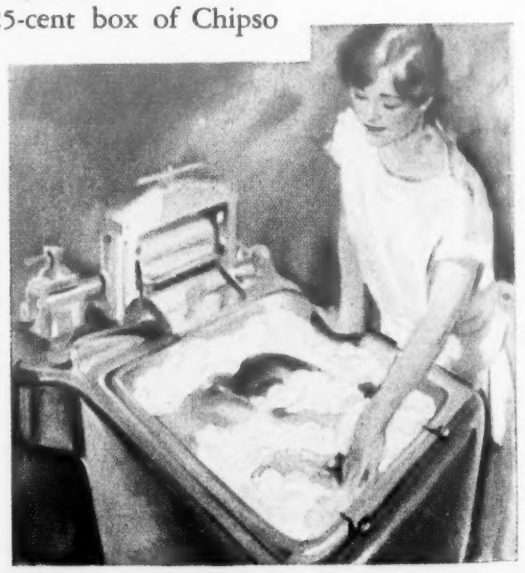
The first kind of suds *looks* fine. But it fools you—you wonder why it doesn't get your clothes clean. The second kind of suds—Chipso suds—keeps its promise. It not only *looks* fine. It *is* fine. It gets your clothes clean. Chipso gives rich and *lasting* suds.

Chipso suds work so thoroughly in the tub and yet so quickly that in twenty minutes the dirt is ready to drop out. You can then finish *easily* by squeezing the rich suds through the clothes with only a light rubbing of extra-soiled spots. Tub-washing with Chipso can be as quick as that.

Quicker for machine washing

And Chipso's rich, lasting suds save time and soap in machine-washing, too. No need to keep on dissolving and adding more and more soap to keep suds up. Chipso suds "stand up" even when clothes are extra-soiled.

When you use Chipso you understand why it is that one 25-cent box of Chipso easily does four or five washings in average water; or a whole month of dishwashings . . . because Chipso suds are so rich and lasting. PROCTER & GAMBLE



Quicker, easier dishwashing! Chipso's rich, lasting suds fairly melt food particles off your dishes. . . And have you tried Chipso Granules—the new ready-prepared Chipso especially for dishwashing? Chipso Granules are Chipso suds in steam-dried form—you've never used such a quick, convenient soap for dishes!

Chipso—
Quick suds that last!

Soaks clothes clean
Dishes ⅓ less time

NEW—Quicker-Chipso Granules *for dishes*

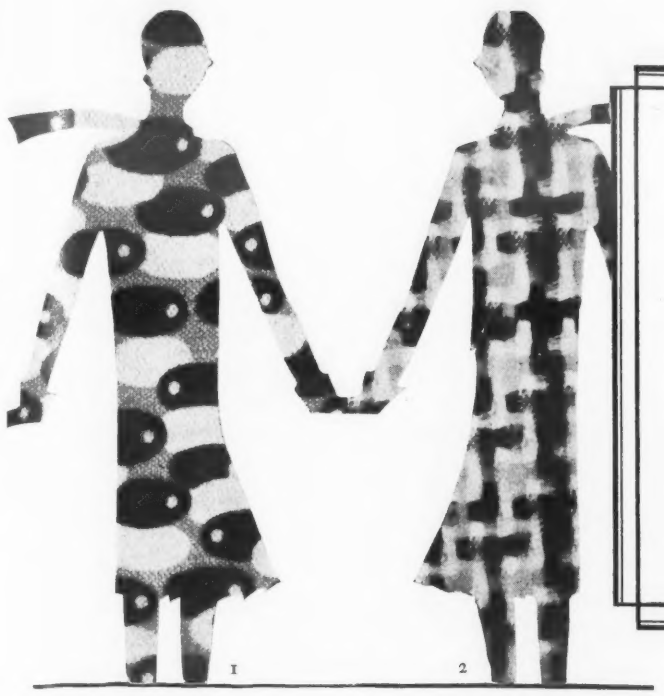
Has your grocer the new *Chipso Granules*—made especially for lightning-fast dishwashing? Look for the blue Chipso box with a *red* stripe—it says "Chipso Granules—for dishes."

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

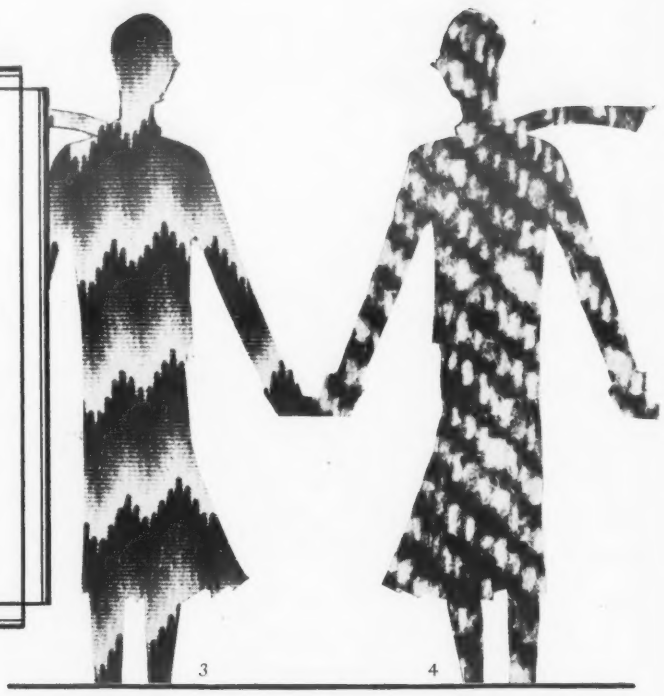
The most amazing success in the history of household soap

Fabrics to Add Chic

To Dress Designs Created in Paris



No. 1, a washable Deveron print, from Fred Butterfield, in three shades of green. No. 2 is a washable mica tweed, from Galey and Lord, in red, black and white. Both prints are varied in color range.



No. 3 is Stehli's tweed printed faille, shading from deep brown through orange, yellow and white. No. 4, from Strong-Hewat, a wool tweed, in dahlia red and white, flecked with yellow, orange and purple.

No. 5, a Cheney printed velvet, with tobacco-brown background, the design in plum color. No. 6, a jacquard printed design from Stehli; brown background printed in warm tones of crimson. No. 7, Marshall Field's Plumage print, a transparent velvet, has a navy background, its design in brighter blue, orange and gray. No. 10, a green Cheney transparent velvet, with a small bud design. No. 8, a tweed printed faille from Stehli, uses a wavering design, in crimson and beige, on black. No. 9, a black moire, from Cheney, has a broken-plaid design printed in a coppery rose tone.

FABRICS, this winter season, seem more adaptable than ever before to the variety of design, types and styles that our Paris designers create for us. For morning wear one could make a smart frock of the Deveron print with Chanel Design No. 1268, on page 35; Extremely smart would be the mica tweed in Lucile's Design No. 1272, on page 36. The faille tweed could be used for Chanel's design No. 1279, on page 35. A good coat design for the wool tweed is Jenny's No. 1265, on page 40.

For afternoon the plaid printed velvet, from Cheney, would be appropriate for Lucile's Design, No. 1272, on page 36. The brown jacquard would make a chicly feminine frock in Drecoll-Beer's Design No. 1258, on page 36, with collar and cuffs in the plain brown. The Plumage print would well suit Paquin's Design No. 1254, on page 34, which depends on richness of fabric to add to its smart simplicity and draping. The Régny Design No. 1256, on page 40, could be smartly utilized for the plaid faille tweed. The printed moire would be extremely good in the Nicole Groult Design No. 1276, on page 36, with its military preciseness.

Evening fabrics depend mostly for their beauty on fabric weave, richness of material, large printed designs or a combination of color and texture. Consequently, since photographs, in actual scale, can never do justice to them, the only alternative is description for the majority. However, the Cheney transparent velvet, with bud design, could be becomingly made as dinner dress, in Design No. 1283, of Lanvin, on page 40, omitting the shoulder bow. Stehli manufactures printed satin in a leaf design in pink on a brown ground, particularly fine for Philippe et Gaston's Design No. 1271, on page 38. Cheney's rich and supple printed lamé satins, the colored figure showing from the underside, or their lamé printed chiffons, all offer numerous possibilities.

Other notable fabrics, are the following: From Corticelli comes a smart transparent velvet, in becoming autumn colors, suitable for the Joseph Paquin Design No. 1254, on page 34, or the Design No. 1272, by Lucile, on page 36. A celanese moire, from the same manufacturer, in a variety and delicacy of designs and colors, would look well if made up in the Drecoll-Beer Design No. 1264, on page 38; their satin-backed crêpe would well suit Lenief's Design No. 1278, on the same page. A printed lamé, from Cheney, would be adaptable to Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1263, on page 38, or to Lucile's Design No. 1267, on the same page.

From the woolen manufacturers come innumerable lovely fabrics for fall wear, many as supple and "drapable" as silks. From Forstmann & Hoffmann comes a sheer wool crêpe, called "Orion," made in a countless number of shades and colors. Folwell Brothers likewise manufacture a wool crêpe in all the desirable colors. Either would be smart in Poiret's Design No. 1281, on page 34. William Read & Sons make a wool-and-rayon fabric in a basket weave, or a fine, all-over design; also plain and bordered tweed in varied color mixtures. Folwell Brothers also show a variety of lightweight tweeds and covert cloths.

Forstmann & Hoffmann also manufacture tweeds in an infinite choice of weights and colors. Any one of these sheer woolens would make up well in the Chanel Designs Nos. 1268 and 1279, on page 35. Other designs suited to sheer woolens are Nicole Groult's No. 1276, or Redfern's Design No. 1274, both on page 36. Velvet or duvetyn-like surfaced woolens are widely popular, and such a one would be rich and practical in the Paquin Design No. 1277, on page 34. For less formal wear a heavy basket-weave woolen, in one color or a mixture, would make up well in the Lenief Design No. 1262, also on page 34.

Striking Details for New Ensembles

Individually Diversified

The graduated two-strand imitation-pearl necklace, above, of medium length, has the new side clasp in a modernistic design, of carnelian and crystal. The three-strand choker, of small graduated pearls, has two similar clasps back and front. Richelieu Pearls.

Chanel designed the gloves, bag and scarf shown below and on the opposite side of this page. They are pliable kid in neutral colors, with contrasting color bandings as French as they are smart; also in red, green or blue with neutral bandings. Aris Gloves.

SARA PARSONS

Above, at center—A collar of Burgundy-red stones and gold metal; next, a flexible-enamel cobra choker, made in various shades. Outside, a set, necklace and earrings of Oriental type of chrysoprase, carnelian and silver; there is a bracelet to match these. The Napier Co.

The old stand-by of plain pull-on gloves for all-day wear is being replaced by several alternatives, each one definitely chosen for its own costume. Thus this Chanel set, for street or informal day wear, which also comes in various color combinations. Aris Gloves.

Above—A smart pair of black-and-white kid gloves, designed by Jane Régny. For formal day wear, to complement the always chic black costume, Régny has created several smart gloves for Fownes Brothers and Company.

Accessories, this winter, like the frocks with which they are worn, have a new feeling for detail, that, as in all good design, when included in the entire effect, merely supplements its good taste.

Center, above—Two gold-mesh necklaces, after Maggy Rouff, matching bracelet and shoe buckle; a composition lapis and silver choker; a "Galleon" chain, with imitation cabochon-emerald pendant; outside, necklace of simulated Russian malachite and silver. The Napier Co.

Short as well as long gloves have reappeared for evening. Similarly, as for day wear, they must be thoughtfully chosen. Chanel designed the dainty gloves pictured above as an accessory for evening dress. They are of various shades of off-white kid, trimmed at the cuff, with a bracelet of pear-shaped beads in a soft color. This glove, when the beads have been chosen in either the predominating or complementing color of the whole ensemble, is a charming addition. Aris Gloves.

Above—A modernistic set of necklace, earrings and bracelet—at the top—of carnelian and antique rose gold finish over sterling silver. An odd pin of lapis and crystal, set in silver, and a ring in lapis or jade, with a sterling silver setting and marcasite in the shank. Richelieu Pearls.

Colgate's Cleans Teeth Best

because actual scientific tests prove that it has highest penetrating* power

Its active, penetrating foam removes decaying impurities from those hard-to-reach places where the ordinary toothpaste cannot go

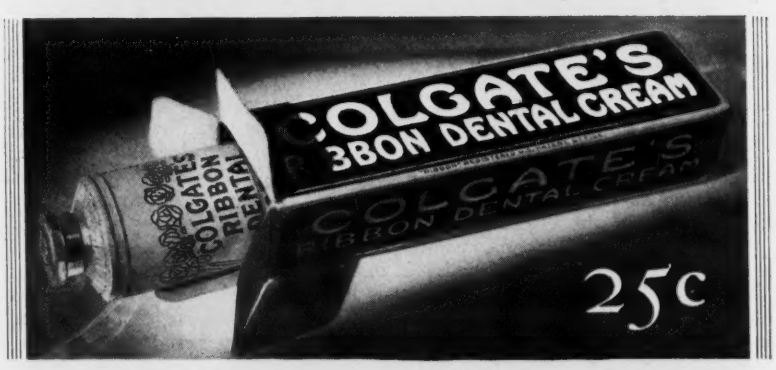
Sheer merit—the fact that Colgate's is a doubly fine dentifrice—accounts for its international popularity. It is used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste known.

Colgate's is more than a mere surface polisher. It is the protective dentifrice with that wonderful penetrating foam accepted by science as having a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market.

This active Colgate foam literally washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in crevices where the ordinary toothpaste can't reach.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this Colgate foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists for polishing the enamel safely and brilliantly.



Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly, but because of its greater penetrability it cleans where brushing can't.

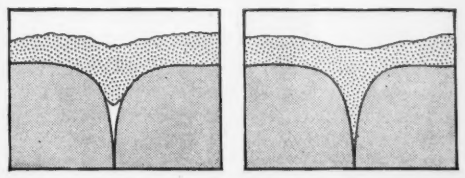
Colgate's offers you an "extra"—a vital feature which gives you the comfort of knowing that the home-care of your teeth is approved by the vast majority of dentists.

Remember, too, that Colgate's is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

This low price is due to volume production—Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

* How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into every tiny crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Try Colgate's one week FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1666,
P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office,
New York, N. Y.

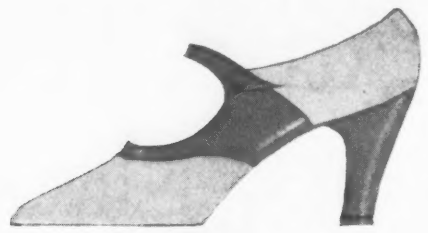
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

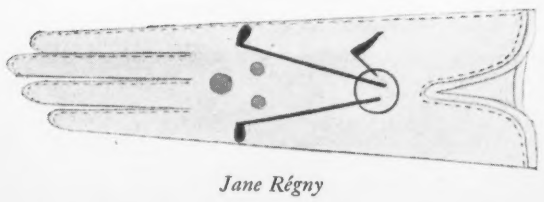
Address.....

.....

Schiaparelli

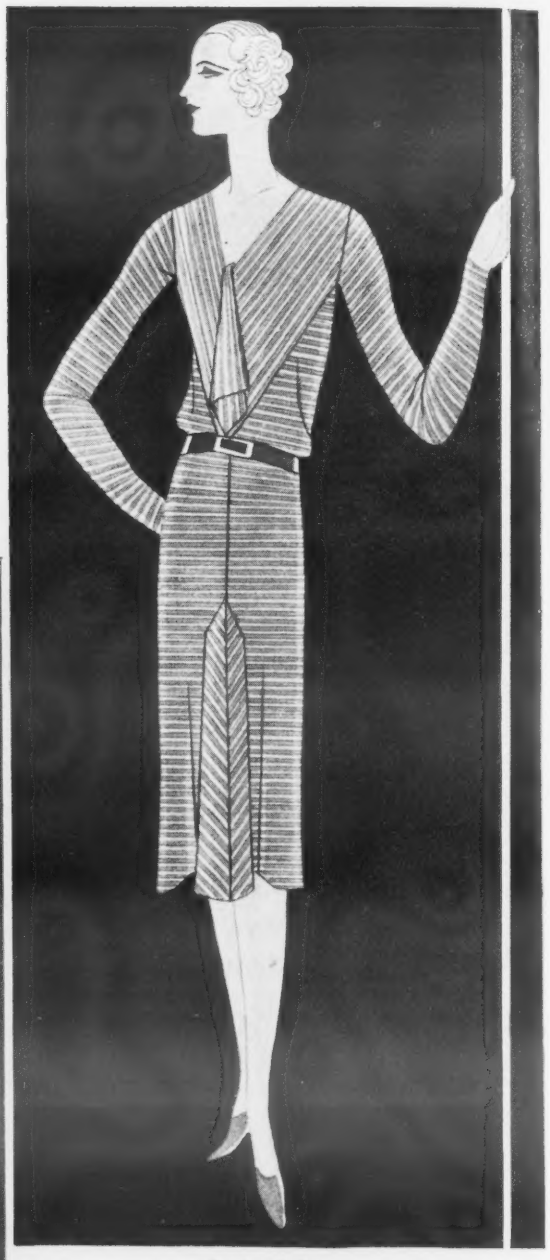


Hellstern



Jane Régny

Worth *Champcommunal*



Lucien Lelong

Suzanne Talbot

Suzanne Talbot

Paris Varies Street Costumes

MATCHING coats and skirts, with contrasting silk or light woolen blouses; one-piece woolen frocks, sometimes contrasting with the coat or taking their color note from one of the shades in the mixture—these are a few of the broad, general rules in Paris for the assembling of the street costume. Sometimes these lean toward the more tailored type, such as the Schiaparelli costume. The jacket and skirt are in a deep reddish mixed tweed, with the coat given a deep yoke for raglan effect. The white crêpe-satin blouse, the wide crushed-silk girdle, and the bow-knotted orange-and-white knitted scarf are important.

Lucien Lelong creates "Grébiche," illustrated above. It is a tailored one-piece tweed frock, and the material is exclusive to Monsieur Lelong. The green leather belt adds emphasis to the blousing frock.

In "Rein de mieux" Worth points the way to brown as one of the season's leading colors, contrasted with gray, which is introduced in the squirrel used for the shawl collar and narrow cuffs. The hat is a new departure for the house of Worth.

An all-round type of costume is illustrated in the ensemble from Champcommunal—a raglan Sweetinburg tweed coat, inner coat in navy blue and one-piece beige woolen frock.

Jane Régny presents gloves from Fownes. Some are furlined; some are embroidered with French knots; and the type illustrated, for golf, with the clubs embroidered on the backs.

The Talbot hats are for more formal occasions from noontime on. The little black-felt bonnet with its deep veil has crystal flowers to trim it, and the very formal model, "Aziyade," is in black tulle with pleated brim and a band of crystal flowers, made like the panne-velvet hats which Talbot features, too, for the winter. Hellstern recommends his "No. 163" for smart street shoes made on the simplest lines in greige leather combined with taupe suède.

The ultra-modern efficiency of Old Dutch assures *Healthful Cleanliness* a safeguard to your family's health

It is common knowledge that bathing is a health benefit through the removal of invisible impurities . . . the unseen enemies of health and beauty.

The bathroom should, therefore, be free from impurities, invisible as well as visible. This is one of the principal benefits derived from cleaning the tub and washbowl with Old Dutch Cleanser. It keeps them constantly free from health-menacing invisible impurities, hygienically clean and safe.

But safeguarding your family with HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS, although of utmost importance, is not the only helpful duty that Old Dutch performs.

The remarkable detergent properties and ultra-modern efficiency of Old Dutch, due to its fine, flaky, flat-shaped particles, relieve you of so much of the work of maintaining a spotless and always presentable bathroom. It is so easy, simple and convenient . . . to keep dirt, in all forms, under absolute control when you use the modern Old Dutch way. Just sift a little Old Dutch on a damp cloth . . . a few light strokes . . . and every sign of water stains, rings and soapy accumulations vanish . . . nickel, porcelain, enamel, tile, painted woodwork and walls sparkle and shine. And you experience a thrill of pride and satisfaction in knowing that everything is healthfully clean, as well as spick and span.

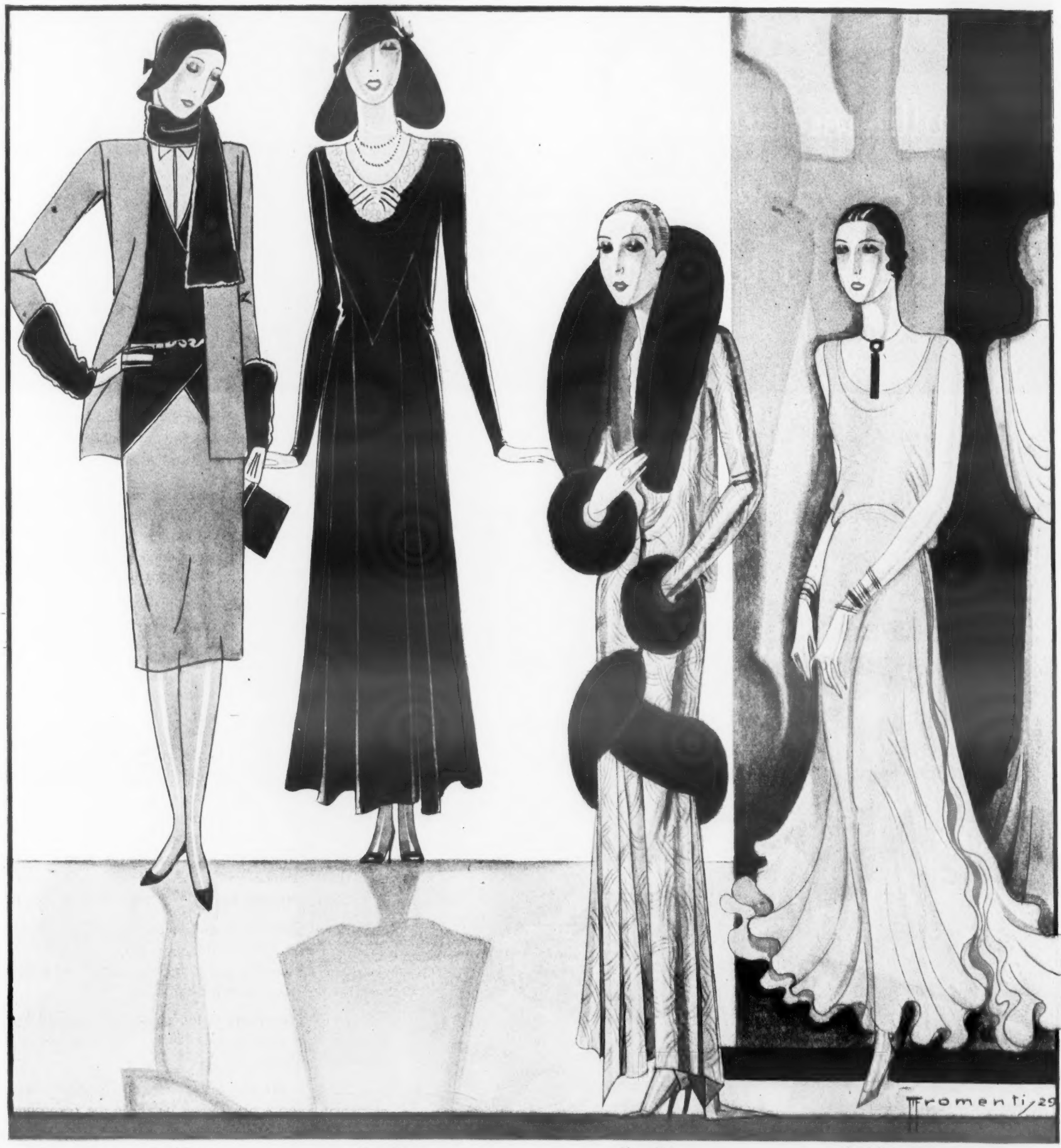
The use of Old Dutch exclusively, insures the beauty of your bathroom. Old Dutch contains no acid . . . no caustic . . . no harsh, scratchy grit. It doesn't scratch and it doesn't harm the hands or injure the nails.

There is TRUE economy in the employment of Old Dutch, because of its superior excellence . . . a little goes a surprisingly long way.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. Keep a can always handy in the bathroom.

There is nothing else like it

© 1929, The C. P. Co.



Paul Poiret *Jean Patou* *Jean Patou* *Paul Poiret*

Two Paris Couturiers Point the Way

THE midseason collections of several months ago indicated fashion trends which are crystallized here as definite in the winter's mode. As social occasions are becoming clear-cut in their types so the frocks for them are determined as to the necessary degree of formality. There could be no illusions as to the exact purposes for which these costumes were designed; and, except for sports, a decidedly welcome formality has established itself in this season of 1929–1930.

Radical changes in the new mode are illustrated in these four models. The first, "Brumes," from Paul Poiret, showing the normal waist, cut so as to be wearable for many figures, is appropriate for street and shopping hours. Its vest makes it practical for our winters; if this vest is omitted it may become a travel suit to be worn with or without a coat. The scarf collar and deep cuffs of fur are luxurious touches of this season.

A distinguished elegance marks "Castiglione" of Patou. The circular sweep of its long skirt, the slim grace of body line, and long tight sleeves, as well as that classical harmony of black velvet and lace, are all flattering points. Patou, in his evening ensemble, "Salambo," shows the short evening wrap matching the exquisite figured lamé gown; it emphasizes the figure outline, but, though the skirt hangs straight, its fullness, length and trailing train make the design extremely graceful and dignified. The band of fur on the coat is shown on the afternoon models as well; even in those which are full-length, this is the position of the fur band.

Poiret's "Voiles," one of the most noted of his interesting collection, has the freshness of a Botticelli; with its draped lines through the normal waist, its crushed softness defining the hips, and the wide ripple of its flowing skirt, it seems essentially youthful. Created in tones of pink chiffon it well embodies the definite steps away from the old, nearly masculine simplicity, to the more completely feminine feeling of this winter's modes.

EXTRA *Helpful* DISCOVERIES

MADE BY WOMEN EVERYWHERE

Better work from the washing machine

"I feel so highly pleased with myself this morning! Blue Monday again—but from now on Mondays will be rosier! For the first time since we bought our washing machine some years ago, when we began doing Father's white shirts and collars at home, they were *clean*. Just snowy! And the grimy seats of the colored panties that go with the children's playdresses—*clean!* All because I rubbed them with Fels-Naptha and rolled them up to soak when I prepared the wash. Ordinarily there is always a streak on the collars and cuffs of the shirts that simply would not come off even though I scrubbed them with a stiff brush; and the party-dresses—! . . . But today—I wish you-all could see them! Anyway I couldn't resist telling you about this!"

ALAMEDA, CAL.

Crystal-clear window panes

"I have derived such pleasure from this discovery about Fels-Naptha Soap that I really think you would be glad to know of it. I use it for window washing . . . I have always detested other cleaners because of the dry dust that collects and flies about when wiping off the windows. So I tried a good warm suds of Fels-Naptha, applying it generously, and immediately wiping off the excess with a soft cloth. I quickly polished the glass with a dry cloth and the window dried instantly and was crystal clear! Not a streak or spot anywhere and it didn't require heavy rubbing either!"

SEATTLE, WASH.

1095 *times a year—in the dishpan*

"I have used, I believe, every soap in the market — and nothing but Fels-Naptha for more than ten years! Regardless of the cheap prices that our stores put out on some soap, I never 'bite.' There is no soap that can take the place of Fels-Naptha in my opinion. Every word of your advertising is true—and more! You have left out a most important part, and that is, how wonderful Fels-Naptha is for dish-washing. We do only 52 washings a year; but what about washing dishes 1095 times a year? For greasy dishes and kitchen utensils Fels-Naptha 'can't be beat.' It dissolves the grease and never hurts the hands."

BELLAIRE, OHIO

A new shampoo!

"Possibly I can give you a little information regarding Fels-Naptha Soap that you do not already know yourself.

I have found from my own experience that as a shampoo for the head there is nothing on the market that compares with Fels-Naptha Soap. It makes the hair wavy and fluffy; gives it a beautiful luster; and at the same time is very helpful for dandruff. I have a sister operating a beauty parlor and at least 75% of her customers request this soap for their shampoo. One trial—and they are sold on it."

CHICAGO, ILL.

(It was difficult to choose among the hundreds of enthusiastic letters in our files recommending Fels-Naptha as a shampoo. Letters from men as well as from women; letters from beauty specialists as well as from individual users! The letter quoted here is one of the more conservative ones.)

Cod Liver Oil stains on baby clothes

"I have just discovered that Fels-Naptha Soap removes cod liver oil stains from the finest of baby garments. It was certainly a delightful revelation inasmuch as I had tried many other methods unsuccessfully before I used Fels-Naptha. I have no doubt but that there are other mothers of small babies who would be pleased to know this for cod-liver oil stains so dreadfully and is so hard to remove."

SUPERIOR, WIS.

For all who boil clothes

"I am one of the many women who feel they cannot wash clothes unless they boil them. I have used Fels-Naptha for the past fifteen years—half a bar for two boilers full of clothes. There are six in our family; and as we live in the country our wash is very dirty. I have tried other soaps but I find that I can do my work in half the time with Fels-Naptha; and my wash is white as snow. I am not very big or strong, for I weigh little over a hundred pounds; so it is not strength that does it, it is Fels-Naptha, and I do wish other women had the same help."

LANSING, MICH.

Saving the cost of repainting

"For years I have washed my painted walls and ceilings with other soaps, but have been far from satisfied after heartbreaking labor. This year I decided to paint again; but thought I'd first try Fels-Naptha as a last resort. I was so delighted! The dirt and smoke washed off like magic with half the labor. I am more than pleased and have made up my mind not to paint after all. You may be sure I am recommending your soap to all my friends."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Even for tasks like this

"For some time I have felt like I wanted to sing praises to Fels-Naptha. My husband is employed in a spring factory, and his clothes look just like that mass of oil that the springs go in after they are removed from the furnace. I had sworn several times I would not attempt to wash them, for any soap that loosened the dirt at all made my hands a wreck. They would crack and roughen, and make me feel sick all over . . . Then my neighbor (whose husband is employed in the same factory) told me how she got his clothes so clean and white. Fels-Naptha! I bought some at the grocery, and much to my surprise met with the same results—clean underwear, soft hands! I am delighted with my discovery."

CHATHAM, ONT.

© 1929, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

It's easy *to check up on this*

FELS-NAPTHA Soap gives you *extra* help with the whole family wash—*extra* help you could hardly expect from any other washing product.

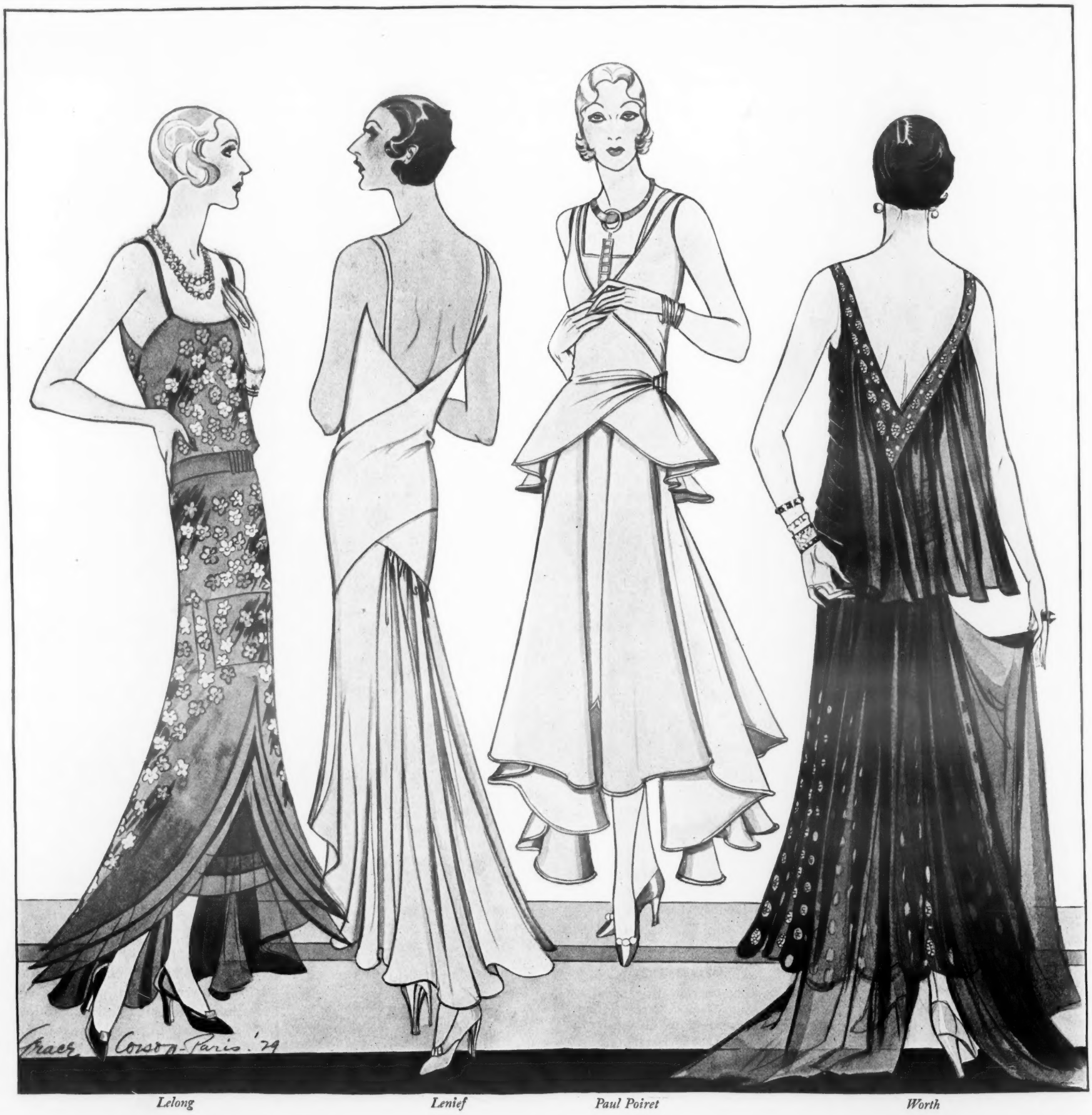
A big promise? But a promise that it's easy to check up on!

Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell the clean naptha odor . . . . . Naptha, you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener that dry cleaners use. *There's plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.* Good golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together to loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

Check up today . . . . get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's! Use it in machine or tub, in hot, cool or lukewarm water. Notice how gentle it is to your hands. In next to no time you'll discover why millions of women say, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Lelong *Lenief* *Paul Poiret* *Worth*

Distinguished Examples of New Modes

AS ONE studies these evening gowns, their carefully planned perfection of line, the complete harmonizing of design and detail in each model, and the classic simplicity of each, enthusiasm for all that this winter's mode is bringing forth grows in the proverbial leaps and bounds. "Elegance" has grown to be a word too frequently and carelessly employed; but Webster defines it as "very choice, graceful, cultivated." No one can refute the absolute fitness of such a word to describe perfectly any and all of these models.

Each of these four evening toilettes is superb in its own individual fashion:

The "Hortensia," from Lucien Lelong's collection, is a dull blue tulle, embroidered all over with flowers of cream and pink, and with two shades of darker blue; the V-shaped slash in the front of the skirt is edged with shades of blue tulle. There is a tailored belt, a V décolletage, and the skirt has the dipping fullness at the back to correspond.

The swathed, closely molded silhouette, with its suave transition to circular skirt fullness, is attained in Lenief's "Extra Dry," a champagne-colored crêpe de chine gown. The asymmetrical neck line of the bodice front is repeated in the joining to it of the circular skirt piece, and further accented in the back by the elongating lines of the décolletage, crossed seamings, and a dipping piece in the skirt similar to the front. Shoes of matching satin and crêpe de chine, decorated with a gold-edged shell ornament, accompany this.

Paul Poiret's "Debut" is well named, with its completely feminine pulled-in waist, the pannier-like peplum, and the formal crispness of its voluminous skirt. Its coloring of palest flesh, combined with a deep sun-tan shade, and the additional feature that all its edges are precisely bound, further the consistency of its title. The same necklace is worn as on "Voiles," and a buckle of turquoise enamel and silver, on the left side, is a decorative note.

Brown has a prominent niche in the evening mode this season—here it becomes appropriate for evening by sheerness of fabric and brilliant trimming: "Cytise," from Worth, is in a dark-brown tulle. It has a loose cape in back, four long plain panels form the train, and layer upon layer of tulle shape the bodice. There is a knee-length underskirt, and the full, long overskirt is embroidered in graduated disks of strass from hem to knee. Shoulder straps of strass become a V-shaped band edging the low back décolletage.

Because it's smart . . . fastidious . . . dainty

. . . Youth selects this new sanitary protection

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 ***In hospitals***–Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 ***Rounded and tapered corners***–for inconspicuous protection.

4 ***Safe, secure . . .*** keeps your mind at ease.

5 ***Fastidious . . .*** the sign of true daintiness.

6 ***Disposable*** completely, instantly.

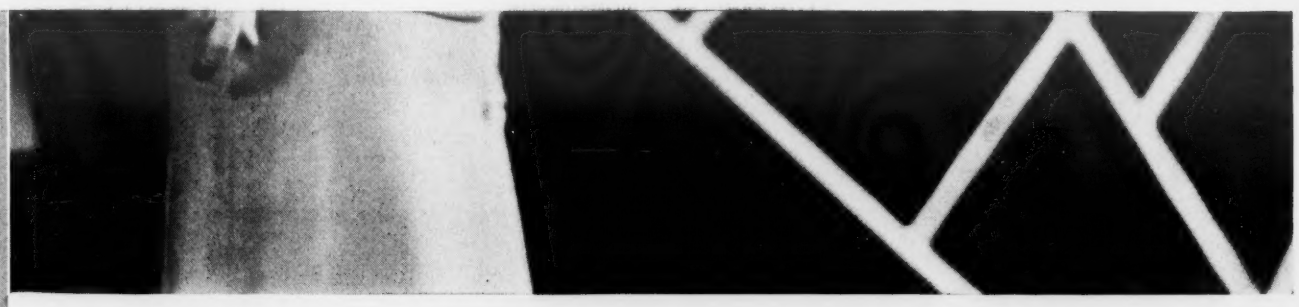
Kotex–45c for 12–at any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size–65c for 12

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



SMARTNESS! Of course, you seek it. Every woman does. And smartness, in sanitary protection, naturally means Kotex. What else gives you that freedom and grace, that daintiness you insist upon at all times? No wonder youth has made Kotex the accepted sanitary pad!

"I want to feel fastidious even in unrevealed details," says an eastern college girl. "That's why I use Kotex. That's why my friends all use it, too. Oh, they have special reasons, of course. One prefers its marvelous softness. Another likes its surgical purity–a third is keen about Kotex because it deodorizes so effectively. But the thing that it signifies to all of them is perfect daintiness, fastidiousness."

Can you imagine any more eloquent tribute to Kotex than this? Surgeons in 85% of the hospitals in this country select Kotex filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for their patients! Not only for sanitary pads, but for all surgical dressings! This is the same, identical, Kotex-made Cellucotton.

The "standard of good taste"

In an age when moments count, when the fuss and trouble of old-fashioned ways is unthinkable, Kotex has rapidly become the standard of good taste in sanitary protection. And it costs so little that it is now an unreckoned necessity.

Daughters, growing into young womanhood, take it for granted. Mothers–once they discover Kotex–wonder how they ever got along before.

It means new freedom, new activity, release from discomfort and self-consciousness. It means all the things listed here. Just read them over! Then, if you do not already use it, you'll want to buy a box of Kotex at once.

Why ATTILIO *of* Rome

Beauty Specialist to the Italian Aristocracy

advises all his patrician clients to use Palmolive Soap twice daily

"The finest cleansing agents for the skin are, by general consent, olive and palm oils. For that reason, I always ask my clients to improve complexions by cleansing the skin twice a day with Palmolive Soap, which embodies these two soothing oils in their purest form."

Attilio Colla

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA 68, ROMA

The typically Roman marble façade of Attilio's salon on the Piazza di Spagna . . . where the patrician ladies of Italian artistic and social life consult the most distinguished of all Roman beauty specialists.

IN Rome, at the foot of the historic "Spanish Stairs," the Piazza di Spagna is encircled with shops that attract the most brilliant society. Here, some years ago, a Ferrara youth came to establish a beauty shop which, today, is the finest place of its kind throughout beautiful Italy. His name is Attilio Colla . . . better known to his patrons as "Attilio."

For years Attilio worked and studied the art of beauty culture in Paris. He then went to Budapest . . . then to Vienna, to London, once more to Vienna . . . always adding to the invaluable store of information which today sets him apart in his chosen field.

In his shop, at 68 Piazza di Spagna, he receives visits from many highly-placed personages of his own and other lands. Roman patricians naturally seek his advice on care of the skin. So do women of the moving picture and stage aristocracy.

"I am perfectly certain," says Attilio, "that there are countless complexions which are less lovely than they ought to be, merely because one of the simplest and most natural of all beauty treatments is neglected. I refer to the cleansing of the skin.

"Soap cleanses the skin—cleanses the pores—as nothing else can, and it is the basic essential of successful beauty treatment. Much of the work of the beauty expert is nullified by neglect to follow this simple rule of complexion care. It is, of course, important to use the right kind of soap, because many kinds are not only unsuitable but positively harmful to the complexion. I always ask my clients to use Palmolive Soap, which embodies the finest cleansing agents for the skin."

The lovely Ada Fontanesi, of Attilio's staff, is a perfect type of Italian beauty. She carries out, in her salon work, the theories and practices of her distinguished employer, Attilio, who always recommends Palmolive Soap.

Attilio's distinguished colleagues, in every great capital of Europe, in every smart resort . . . repeat this same advice. Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris;* Pessl, of *Vienna* and *Budapest,* adviser to crowned heads of Europe . . . these and dozens of other experts tell their discriminating clients this easily-performed, twice-a-day treatment: massage a smooth lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Allow it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, after two minutes, first with warm water, now with cold. Then—and only then—are you ready for make-up!

If you do not already keep your skin fresh and lovely by the use of this simple home treatment, take the advice of the world's greatest beauty authorities: begin to use Palmolive today!

A priceless formula embodying the precious oils of palm and olive, famous since the days of Cleopatra for prolonging health and beauty.

4630 *Retail Price* 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

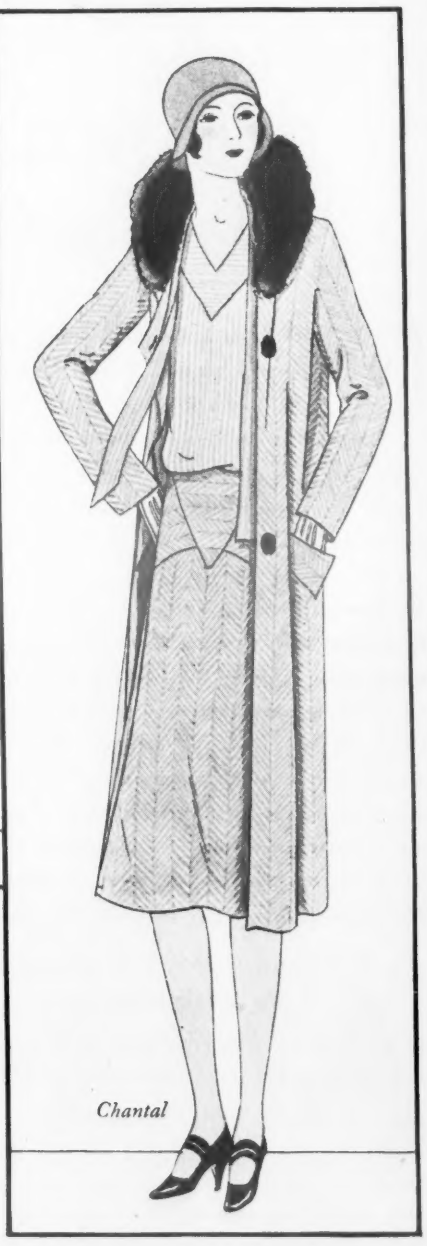
Lenief, among her winter models, not only uses similar fabrics in harmonizing colors but also combines a blue wool skirt and a two-toned silk crêpe blouse in a lighter shade of the same blue. Her penchant is shown below for normal waists, for mannish silk shirts and ties, and the genius of her designing by the irregular skirt yoke and its unusual and very smart tailoring.

Régny here features her interpretation of the sweater's successor, a tailored shirt of wool jersey, bloused inside the skirt, and adds such individual and consistent touches as the buttons, consisting of rings of black bone incasing a center of the tweed. The coat, not shown here, has a belted back, a blousing, but is straight in front to match the skirt's mannish tailoring.

Characteristic of Jenny's winter collection is the ensemble pictured below. This practical costume, "Whisky," shows her fondness for horizontal stripes; for elbow bands of fur on her coat sleeves; for browns and yellows. Browns are featured, in almost every collection, for every winter occasion.

Chantal, in "Aniline," below, shows her talent for avoiding monotony, even within the limits of two tones of the same color, by her ability to manipulate fabrics in contrasting bands and pieces. The brown tweed skirt has an accompanying straight coat, which is collared in matching fur.

Champcommunal acquires individuality by her silhouette, with its unpressed box pleats giving skirt fullness, details of slit pockets, bandings, scarf attached to collar, and the tailored cuffs on such a feminine frock.



Paris Sports Clothes Individual and New

SUCH a far cry, in this winter of 1929–30, is the wardrobe of sports, street and travel clothes belonging to the smart woman, from the skirt-and-pullover sweater and baglike top coat, worn almost universally during those after-the-war years, when to be uniform seemed the only fashion.

The frocks and ensembles on this page are all fully as practical for ease of movement, and as serviceable for hard wear, as were the monotonously similar clothes worn five to ten years ago. But what unlimited possibilities for variety of style, color and adaptation to the wearer's individuality they present! Any one of the designers represented above is to be looked upon as strongly influential in the coming mode; and each model embodies the chief characteristics of its designer's winter collection.

Furthermore, there are several decisive factors all these have in common, but by such a distracting divergence of means are they reached—fabric treatment or contrast, trimming, applied bands, pleats, buttons—that each model seems a law unto itself at first glance. But though three of the designs feature a bloused top, either by the merest hint, such as Lenief's, or more obviously, as in the Régny and Chantal designs; and two have bodices that are snug-fitting—note the Jenny and Champcommunal models—all show the normal waistline. Four of the five define the figure from waist to knee—the exception, in the skirt of Champcommunal, almost savors of the Sixties—but each one has a definitely greater length of skirt.

The last common denominator for them all, but by no means the least, is the subtle but studied color alliance in each design; whereas the texture, weave, or even fabric of each part, may be extremely different from another part of the same model, each unit of the costume has the same color combinations as the entire ensemble, or a combining of similar tones of the same color.

Jenny creates a travel ensemble in a coat of brown-and-yellow tweed, in a fine-checked pattern, trimmed with seal-brown caracul—and calls it "Whisky." The one-piece dress is in a striped tweed, so loosely woven as to seem knitted, but of identical coloring, with a square buckle and buttons of brown wood. The rough woolen skirt of Lenief's "Polo" is in a deep cornflower blue; the crêpe de chine blouse is in a lighter tone of the same lovely color. The sport ensemble from Elspeth Champcommunal has a coat of Meyer woolen in the shade of mellowed bricks, to match the dress shown here, the dress being in a lighter tone, and made of a sheer woolen, bordered with stripes of the deeper shade combined with cream.

The aptly named "Black and White" of Jane Régny combines a skirt of black-and-white-mixture tweed with a matching coat and a blouse of white wool jersey piped with the tweed. Chantal has designed "Aniline" entirely in the same tones of brown and white, but she accomplishes unlimited variety by the contrast of bands in its skirt yoke and coat, the tweeds being used crosswise in the back section of the skirt, and likewise the tuck-in blouse of finely striped brown-and-tan jersey, wherein oppositional bands are also used.

IN THIS Holiday Cake...

A THRILL.. AND A SECRET

WHEN you bake your holiday cake—here's the perfect recipe. It will give you the baking thrill of a lifetime!

The thrill that comes of outdoing yourself..... bettering your best! For whether you're a beginner or a "born" cook, you'll find in this recipe a secret that will make this cake..... *A masterpiece among cakes!*

What secret? Well, perhaps we shouldn't have called it a secret. It may be that you're one of the three million successful cake-makers who already knows that using Swans Down Cake Flour in your cakes gives them an extra lightness, an extra goodness, an extra *success* that you simply can't achieve with ordinary flour! Swans Down makes cakes that win you a reputation as a cake-maker in a thousand! Makes cake-making..... not a matter of chance..... but just one triumph after another! Do you know why Swans Down can do this? The reason is a simple reason—it is just this!

Why Swans Down brings extra success to all *your cakes*

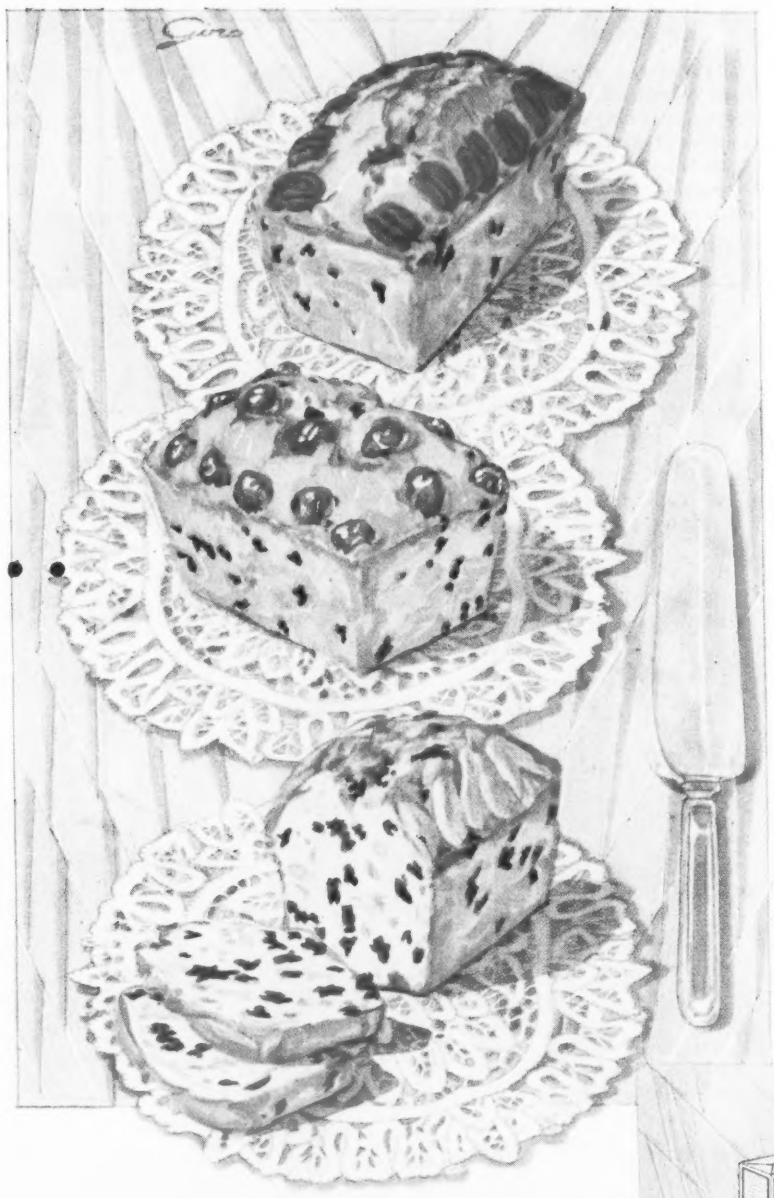
Swans Down is a specialized flour. It is made of wheat, and nothing but wheat. But what wheat it is! Wheat that is sown... cultivated... milled... especially for cakes. Only the choicest soft winter wheat is used for Swans Down. Only the choicest part of the kernels. And these are milled by a special process... Swans Down is sifted time and time again through silk... till it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour!

This light-as-thistledown flour has a delicate gluten ...a gluten that is expressly suited to the "quick" leavens used in cake. It almost seems as if Swans Down has magic in it—it makes your cakes so much lighter... so much more delicious!

For pastry, too... all "quick" baking

Swans Down brings *extra* success not only to cakes, but to *all* "quick" baking. Biscuits. Brownies. Pastry. Waffles. Muffins. Cookies.

What is more, Swans Down is an economical flour. For with Swans Down you never have failures. You never waste precious ingredients. Not only that, but with Swans Down you can use fewer eggs and less shortening, and still obtain the feathery lightness that gives you real pride in your baking!



ENGLISH DUNDEE CAKE

(4 EGGS)

2¾ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
⅓ cup almonds, blanched and shredded
⅞ cup butter or other shortening
⅔ cup sugar
4 eggs, unbeaten
1 cup seedless raisins
1⅓ cups seeded raisins, finely cut
¼ cup preserved orange peel, finely cut
¼ cup preserved lemon peel, finely cut
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon orange extract
12 almonds, blanched and split in half
12 candied cherries, halved
12 pecan meats

Sift flour once, measure, and sift three more times. Add almonds. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs separately, beating well after each addition. Add flour mixture. Combine fruits and peel with orange juice and orange extract and add to batter, mixing well. Pour into three greased and paper-lined pans, 4¼ x 2¾ x 2 inches. Arrange split almonds on top of one, cherries on another, and pecan meats on a third. Bake in a slow oven (275° F.) 50 minutes to 1 hour.

(All measurements are level)

PAUSE, GIFT-SEEKERS!

THE SWANS DOWN KITCHEN'S OWN *CAKE SET—specially priced at just* $1.00

($1.25 at Denver and West; $1.50 in Canada; $2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions)

A Christmas gift worth the giving! You'll want one, to "give yourself." And where else, at such a price, will you find a gift so sure to be appreciated by your friends? Send TODAY.

THE SET INCLUDES:

Set aluminum measuring spoons
Wooden slotted mixing spoon
Wire cake tester
Aluminum measuring cup
Steel spatula
Heavy square cake pan (tin)
Patent angel food pan (tin)
Sample package of Swans Down Cake Flour
Copy recipe booklet "Cake Secrets"

If not entirely satisfied with the set, you may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and your money will be promptly refunded.

CHECK THE ITEM YOU WANT

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Ind. L. H. J. 11-29

..... Enclosed is 10c for my copy of "Cake Secrets."

..... Enclosed is .... for .... Cake Sets, at $1.00 each ($1.25 at Denver and West, $1.50 in Canada, $2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions

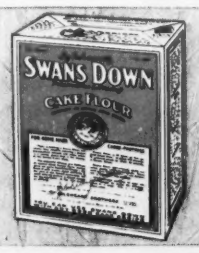
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely — print name and address.

SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR



IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND. . . . *Established 1856*

Send 10c... *for "Cake Secrets"... a wonderful booklet!*

The new edition . . . containing 127 recipes! Cakes galore! Icings, fillings. Little cakes and cookies. Pastry. All sorts of "quick" breads. And more helpfulness about baking than was ever contained in a booklet before!

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

Established Fashion Features for All Occasions

In Design No. 6302, below, one finds such smart details as a slit blouse with tie pulled through, flared sleeve trimming, a circular skirt and tight girdle—in sheer woolen or heavy silk. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Design No. 6304, with its tunic-length blouse, which is smartly slashed from hem to waistline, at the left, has its normal waist defined by the popular bow, which is repeated at the uneven neck line—in plain or printed silk. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

POINTS emphasized in these designs are representative of the winter's mode. Gone is the old chemise dress, of uninteresting straightness, lacking in trimming detail, easily copied, anything but distinguished or individually smart.

In Design No. 6307, at the left, the blouse has the irregular collar, tied with soft bow, string belt at the top of the hips, becoming V-neck—in any soft silk. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46. Design No. 6308 features a zigzag front to which four buttons add smartness, and correspond to the tailored buttons fastening the cuffs; there is a mannish buckled belt; in any fine tweed or wool crêpe, wool-and-rayon, printed silk-tweed, or silk flannel. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

The evening dress at the right, Design No. 6310, has the well-molded hips and princess line, softly gathered blouse, circular skirt, with low-placed fullness, dipping in back to correspond with its deep décolletage; in chiffon, satin, lace or silk crêpe. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44. The combination, Design No. 6306, uses the normal defined waist, fullness of skirt,

and backless cut necessary for modern evening wear—of crêpe de chine or georgette, with écru lace. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Design No. 6309, above, is an ensemble with wrap-around skirt and coat molding the figure; a circular panel is set in at the right, and its closing flares at the left; a luxurious off-the-shoulder fur collar continues to the hem, inside the right front—in broadcloth or basket-weave woolen, trimmed with a long-haired fur. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Design No. 6305, in the center of the page, has the becoming length of line, attained by the line of its diagonal front closing and the circular flounce, dipping at the left, this same line being repeated in the hem. Shirring at the top of the hips defines the waist—for street wear in wool, or informal afternoon wear in silk or velvet. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

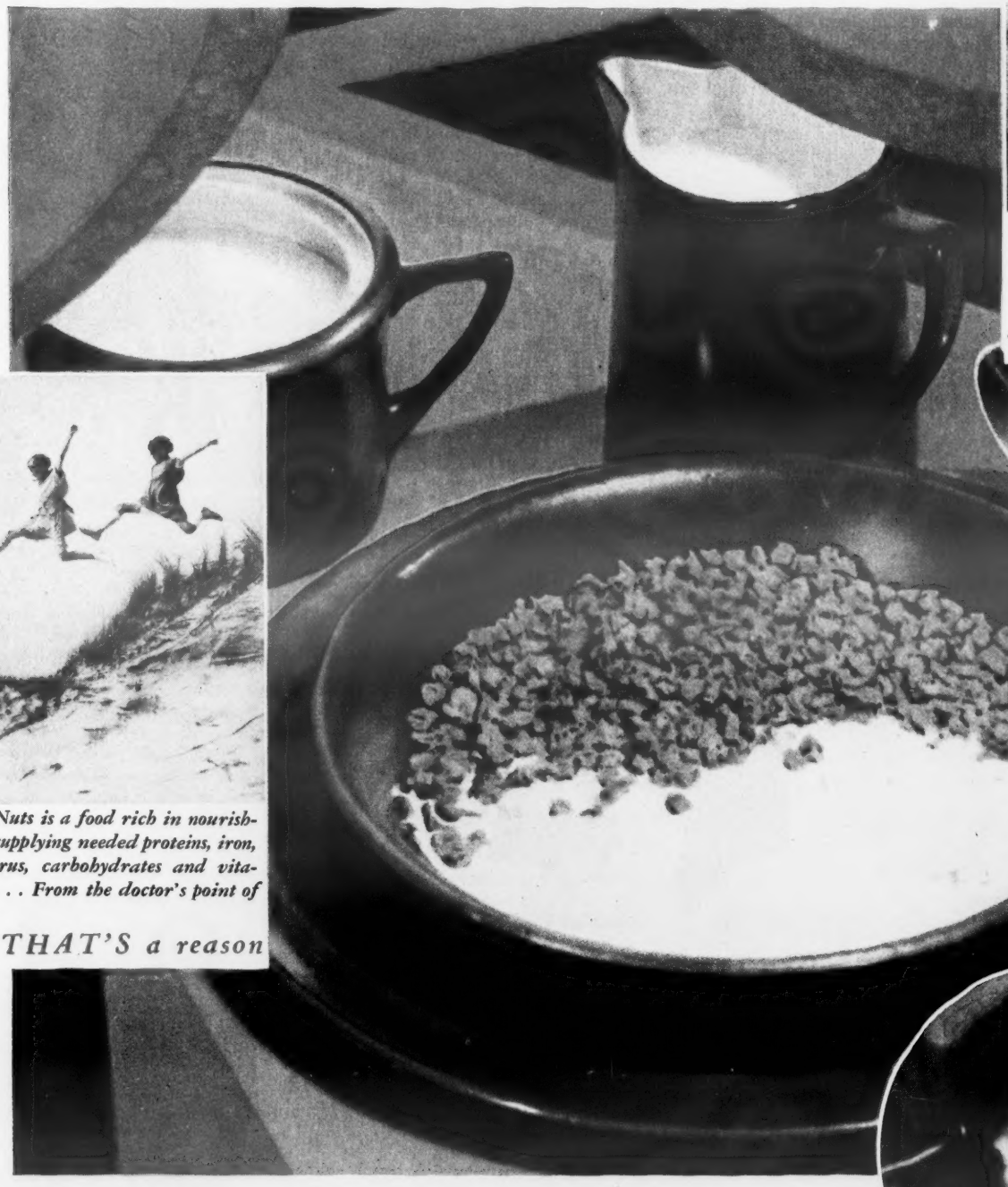
Design No. 6301, a youthfully modish coat, exemplifies the silhouette of a well-defined figure for three-quarters of its length. Its circular flounce, below this, may be placed in a straight line, or with the new irregularity of seaming. Rounded collar, worn either high or off the shoulder, and deep cuffs of fur, are luxurious trimming notes—in a broadcloth-surfaced or basket-weave woolen. Designed for ages 14 to 16, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Design No. 6303, below, uses two superimposed circular flounces, dipping in back and giving a coat effect, and a youthful collar and vestee of lace, with accompanying tight cuffs. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

Design No. 6311 has shirring to define the normal waist, a circular panel, set in separately, falling from the left hip and full set-in cuffs and pointed bertha of lace. Both models may be made in any plain silk or velvet. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

. . . . . HOWEVER YOU LOOK AT IT

"There's a reason"



Grape-Nuts for breakfast—or for lunch—sends you on your way with an energetic body and a quick, clear mind...From the man's point of view—

→ *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts is a food rich in nourishment—supplying needed proteins, iron, phosphorus, carbohydrates and vitamin B . . . From the doctor's point of view—

→ *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts is a remarkably nourishing, easy-to-digest, ready-to-serve food that children love to eat! . . . *From the mother's point of view—*

→ *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts brings health-giving, beautifying aid to modern teeth—because its unique, delicious crispness *encourages thorough chewing . . . From the dentist's point of view—*

→ *THAT'S a reason*

HERE'S something exceedingly good to eat. Different! The nut-like flavor of whole grains—the delicate, natural sweetness of malt sugar. Combined in zestfully crisp, golden kernels—like no other food in the world...From everybody's point of view

→ . . . . . *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts

. . . . . *buy it today for breakfast tomorrow*

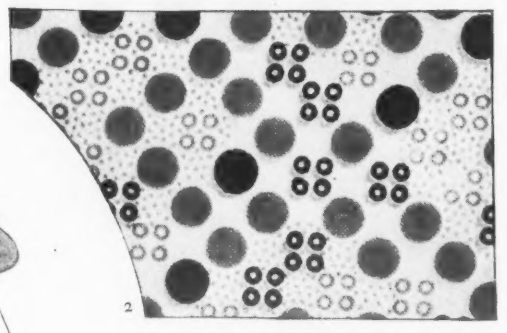
© 1929, G. F. Corp.

Frocks and Fabrics for Children

Charming, Suitable and Practical

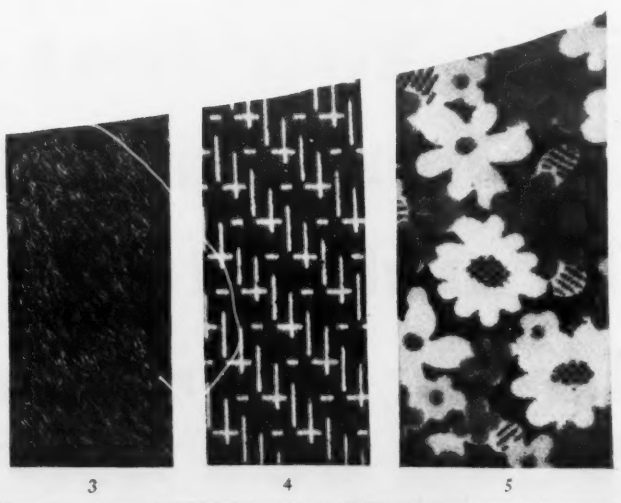
1

6297—This dainty party frock would certainly create envy, if made in the washable Pussywillow silk, from Cheney Bros., No. 1. The fabric comes in a honeysuckle design, and in a variety of soft colors. The one shown here has a white ground, with yellow and peach flowers. The frock could be scalloped in plain Pussywillow in one or both shades found in the print. It might also be made of voile, organdie or dimity, with ruffles of self or contrasting color. Designed for ages 2 to 8.


2

6299—A frock for sister and a suit for brother, shown right and left in the group at the left, are designed alike, in the manner which delights the French. The little boy's suit has straight trousers buttoning onto the waist, and long sleeves, cap sleeves being used for the little girl's dress. But the round collars, serpentine trimming bindings and sleeve bindings are identical. Designed for ages 2 to 6. Soisette, the charming colored cotton print, No. 2, above is suggested, with bindings and collars of solid color.

6298—A pajama ensemble of printed cotton trimmed with contrasting shades. Designed for ages 6 to 14. 6320—A gymnasium or play suit could have its trousers and pleated skirt of navy serge or wool jersey, its top of white flannel or wool jersey. Designed for ages 8 to 16. 6296—Ensemble consisting of a slightly flared coat and two-piece dress, with box-pleated skirt. The dress would be smart in a washable silk flannel, from Stehli, No. 4, with a soft green ground and a small indefinite white figure. The coat, of mixture woolen, could be collared with the heavy alpaca pile fabric, No. 3, from Buckley & Cohen. Designed for ages 6 to 14. 6300—A smartly tailored school dress, which, in its simplicity, offers numerous possibilities for variety of fabric. One might make it of challis, No. 5, from the Botany Mills, with its navy ground and flowers of blue, rose, tan and green; collar and cuffs of colored linen to match. Designed for ages 6 to 14.


3 4 5

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Co., 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 50 cents.

117 tasted

CAN Crisco improve the flavor of fried foods so much that people will notice the difference—even men who may not know the difference between a skillet and a double boiler?

I wanted to know. (I have an experimental kitchen where we're always making unusual tests. Besides, I have that kind of curiosity.)

So, for weeks I made tests to find out. I asked my visitors to taste potatoes fried in Crisco and then potatoes fried in another good cooking fat. I made tests in other kitchens, too.

In all, 117 people tasted. One was an executive of an important New York company. One was food editor of a leading women's magazine. Four were artists. Two were workmen who were making repairs around my kitchen.

Without knowing which was which, 95 out of the 117 chose the potatoes fried in Crisco!

"Because they're nicer." "Because they're not greasy." "They taste more like real potatoes," they said in explaining their choice.

That proved something to me which I had long suspected:

Even people who may not be epicures *can*, and *do*, discriminate about the subtleties of food flavors. And especially about the flavors of *fried* foods. I've cooked for a lot of people, and I've found that when I serve them foods fried in Crisco, they usually say "What makes this *taste* so good?"

Crisco makes fried foods taste good because it tastes so good itself.

I have never been willing to fry food in a fat that I haven't been willing to taste in its natural state. That's the reason I use Crisco —because it tastes as fresh and pure as unsalted butter.

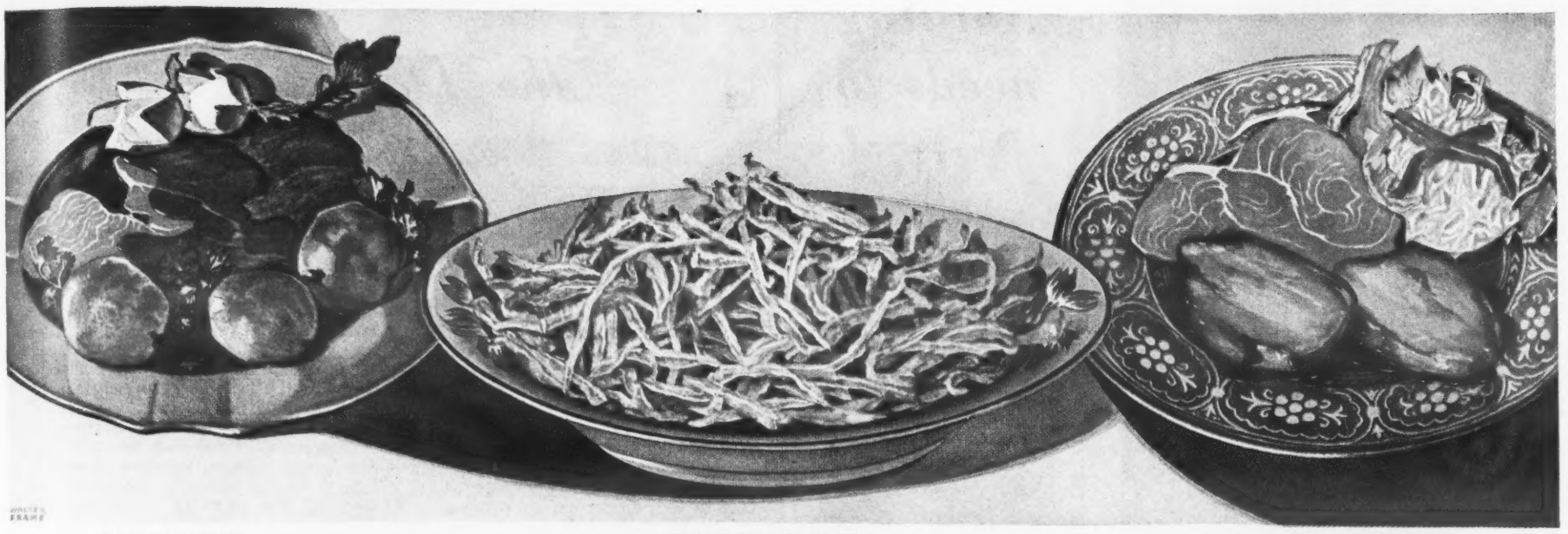
My experimental kitchen, where I made the potato tests.

If you want to make a vast improvement in the flavor of everything you fry in your skillet, I suggest that you just make this simple change: *Fry in Crisco.* And, if you wish to prove the truth of my statement—for yourself—taste Crisco, just as it comes sweet and fresh from its air-tight can. Then you will know why *95 out of 117* people preferred the Crisco-fried potatoes. Your grocer sells Crisco in various sized tins.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now taste Crisco-then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your

potatoes --- 95 chose the ones fried in Crisco because they tasted nicer



POTATO APPLES JULIENNE POTATOES CARAMEL SWEETS

12 WAYS TO SERVE FRIED POTATOES

WITH Crisco and your skillet and your deep-frying kettle (or saucepan) you can surprise your husband and your family with potatoes fried in ever so many interesting and different ways.

On this page I suggest a dozen. Some of them are the old familiar stand-bys. Others are ways used by chefs in smart hotels and restaurants.

Cottage-Fried Potatoes

Slice cold boiled potatoes and brown on both sides in Crisco in your frying pan. Fried in Crisco, your potatoes will be a good-looking even brown, without unsightly scorched places.

Caramel Sweets

Slice cold boiled sweet potatoes and fry as Cottage-fried potatoes, with this exception: sprinkle the potatoes generously on both sides with granulated sugar while they are frying.

Rich Potato Cakes

You can make extra-delicious potato cakes to serve with cold meat by adding a beaten egg to left-over mashed potatoes. Form into round flat cakes and brown on both sides in the sweet-tasting Crisco in the skillet.

French-Fried Potatoes

All the utensils you need are an ordinary saucepan, a wire strainer (or a French-frying basket) and a 3-lb. can of Crisco.

Pare potatoes and cut in strips ½ inch thick. Soak in cold or ice water about 1 hour, drain and dry between towels. Fill saucepan about half full of Crisco and heat slowly. (Don't be afraid to use enough. You can use Crisco over and over—when done, simply strain Crisco back into can through cheesecloth or a fine sieve.)

When Crisco is hot enough to brown a bread cube in 20 seconds (395° F.), it is ready to fry potatoes. Don't wait for Crisco to smoke—it *doesn't* at the proper temperature. Fill strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat a little, as cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.

When brown, lift potatoes out of the fat, shake lightly, then drain potatoes on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt. Now enjoy the finest French-fried potatoes you ever tasted!

Julienne Potatoes

These are sometimes called shoe-string potatoes or potatoes alumettes (matchstick). Pare potatoes. Cut in matchlike strips. Soak in cold or ice water ½ hour. Drain and dry between towels. Fry as you would French-fried potatoes (see recipe) 'til a delicate brown.

Sweet Potato Puffs

4 medium size boiled sweet potatoes; 1 egg, well beaten; ½ teaspoon salt; dash of pepper.

Put potatoes through ricer, mix with egg and seasoning. Drop by teaspoons in grated bread crumbs, roll into balls. Fry as French-fried potatoes. Crisco browns them almost instantly, without soaking into the soft mixture.

Hashed Brown Potatoes

Chop and season cold boiled potatoes. Brown in Crisco in your frying pan. Stir occasionally until partly brown all through. Then let them brown over top, fold over like an omelet and serve immediately.

IN ITS NEW AIR-TIGHT CAN, AS SWEET AND FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE

Pittsburgh Potatoes

These are really hashed brown potatoes with a little chopped green pepper added.

Potatoes O'Brien

Dice cold boiled potatoes. Mix them with chopped raw bacon, onion and pimiento. Fry in Crisco in a frying pan as you would hashed brown potatoes.

Lyonnaise Potatoes

Slice cold boiled potatoes thin, add as much sliced onion as you like, a little chopped parsley and fry all together in Crisco in the skillet, tossing the potatoes with a fork until they are a nice brown.

Sauté Potatoes

Dice cold boiled potatoes and fry in Crisco in the frying pan.

Potato Apples

I discovered these in a smart Park Avenue restaurant. Choose potatoes about the size of crab apples (if you're clever with the paring knife you can fashion these out of larger potatoes.) Fry in deep hot Crisco (395° F. or when a bread cube browns in 20 seconds) until an appetizing brown and cooked through. Insert a clove in one side to look like the blossom end of an apple, a sprig of parsley on the other side to do duty as the leaf. Dash paprika on one cheek to give a rosy glow.

FREE! *12 dozen Time-Saving Recipes*

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free; simply fill in and mail coupon below.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XJ-119) P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

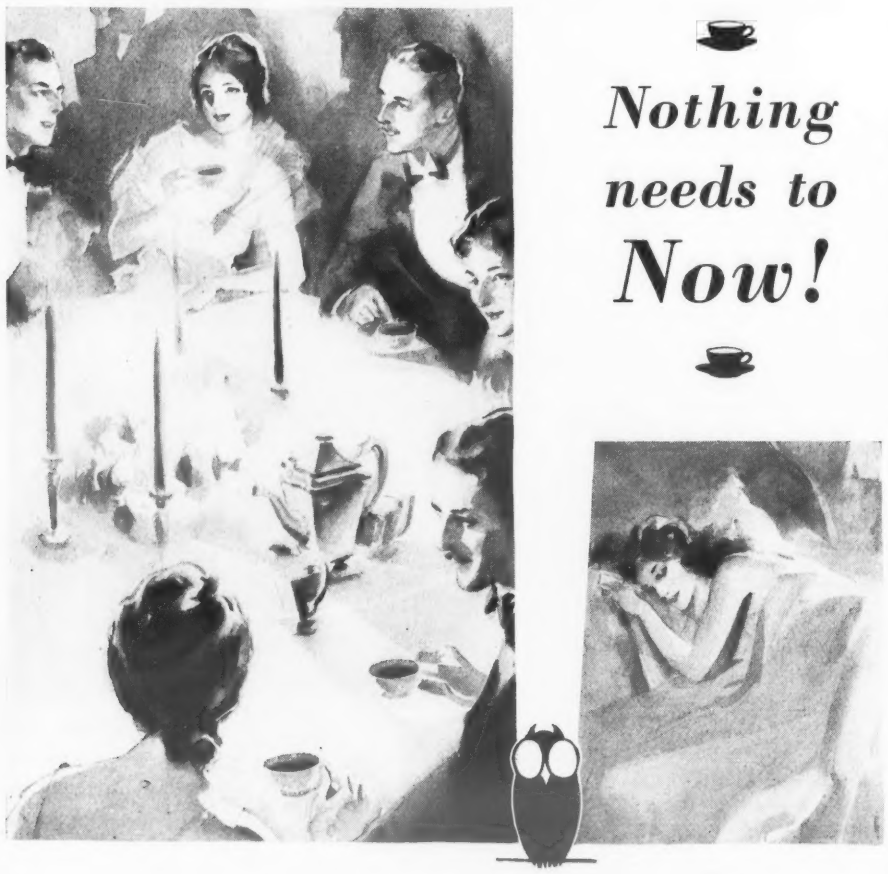
Please send me, free, the cook book "12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Nothing can take the place of *coffee*–



Nothing needs to Now!

COFFEE — steaming, fragrant coffee! Its appetizing aroma greets you in the morning, sends you on your way rejoicing. Its spicy flavor and cheering warmth relax and comfort you at night. Nothing can quite take the place of coffee — and nothing needs to now!

Even if coffee has affected your sleep, your nerves, or your digestion, you can now enjoy it without regret. For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that made you give it up. That ingredient is caffein. Drink Sanka Coffee — genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

Full of Coffee's old-time goodness!

Just try Sanka Coffee — discover how delicious it is. Discover that caffein adds nothing to coffee's flavor — nothing to its fragrance. Caffein doesn't even contribute to coffee's immediate sense of satisfaction. That comes from the warmth and flavor of the drink itself.

Sanka Coffee is all coffee — nothing but coffee — a superior blend of the finest Central and South American coffees. Nothing is added — nothing but caffein is removed. Sanka Coffee has the spicy flavor — the steaming fragrance — all of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer in quality or in flavor.

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

★ ★

Endorsed by physicians

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees.

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee — ground or in the bean — in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. And he sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not satisfied on every score, return what's left in the can and we'll refund the full purchase price."

Don't deny yourself the enjoyment of Sanka Coffee another day. Get a can now!

© 1929, S. C. Corp.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

The Patch Box

Winter's Adaptation to Summer's Tan

HOWEVER smart your tan in summer, this winter's elegant frocks and off-the-face hats demand particular care for the complexion.

The tan, itself, as being becoming, depends on the individual's coloring, type, and even personality. Consequently, with the increased knowledge of the whys and wherefores of the uses of different types of make-up, according to your individual skin type and coloring, you can easily determine whether you will continue your tan by means of cleverly prepared preparations, or will completely abolish it to return to your former natural coloring.

The means by which these two courses can be followed are numerous and permit a wide choice. Since it is generally conceded that the yellowish sun tan is less becoming than one tending toward the bronze color path, and a fading tan is classified with this muddy shade, the new tan preparations are blended with a reddish tone. Furthermore, because the correct use of cosmetics these days is, above all, a natural one, rather than artificial, blending becomingly, enhancing all good points and obliterating the less flattering ones, this bronzish winter tan will be a bit paler, logically—to blend with the vanishing natural tan.

There are innumerable liquid or dry powders for this, as well as dry, liquid or paste rouges in these new shades. The selection of them for color is important, and it is essential that the distinction between daylight and artificial light be acknowledged, and at least two different shades of each be chosen. The safest way to accomplish this, after first removing all make-up with a good cleansing cream, is to have an experienced expert, if one is available, analyze the general color tendency of your own skin, for tan may have done unexpected things to your former coloring. It will be obvious that the skin loses its yellowish tones and bleaches out in artificial light, since more yellow is absorbed by this light than by sunlight. When this has been determined, the harmonizing shade of powder and rouge can be chosen, to give a becoming, natural-appearing bronze tone to the skin. If the advice of an authority is not available, you can substitute your own mirror, and make an honest analysis of the skin coloring as well as a frank comparison of the good or bad blending of the present powder shade which you are using.

All make-up for night—powder, rouge, lipsticks—can be brighter and deeper, less neutral than that used for daytime. The additions can be made, if you wish, of mascara, in a tone slightly darker than the eyelashes, and of an eye shadow, of a similar, but a little deeper tone, than the pupil, keeping this on the lower part of the upper lid only. Here, as in the good application of all make-up, one must emphasize the necessity for allowing enough time to apply it carefully, taking pains to wipe off the edges of rouge and eye shadow, and to wipe off the residue of mascara, so apt to smudge.

The alternative course of returning to the former natural skin coloring, begins at the same point—careful analysis under natural and artificial lights. After this, the paths diverge. You may now absolutely match powder, rouge, and the like, to your coloring, or, going one step beyond, draw still further away from your former tan to a more feminine extreme, consistent with the new femininity in your frocks. With a blending similar to that used with tan make-up, you may adapt a series of cosmetics verging away from the bronze tones into a paler, slightly pinker shade. This seems particularly appropriate to those with blonde skins. Here, the rouge and lipstick hold more than a hint of purplish red, in comparison to the orangish, almost Indian red, of the sun tan's accompaniments. But in all cases the most becoming, and therefore most natural, of all methods, will decide the course followed. Furthermore, if you have been tanned, and decide to obliterate all signs of this, do not be satisfied, a month from now, by the use of the identical shades of make-up you may now be using. Tans fade, and colder weather and overheated houses change the color of one's skin within surprisingly brief periods of time. By mixing your own powder, from two or more shades, it is easy to add a small quantity of the shade nearer your later coloring, and so keep your make-up consistently natural with skin changes.

PHOTO. FROM SCAIONI, PARIS

An elaborate allover lace combination with slanting bands of satin, from Lingerie Margot, Paris.

If you are interested in a letter on the newest winter make-up preparations, send a two-cent stamp, with your request, to The Patch Box, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PIQUANT SALADS.. FESTIVE DESSERTS...

Holiday Greetings

CRANBERRY MOLD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1½ cups boiling water
Juice ½ lemon
½ cup celery, finely cut
½ cup canned, shredded pineapple
1 cup thick cranberry sauce, sweetened

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, add lemon juice, celery, pineapple, and cranberry sauce. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

✣

CIDER JELLY

1 package Orange or Lemon Jell-O
2 cups boiling sweet cider
⅛ teaspoon salt

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling cider. Add salt. Pour into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve as dessert or relish. Serves 6.

✣

PLUM PUDDING

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
Dash of salt
¾ cup raisins, finely chopped
¾ cup cooked prunes, finely chopped
¾ cup citron, finely chopped
¾ cup walnut meats, finely chopped
¾ cup Grape-Nuts
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add fruits, nuts, Grape-Nuts, and spices. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream flavored with nutmeg, or with pudding sauce. Serves 8.

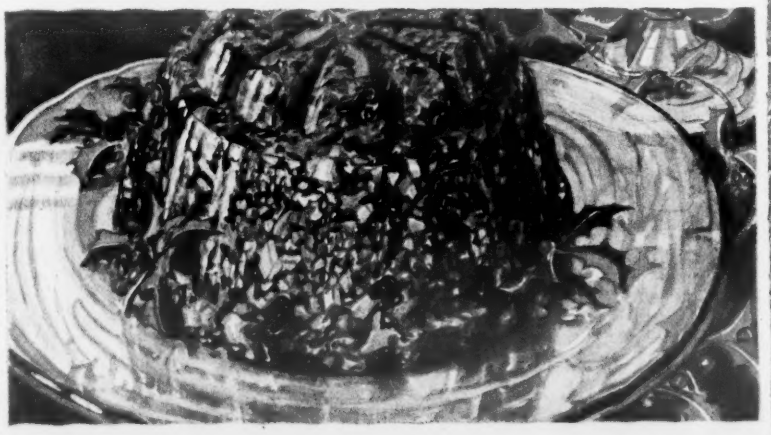
✣

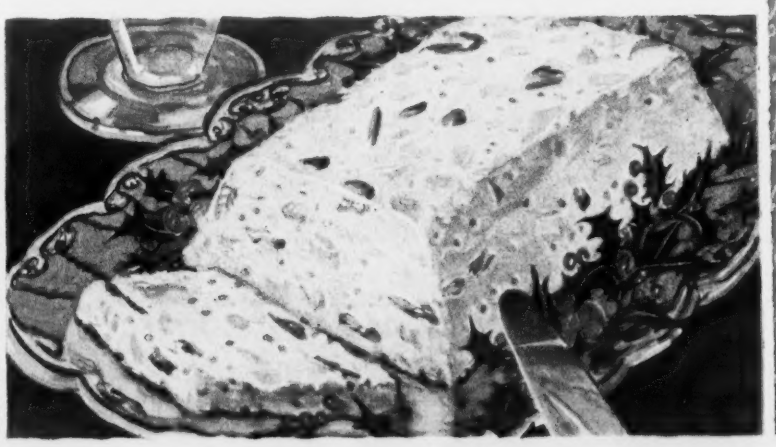
BAVARIAN DATE SLICES

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
½ cup almonds, blanched and chopped
12 dates, seeded and cut
12 marshmallows, finely cut
1 cup cream, whipped
¼ teaspoon salt
6 drops almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in almonds, dates, and marshmallows; then cream, to which salt and almond flavoring have been added. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Serve in slices. Serves 8.

(All measurements on this page are level)





Holiday Greetings

FROM

JELL-O

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

YE TIME-HONORED cranberries, make way... For this gorgeous *new* cranberry dish! Different, from the first bite to the last quivery morsel that you round up on the last wisp of lettuce!

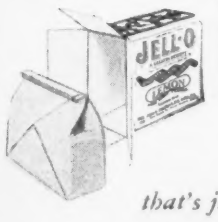
Cider? Save some of it—for this new relish that can make any meat course you serve seem more appetizing!

Plum Pudding? Here's one without the "wish I hadn't" afterwards. Praise be, though it's rich and sumptuous enough to be worthy of the family's best silver platter, it'll never sit heavily on your digestion and your spirits!

And Bavarian Date Slices. They will make a holiday of *any* occasion! Creamy. With teasing little murmurs of almond, little morsels of date, all through them! A dish in a thousand!

For all these good things, use Jell-O—*genuine* Jell-O. It comes in five pure fruit flavors, each package sealed tight, to keep all that pungent aroma intact. Buy six packages at a time, so that you'll always have Jell-O, in a choice of flavors, on hand. With Jell-O you can't fail. And, best of all, everyone can eat Jell-O. It's one of the easiest foods in the world to digest!

Try all the recipes on this page. And send now—this blessed minute—for the Jell-O booklet of good things. It's the most holiday-spirited booklet that ever sat at your elbow and helped you turn a drab menu into a gay one!



© 1929, G. F. Corp.

FREE—*a booklet that's just bursting with surprises!*

The Jell-O Company, Inc. J.—L. H. J.-11-29
Le Roy, New York

Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "Today . . . what salad . . . what dessert?"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address The Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd.
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

"THE POLICE!" HE WHISPERED. "PUT YOUR HAND IN YOUR POCKET!" "CAN'T MOVE IT!"

The Green Complex

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Illustrated by James C. McKell

LATE of the American Army of Occupation at Coblenz, now A. W. O. L. in Paris, are Privates John Adams (Handsome) Barclay and Patrick (Porky) Mallory. Barclay is the son of a wealthy New York family, who has been jilted by a Follies beauty, and Mallory is the product of the Lower East Side, who has always eluded the police, but they are inseparable pals. Handsome, with his knowledge of French and familiarity with Paris, is to arrange for forged passports and funds for the journey home.

But by chance Porky sees his partner, dressed in immaculate evening clothes, hold up and frisk an officer one night, and he believes that Handsome is a victim of shell shock. He concludes that Barclay needs a big jolt to bring him to his senses. Handsome explains that the officer is the husband of the ex-Follies girl and that he took a piece of chrysoprase that had been in his family for years, but Porky is unconvinced.

In the Luxembourg Gardens Handsome sees and is strangely attracted by Margaret Allison—known as Dick. A day or so later at a military parade he points her out to Porky as the girl in green, distinguishing her thereby from the girl in red next to her. Both Handsome and Porky separately decide to follow the girl in the green dress. Handsome succeeds in entering into conversation with Dick and they go to tea together.

That night Porky slips away from Handsome and goes to the girl's hotel to steal a jewel of some kind to present to his partner to give him "a whale of a shock." His New York experience makes it easy for him to gain an entrance and he is making away with a necklace from the bureau when he is interrupted by a challenge in the darkness followed by the explosion of a gun. Porky is hit, but he makes his way into the street and successfully gains their *pension*.

"Beat yuh to it!" he tells the bewildered Barclay. Porky pours forth his story and in turn Handsome confesses that they are not A. W. O. L. but that it has all been part of a game, partly for excitement and partly to make Porky feel that he was being hunted and without the law so that he would not be inclined to resume his prewar profession. In reality they have been honorably discharged from the Army and Handsome has plenty of funds.

The two pals wake up to the fact that they are in somewhat of a mess, with Porky wounded and sought by the Paris police and with a valuable necklace on their hands that must be returned to its owner. The wound proves fortunately not serious and Handsome drops Porky's bloodstained clothes into the Seine. No word of the robbery is printed in the papers; they feel reasonably safe. Handsome stubbornly insists that he will personally return the necklace to Dick, but without her knowledge. He finally finds an opportunity one afternoon in the Luxembourg Gardens, when Dick leaves a Gobelin sewing bag open beside her briefly vacated chair. He slips the necklace into the bag and is seen by a Bibi, an Apache, who resolves to follow the girl. Handsome forestalls this and Dick goes on her way, but the Apache vows vengeance.

XX.

SO THEN, while Barclay and Porky celebrated at Fouquet's the evanishment of a great white elephant, Dick Allison wired her friends in Tours that she would be down on the morrow. And forthwith she began to pack.

Sports suits and dinner gowns and all kinds of shoes and silken thingummies which it is proper to mention and exhibit in advertisements but not in the news columns. She relegated the green model to the dustbin—that is, she hung it up in the closet. She might or might not wear it again.

"Do you want me to go?" asked her aunt.

"Do you want to go?" Dick asked in reply.

"No. I'd rather stay in Paris. Living with me day in and day out can't possibly be exhilarating. You need an absolute change of scene. But promise me this: If you go don't come back under ten days."

"All right. If I only knew what I wanted!"—pensively.

"Oh, you'll find what you want eventually."

"But darn it, I want it now!"

Her petulant flares did not last long; she was always too ready to laugh. So she laughed.

Next morning, as she was about to start for the station, her aunt picked up the Gobelin bag.

"You're going to take this along, aren't you? You can carry a pint of Evian and some sandwiches. There's no liner for Tours these days."

"Oh, well! It'll be a nuisance. You always wish that on me. Give it to me. Did you order the Evian water and the sandwiches?"

"On the table there. I'll pack them for you."

So the bottle and the sandwiches and the unfinished French novel went into the bag.

"It's heavy and clumsy."

"You'll be glad you took it."

The aunt accompanied the niece to the station, but did not go to the train itself.

"Bye-bye! Please have a good time."

"Oh, I'll manage somehow."

The luggage consisted of two large suitcases, a small toilet satchel, a golf bag filled with clubs, and the Gobelin bag. A beast of burden in dingy blue denim, upon which was pinned a metal disk with a number, rushed up and seized the luggage scientifically—a suitcase under the right arm, a suitcase in the right hand, the Gobelin bag under the left arm, golf bag and satchel in the left hand. Burdened with nearly a

(Continued on Page 67)

He tells of a simple curb for one health menace

Headed 60 hospitals in World War

Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, physician at the dispensary of King Umberto and Queen Margherita, in Rome, is a Knight of the Crown of Italy. As director of sixty field hospitals during the World War he organized the famous donkey ambulance system in the Alps. He is Professor of Medical Pathology at the University of Rome.

"SO many ills result from constipation," Dr. Cherubini says, "that every forward step in its prevention and cure is a boon to humanity. It is unfortunate that many so-called remedies irritate the intestine and do harm rather than good.

"Yeast performs the double and wonderful rôle of making assimilation and elimination easier. It promotes intestinal activity. It aids digestion. It is precious in the treatment of skin troubles."

Millions of *living* yeast plants in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast give it its purifying, stimulating power. In the intestine these tiny plants soften the poison-bearing wastes and stimulate the weakened intestinal muscles. Digestion resumes its normal course. Your complexion, your very disposition reflect your new internal health!

And now, the *new* "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast brings you an astonishing *added* health protection. Fleischmann's Yeast is today the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin!

The "sunshine" vitamin, just like the sun itself, makes your body harder, tougher. It builds strong bones and sound, even teeth. Most people need it, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five). It is important for expectant and nursing mothers to prevent rickets in the child. "Millions of 'sunlight starved' men, women and children," Dr. Cherubini says, "should derive untold health benefits from the 'sunshine' vitamin now in fresh yeast."

Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast to check constipation poisons, to correct indigestion, to clear the skin. And now, eat it for the hardening, energizing "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now!

A New Radio Hour! Fleischmann's Yeast-for-Health Hour is packed with musical surprises. Dance orchestras, crooners, the latest Broadway hits. Tune in Thursday evenings with the National Broadcasting Company and 47 associated stations coast-to-coast network.

(Above)

"Eating delicious 'junk' ruined my stomach"

"Too many parties. Late hours. I had constipation and auto-intoxication and could hardly eat anything," writes Mrs. E. Scott Lahr of Tampa, Fla. "I had tried dieting, tablets and other remedies. Finally I tried yeast. Today I can eat anything—and never need laxatives."

(Right)

"Athletes often have this trouble"

"In spite of training-table food men in strenuous athletics often get 'tied up' inside—irregular in their elimination in other words," writes Eric Lambart, former Columbia University football and crew man. "Another big trouble was skin eruptions. I have found that eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps me in perfect condition."

(Below)

"What the great doctors have said about yeast worked out in my case"

New York City

"Playing the organ for a motion picture—accompanying the constantly changing story is a test of quick thinking.

"But for several months I had been badly run down. I had an obstinate case of constipation, with its usual accompaniments—dizziness, broken out back, nervousness. I was so tired I often wondered how I could get through the program.

"A friend's unusual experience persuaded me to try Fleischmann's Yeast at once. Now my constipation is entirely gone, and all the other troubles, too."

(Mrs.) Florence Chrystal

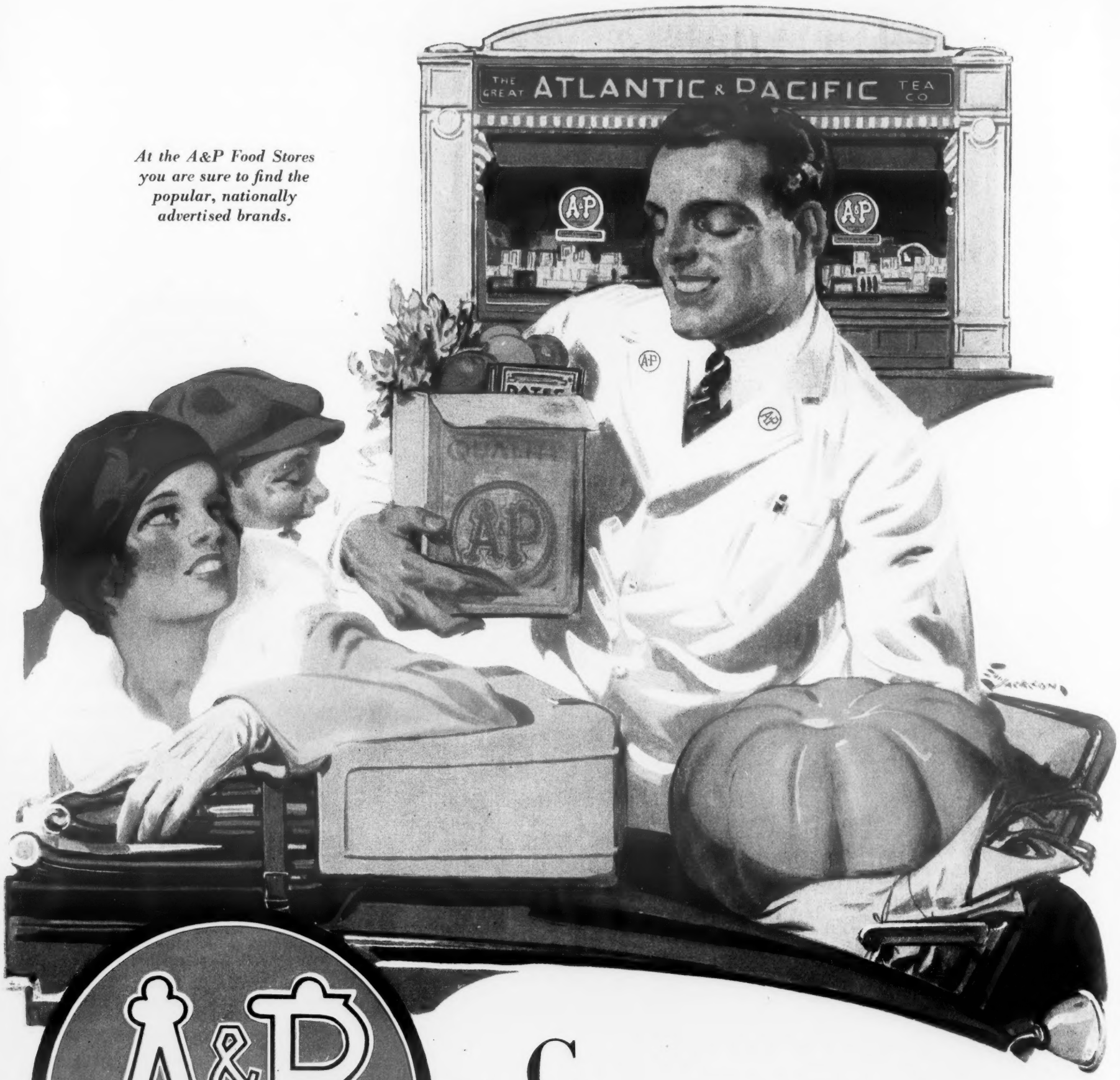
NOW ON SALE!

the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast contains vitamins B and D.

© 1929, F. Co.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly every day. Eat it just plain or dissolved in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. G-116, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, N. Y.

At the A&P Food Stores you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands.



A&P

ESTABLISHED 1859

"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

The Symbol of America's Foremost Food Service

CALL upon the A&P Food Stores for your Thanksgiving food needs this year. Command this great chain of nationally famous food stores to serve you. Each store is fairly bulging with good things to eat from all parts of the world.

Awaiting your selection are mouth-watering cranberries . . . crisp stalks of celery . . . olives from sunny Spain . . . fresh meaty nuts . . . figs, dates, citron . . . succulent fruits . . . fresh, green vegetables, and the choicest foods American packers produce.

Where else could you go and be so sure of the fine quality and wide assortment that America's Foremost Food Service offers you?

And what a delight to know that at the A&P Food Stores you spend less for choice quality than you spend for ordinary quality at many other stores.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

(Continued from Page 64)

hundred pounds, the porter staggered down the platform. Suddenly he let out a yell and dropped everything. The Gobelin bag fell on its side, and it was a miracle that the bottle wasn't broken.

"What are you doing?" demanded Dick indignantly.

"But, madame, I am wounded!" And tenderly the porter rubbed a spot under his left arm.

"Good gracious!" she cried, with sudden revelation. She recovered the bag, poked about in the needle-point, and presently exhibited a long needle. "I'm sorry. I'll carry the bag."

After she was comfortably settled in her compartment she wished she hadn't come. She knew that she was going to be bored at Tours. Jenny Morgan, as a penance for her past, would have a lot of frumps about. . . . Perhaps his buddy was ill and he could not leave him. Besides, she had not promised to go to the gardens. She was actually running away! There it was, idiotic and preposterous; but that was the truth. Running away! Flight—from what? Wanting something big to happen, and then taking to her heels for the fear that, whatever it was, it might happen!

SHE placed the bag between her and the window and sought the turned-down page of the French novel. It was rather amusing—two married men and their wives, all with the same idea, that what you possess is never half so attractive as that which someone else possesses.

So, between the novel, the cat naps and the pleasant scenery, Dick managed to survive the tedium of the journey. As the train drew to a stand she signaled from the window to a porter. The first person she saw was Rolly Morgan, her host. He greeted her joyfully.

"Great work, Dick; great work! 'Fraid you'd give us the go-by. Got a good crowd. All the bridge and golf you can handle."

"Good heavens!"

Dick ran back to the train, explained to the guard, who hurried into what had been her compartment and tossed out the Gobelin bag as the train began to move. Dick picked it up. Had the bag been something living—say, a small child—she would have cuffed its ears. She hadn't wanted the clumsy thing on this trip anyhow. It was a constant reminder of the futility of everything she did. She almost wished it had been carried on.

"This way," said Morgan. He led the way to a large touring car, saw to it that the luggage was properly stowed, sprang into the driving seat and indicated that she was to sit beside him.

Bibi the Thruster got into a taxi and waited for the touring car to start. Bibi had a companion. His being in Tours at this moment was due to one of those peculiar accidents known as the unexpected meeting. With a pal he had been loafing in the station that morning, with an eye to a careless purse, when he had seen Dick and recognized her instantly and also the Gobelin bag. Here was luck indeed. He was quite confident that he had stumbled into something big; the high quality of the two participants convinced him. And the glint of green, what should that signify but emeralds?

THE Morgan car spun smoothly along the bank of the Loire toward Blois. The afternoon light on the broad and lovely river enchanted Dick.

"Beautiful, Rolly!"

"Salmon, too. But not so game as ours. We've hit upon a new cocktail, Dick, It's a wow."

"What does Jenny say?"

"Oh, she sticks to Vouvry. Your room faces the river; and there'll be a moon tonight. Any rain in that dear Paris?"

"Tons of it. Who are the girls?"

"Good scouts. All in the war. Deuces wild."

"You don't talk war?"

"No war talk at the Villa Fanny. Got a new bunch of dance records."

"How's your leg?"

"Rain gets into it; otherwise I'm right. You've done the chateaux, haven't you?"

"Not this time. Too many wounded boys about."

"Poor crocks! We don't go up to Blois but once a week, to give them something. You look fine."

"Am."

"Are you drinking as hard as ever?"

"You never saw me drink a cocktail in your life! . . . But you will tonight."

"Atta girl!"

A pause.

INSTEAD OF HIDING THE NECKLACE, DICK DECIDED TO WEAR IT

"Rolly, did you ever know a man by the name of John Adams Barclay?"

"Barclay? G. W. Barclay's son?"

"Yes."

"Sure, I knew him. He was a frosh when I was a senior. Saw him, but couldn't know him." Morgan laughed.

"Why do you laugh?"

"Well, remember that story of how to kill a flea—put him on block one and hit him with block two? Well, Barclay was the kind who would have bought one. Class poet. I was back for reunion and heard him spout. Good stuff, they told me; but I don't know a hoot about poetry. A shy duffer, with a complexion like a girl's. Met him?"

"A little while ago."

"I see. Want me to ask him down?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"What are you blushing about?"

"I'm not blushing!"

"Well, he's a handsome beggar by now."

"Women no longer care for handsome men."

"Dick, you're talking through your kelly, and you know it."

Dick found her hostess beautiful and serene, with the manners of a duchess of the old régime. It was both droll and admirable to Dick. Here was a show girl who had got on, made something of herself. From the can-can on a table in Rector's to the quiet elegance of a villa like this was progress. Dick knew that Jenny wasn't a prude; she knew that that was an expression of the meanness of spirit that of late had taken complete possession of her and that was so foreign to her real nature.

The vista from her bedroom window was extraordinarily beautiful. The sun was now gone. The Loire had the semblance of a band of silver flowing between promontories of amethyst.

The dinner was gay, the dancing lovely, the bridge exciting; yet through it all, Dick had the odd sensation of witnessing the scene, not being a part of it.

This wasn't what she wanted. And she had promised her aunt to stay out the ten days! Whichever way she turned, boredom.

XXI.

THE party broke up at twelve and Dick went up to her room, undressed and got into her peacock kimono. She pulled a chair to the open window and watched the night. Peace and grateful silence mantled the earth. She studied the moon, the river, the lapis lazuli bluffs. Every so often her interest was caught by the streaming lights of spinning automobiles. The air was savored with perfumes.

She could still discover the beautiful and love it; but something was wrong with her, and she could not in honesty say that it was the war. What she really needed was companionship; but it must be the right kind of companionship, and this did not seem anywhere to be found.

She laughed softly. That king in Anatole France's story: The shirt of a happy man. And when they found the happy man—no shirt.

She concluded that she had mooned enough, and so she went about the business of distributing her belongings in bureau drawers and closets. She threw a pair of new silk stockings on the bed; and remembering that she always snipped the connecting thread, she hunted in her toilet satchel for the scissors. Not finding them in the satchel, she began to forage in the Gobelin bag.

The tips of her fingers came into contact with something hard and cold and smooth. Another object of the same character, another and another. Astonished, she dug a little farther. A necklace? She did not remember dropping one into this bag. She withdrew her hand.

"Good . . . heavens!" she gasped.

She knew instantly what they were—square-cut emeralds of the first water, easily worth half of all her worldly possessions. She could not recollect having seen so gorgeous a necklace much less having held one in her hands.

"Good . . . heavens!"

THERE seemed to be nothing else in her head just then that could be released in verbal expression.

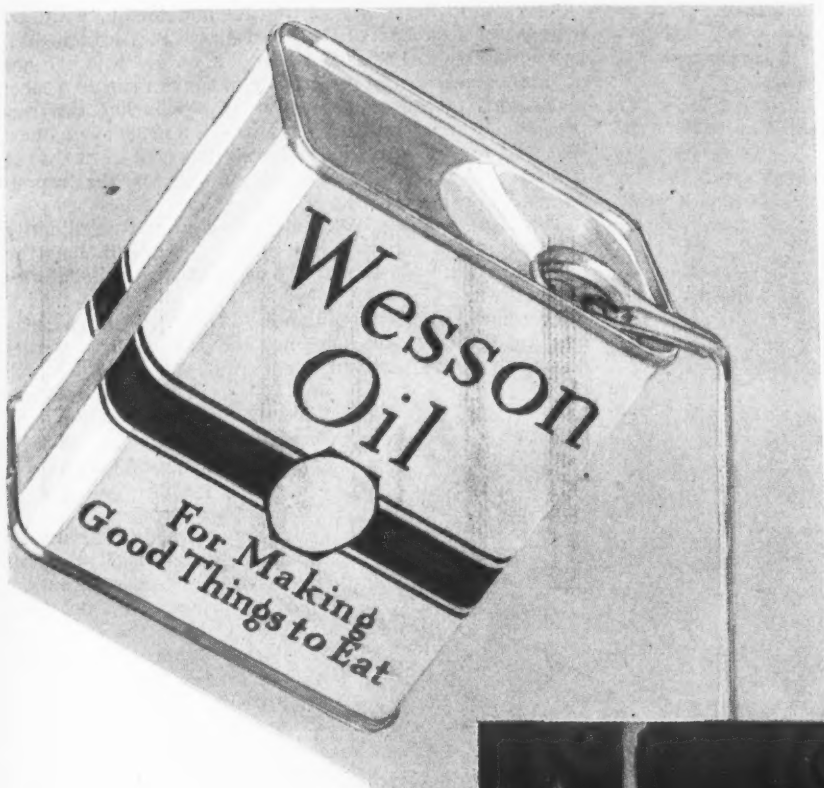
She stared at the Gobelin bag. Hers; oh, it was hers, no doubt of that. The bag slipped off her knees to the floor. She sat with the necklace spread across her two palms—sat terrified, thunderstruck.

Presently she felt that she must move, touch something utterly commonplace and substantial. She rose unsteadily and put a hand on the bed rail. This action did not dissolve the emeralds.

"Good . . . heavens!"

In her Gobelin bag, days and days, for all she knew! But how and why? And what to do with them? She began to

(Continued on Page 70)



THIS FRUIT CAKE IS REALLY BECOMING FAMOUS

But then, it *is* such a good fruit cake—and so easy to make—that we have to print the recipe every year around the holiday season just to protect ourselves. Otherwise, we'd begin getting a lot of letters from women who had lost their recipe from last year, asking us to please send them another copy.

This fruit cake has served to show thousands of women the possibilities of using a fine salad oil for baking. The idea is fast becoming the new modern method of baking and frying, too. Easy and convenient: you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—and your measurements are always accurate. Wesson Oil is so pure and wholesome—so delicately flavored—that whatever you bake with it is sure to come out of the oven light, fine-textured and truly delicious. And whatever you fry with it is sure to be easy to digest . . . Send for our recipe book "Everyday Recipes." Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

And Wesson Oil now has a SPOUT that *pours*

It's easier and more convenient now than ever to "*pour* to measure—*pour* to mix." Simply: Turn spout *out* . . . Punch holes where marked . . . *Pour* . . . Turn spout back, covering up holes. No dripping down sides of can. No messy fingers or spots on the table. No waste.

Wesson Oil has long been known as a fine salad oil—for French Dressing, for mayonnaise. Now it is becoming increasingly popular for baking and frying, as well.

FRUIT CAKE

1 Cup Wesson Oil • 3 Cups Flour • 1½ Cups Brown Sugar
1½ Cups Candied Cherries • 4 Eggs • 1 Cup Raisins
1 Teaspoon Baking Powder • 1 Teaspoon Ground Cloves
1 Cup Chopped Figs • 1 Cup Chopped Candied Pineapple
2 Teaspoons Salt • 1 Cup Fruit Juice • 2 Teaspoons Allspice
2 Teaspoons Cinnamon • 3 Cups Nuts • 1 Cup Shaved Citron

Mix sugar and egg yolks and beat vigorously for two minutes. Sift together spices, salt, baking powder and two cups of the flour and add alternately with the fruit juice to the first mixture. Then add the fruit and nuts which have been mixed with the remaining cup of flour. Add the Wesson Oil, fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff, and bake in a very slow oven (275 degrees F.) for about four hours.

A Turkey's in the Oven, red Apples in the Bowl,

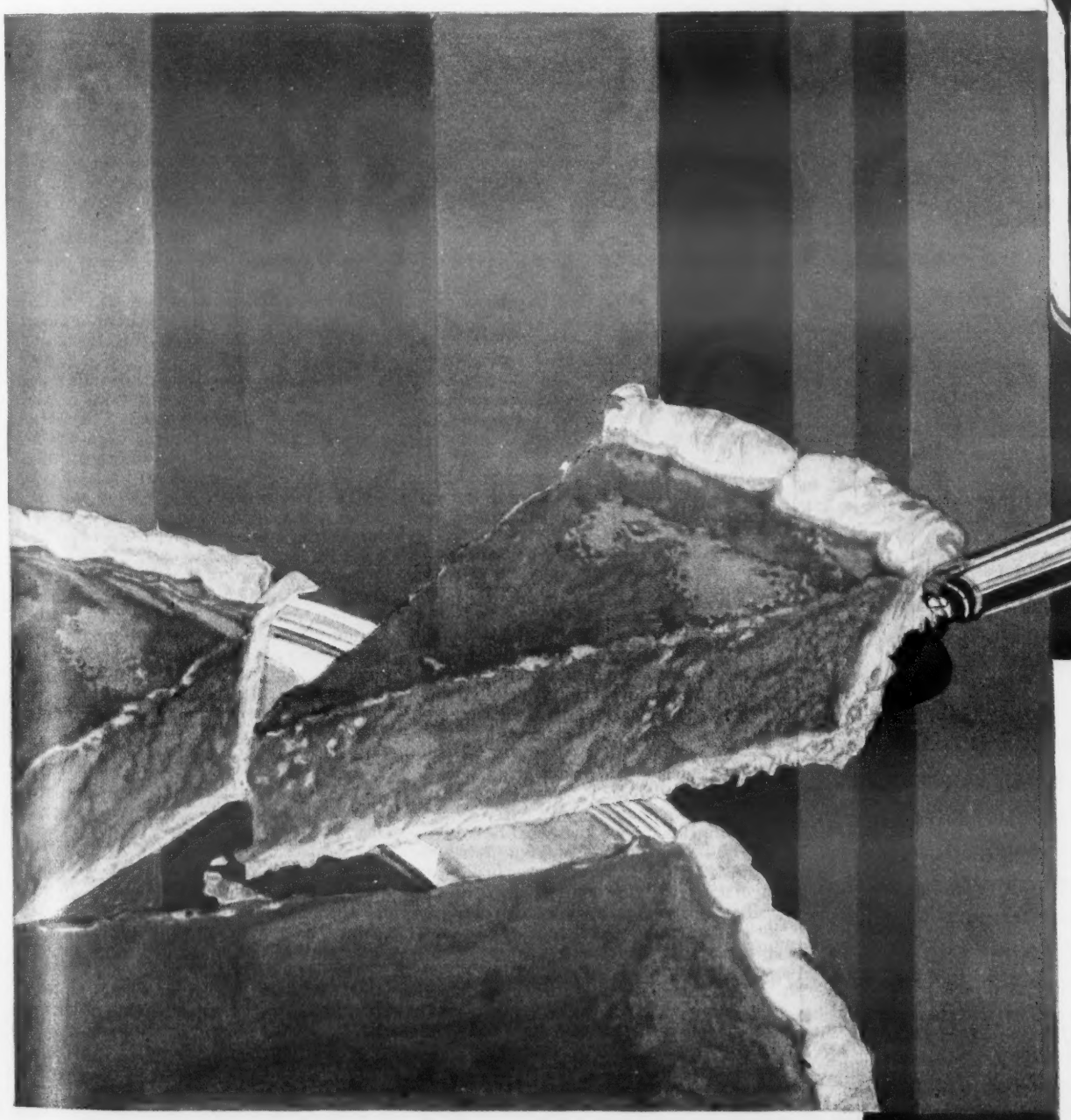
You ought to see the Pumpkin Pie—I'd like to eat it Whole.

I'd love to get the Wishbone, for I'd make a wish—oh, my!

That I could have an Extra Piece of Mother's Pumpkin Pie.

When you begin to talk about pumpkin pies, remember that Snowdrift will make pie crust as deliciously crisp and flaky as any you ever tasted. Light, and tender, the way you like it.

Snowdrift is itself just as good to eat as the pies, cakes and biscuits that it makes. And why shouldn't it be since it is made from the same fine oil that is used to make Wesson Oil such a delicious salad oil? The same goodness that has made Wesson Oil so popular for salad dressings, for baking and for frying, is found in Snowdrift too, hardened and whipped into a creamy white shortening.



Why not try this pumpkin pie with the Snowdrift crust? Or if you prefer, use Snowdrift in your own favorite pie crust recipe. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La., for a copy of the Snowdrift recipe book.

PUMPKIN PIE

1½ cups cooked strained pumpkin
1 teaspoon salt • 2 eggs • 1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon ginger • ¾ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine all of the ingredients. Line a pie plate with pastry. Prick with a fork. Bake for ten minutes in a hot oven (450° F.), pricking again if necessary. Fill with pumpkin mixture. Bake at 325° F. for thirty minutes. Do not allow filling to boil or it will curdle.

PIE CRUST

⅔ cup Snowdrift • about ⅓ cup ice water
1 teaspoon salt • 2 cups flour

Sift together flour and salt, cut in the Snowdrift with two knives until lumps of fat are about the size of a pea. Add cold water enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out lightly. This will make one double crust pie or two pastry shells.

"THEY'RE CUTE, MOTHER ► A COTTON NIGHTIE IS PRIMITIVE"

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Nine*

OLD-FASHIONED ways cannot withstand the merry onslaught of the modern girl. Her enthusiasm is so sane and contagious, she is so everlastingly right in refusing the drudgeries and repressions of her mother's girlhood that the whole world is approving her gay philosophy, which demands the best and nothing but the best.

Her quick appreciation encourages manufacturers to strive for improvements. Two years of research in the largest laboratory in the world devoted to surgical dressings produced Modess. Modess is amazingly better. It is really and truly comfortable. It is deodorizing.

The gracious softness of Modess is due to an entirely new substance for the filler. It is a fluffy mass like cotton, so yielding and conforming that irritation is impossible—yet highly absorbent and, of course, disposable.

For still greater comfort and assured protection, the gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton and the sides are smoothly rounded.

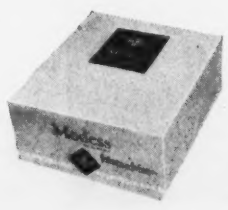
Modess possesses deodorizing properties. Laboratory tests prove it to be superior in this respect.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

You are sure to prefer Modess. Since it costs no more, why not try it?

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Modess
(Pronounced Mō-dess')
SO INFINITELY FINER



(Continued from Page 67)

laugh hysterically, and clapped a palm over her mouth. Steady, old girl! Emeralds! There they were—lustrous green squares, full of sinister portents. She dared not rouse the house, for she had no explanation to offer. The police? They would laugh at her. She had found them in her bag. And who would believe that? Stolen; then hidden in her bag. For these gems hadn't walked there. But when and where had the thing taken place? The newspapers, which she hadn't read for several days! There would be something in the news.

SHE listened. All was silence. She remembered seeing newspapers on a long table in the library. Where to hide the necklace while she went downstairs? In one of her new stockings. She slid the necklace into the stocking, folding the latter so that the bulge would not show. She reached the library without mishap, turned on the lamp, gathered up all the English-speaking papers, and stole back to her room.

It was long after two o'clock when she threw aside the last newspaper, utterly discouraged and bewildered. Not a line in the news, nothing in the lost and found columns. Nothing! That such a thing could disappear and nothing be said about it! It was maddening.

Something big to happen—and the gods had answered her prayers in this fashion! Hysterical laughter bubbled in her throat again, and once again she stifled it with a palm.

She began to scheme; but her bewilderment would not permit any of these schemes to arrive. One thing was clear—she must hide this gift from Pandora and keep it hidden till she had evolved some dependable plan of getting rid of it.

Presently her agitation began to subside and her mind to clear. And then she fell upon a novel plan.

It was perfectly true that if you were a very rich woman you could wear green glass and people would exclaim: "What wonderful emeralds!" In the reverse, a young woman in moderate circumstances could wear a necklace like this one and everyone would say: "What a lovely imitation!"

Instead of hiding the necklace, Dick decided to wear it. She walked to the mirror and clasped the necklace around her lovely white throat.

It was inevitable that she would.

XXII.

PARIS, seventy-two hours later. Moonlight and town light and up Montmartre, into the tawdry dens of night excitements.

"In the old days, Porky," said Barclay, "to escape their wives, men went on crusades; now they go to cabarets."

"Ye-ah."

"All this is Coney Island bunk."

"But I hadda see it before I go home."

"Well, we're on our way."

As for Barclay, he knew that he was going to be inexpressibly bored. What he wanted on a night like this was fine music by a fine symphony orchestra, with all the lights down to a mere glow, with only one other person in the audience. But Porky had the right to demand what he would, so to Montmartre.

The arm was sore and almost useless and the fingers were still swollen; but it could be put into a coat sleeve; and Porky had promised to ask for such food as could be eaten by the use of forks and spoons. Barclay would not agree to take Porky up Montmartre merely to carve beefsteaks for him.

Porky was in ready-made dinner clothes—his first. Barclay had insisted, with some malice. If he had to make this unhappy pilgrimage, Porky should be at least half as miserable.

In their buttonholes were their *croix de guerre* ribbons. Barclay had demanded this also. It wasn't certain that the police would draw off, even though the necklace was returned. And a ribbon in the buttonhole those days was as good as the keys to the city.

First, the spectacle at the Moulin Rouge.

"Gees!" said Porky. "Do yuh think we can beat it before they raid the joint?"

Which explains the program broadly.

Then the cabarets, not yet known as night clubs.

"Now we'll do the Butte. From there you can see illuminated Paris."

"You're the man from Cook's. Shoot the works."

So Porky saw Paris from the Butte Montmartre. For some time he stared speechless; then he burst out: "Little ol' New York from the Woolworth!"

Barclay caught the tragic note, and his remorse came thundering back: "You can go home as soon as your arm is perfectly healed. But you'll have to go alone."

"Ye-ah. She's some jane!"

Barclay did not reply. Nevertheless he knew that Porky understood why he wasn't ready to go home. He found himself confronted by a most peculiar situation. To discard the shabby clothes for his best or to keep to the shabby—he did not know which path to take. What explanations he dared offer would not have a direct and virile ring. Montparnasse clothes one day and Savile Row the next wouldn't do; he must make his choice and stick to it. Tomorrow he would go to the Luxembourg, and he would keep on going there till he saw her. There was, to be sure, the threat of the Apache; but the fellow was really powerless to do anything now. The danger had been immediate—that of snatching the bag while it contained the emeralds, and that had been frustrated.

"Porky, I'll send you home on a first-class liner if you want to go."

PORKY thought for a moment. Alone. If he went home without Handsome —— All his life, till lately, he had been independent, standing alone. But he now felt that he was in an oarless rowboat, in the middle of the sea—that is, without his buddy.

"I'd rather stick round, Handsome. Gotta wait till I can swing both arms. They ain't got nothin' except I've been plugged. But when I swing both arms, why, we're off. Did yuh mean it, me driving your car when we get back?"

"Don't ever doubt it. A queer lot of things have happened to us since we were dumped into a trench, and I want you to stand by."

"Sure. We ain't got nothin' to worry about. Nobody saw me. An' the jane's got her necklace. Let's walk down. 'S funny. When I thought I was a deserter, there was ten million M. P.'s floatin' around. I ain't seen one tonight."

"Don't forget your glass arm."

"I'm rememberin' right now. My hand feels like a bunch o' bananas."

In the Rue de Liége, on the way to the Avenue Hoche, Porky espied his M. P.

"Hey, pipe that M. P. there! Ain't that Dago Rossi, the wop? Sure, it is. Hey, Dago!"

THE M. P. across the street paused with a belligerent air. Here in Paris a hail like this generally indicated a fight. But as he saw only two men in dinner clothes he was inclined to go on.

"Hey, Dago!"

Some one who knew him, then? So he crossed the street. An American citizen, born of Italian parents, doing military police duty in Paris; it is still puzzling Europe.

"Hello, Dago!"

"Well, if it ain't Porky an' Handsome!"

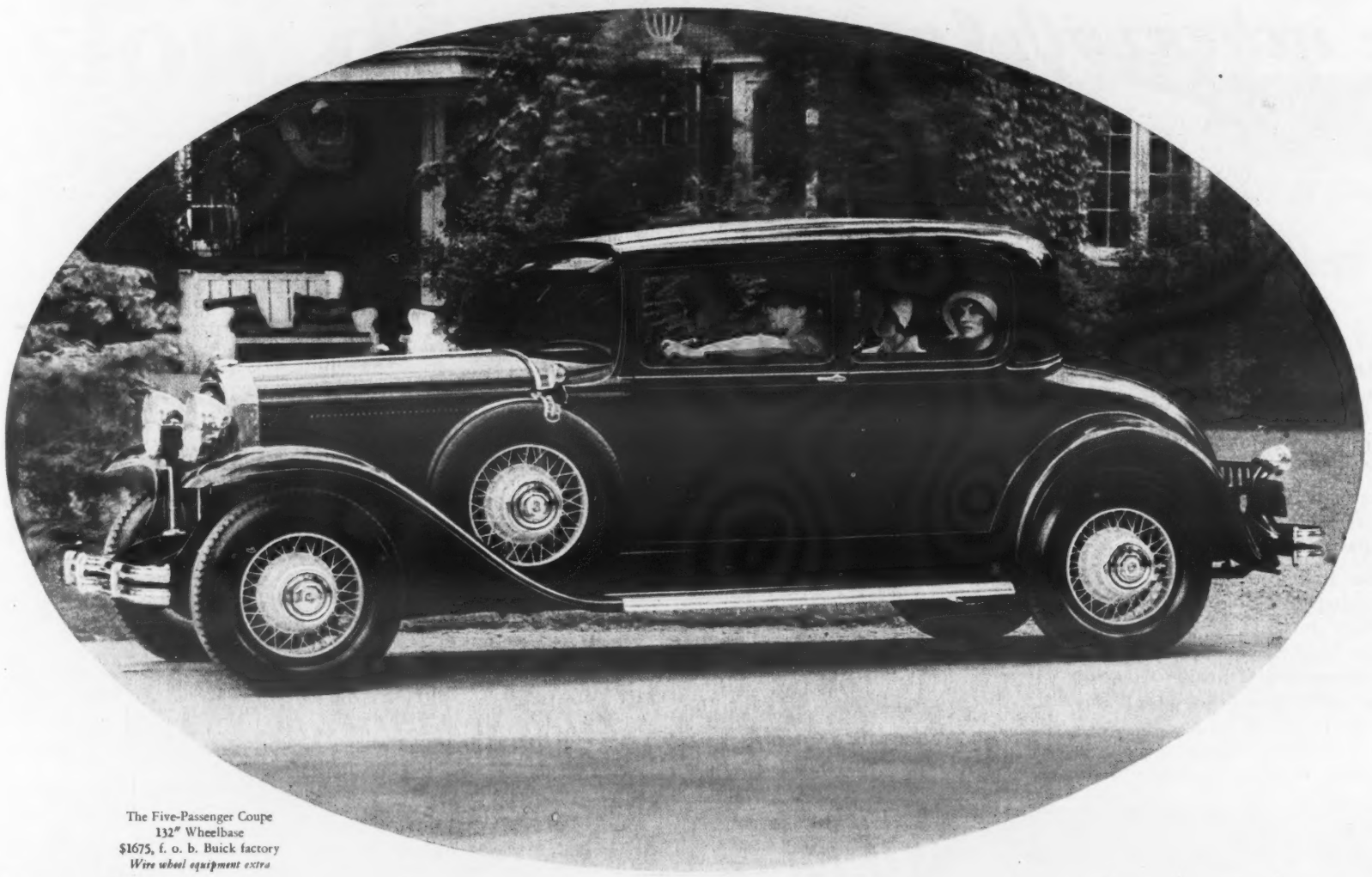
Handshakes, questions, reminiscences; man talk.

"I nearly had yuh, one night, Handsome," said the M. P. genially. "But this runt sure took care o' yuh."

"If yuh'd laid a hand on us, we'd 'a' killed yuh!" Porky declared with pretended savagery.

(Continued on Page 72)

THE NEW BUICK



The Five-Passenger Coupe
132″ Wheelbase
$1675, f. o. b. Buick factory
Wire wheel equipment extra

Women as well as Men Acclaim the New Buick the Pacemaker of Performance

Buick

Women are every bit as practical as men when it comes to choosing the family car. And so while they have joined with men in ardent praise of Buick's new Bodies by Fisher . . . while they prize the comfort of Buick's new, longer rear springs and Lovejoy Duodraulic Shock Absorbers . . . they nevertheless name Buick performance as the primary reason why they buy almost three times as many Buicks as any other car priced over $1200.

Every woman who drives—every woman who thrills to spirited yet safe motoring—finds herself genuinely delighted after a ride in this new Buick. For all women instantly appreciate that here are motoring abilities outstandingly superior to any they have heretofore enjoyed.

They feel a new height of power—a new sense of mastery over hill and road—due to marked advancements in the new Buick Valve-in-Head engine, which develops 99 horsepower in the 132″ and 124″ Buicks and 80½ horsepower in the 118″ Buicks, without any additional fuel consumption.

They experience a new supremacy in acceleration—new swiftness—new flexibility—together with that unvarying day-after-day reliability which has always distinguished Buick from other cars. And what is more, they enjoy maximum driving control—because the new Buick steering gear and new Road Shock Eliminator impart matchless steering ease, and Buick's new Controlled Servo Mechanical Brakes provide the fullest measure of smooth, positive braking under all road and weather conditions.

See these new Buicks and arrange to drive one. Then you, too, will acclaim the new Buick, not only the most beautiful of motor cars, but also the pacemaker of performance.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Pies Cakes *and* Puddings *are richer with* COCONUT'S *tropic flavor*

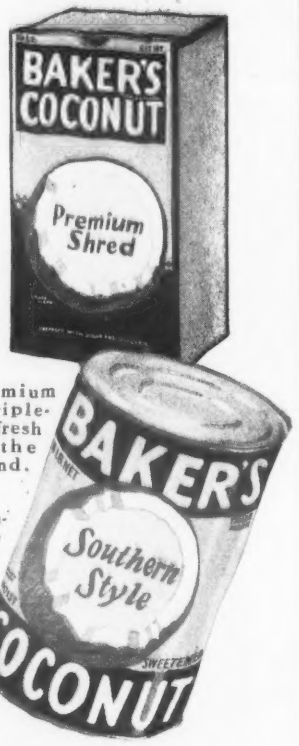
LIKE the juicy orange, the tangerine, the succulent banana—coconut, too, draws its sweet, fruity taste from warm, tropic soils.

Creamy pies, cakes and other favorite desserts are more delicious for its sun-ripe flavor.

Franklin Baker's Coconut is prepared with extraordinary care. Only the choicest nuts are gathered. Fast fruit liners hurry them to New York. Here the snowy white meat—still cool and moist and fresh—is shredded and packed. Every bit of its native flavor is retained. Franklin Baker's Coconut is outstanding in this respect.

As you open the package the creamy shreds scatter over your cakes, pies or salads as fresh and fragrant as if you yourself had just spooned the tender meat out of the tough, brown shell.

Nearly a hundred delicious ways to use coconut are given in the new Franklin Baker recipe book. For a free copy or a trial can of Southern-Style—see coupon.



Baker's Premium Shred, in triple-sealed, stay-fresh packages, the familiar kind.

Baker's Southern-Style, the new moist-packed kind in tins, slightly sweetened.

Coconut Custard Pie

3 eggs, slightly beaten
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
3 cups milk, scalded
1 cup Baker's Coconut

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt, sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut. Mix thoroughly. Pour into pie plate. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. Makes one 9-inch pie. *All measurements are level.*

FRANKLIN
BAKER'S COCONUT
"adds tropic richness to desserts" © 1929, G F. Corp.

FRANKLIN BAKER Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J. LHJ 11-29
☐ Please send recipe book (free). ☐ I enclose 10¢ for a half-size trial can of Southern-Style. (For Canada, Franklin Baker, Ltd., Sterling Tower, 19th floor, Toronto 2, Ont.) (Print name and address—Mark X for choice)
Name .....
Address ..... City .....

(Continued from Page 70)

"When yuh goin' home?"

"Handsome an' me are livin' in Paris for a while."

"Waiters; I see. Lemme know what beanery, an' I'll drop in on yuh."

"Yuh big stiff! Handsome's had a legacy, an' we're livin' in a palace. Say, have yuh seen Page an' Holloran?"

"Nope."

"Well, if yuh do, tell 'em it ain't true. Come an' have a beer."

"Who, me? Bow off! Jones an' me are trailin' an A. W. O. L. Jones is roundin' the block an' I gotta move on to meet up with him. We see the guy half an hour ago. Don't stick your nose in it too deep, Handsome. I see a froggy pickin' the gold fillin' out of a buck private's teeth last night. So long!"

IT IS typically an American habit that a man in the exuberance of spirits should punch something; a poke in the ribs, we call it. If we don't like you, we don't punch you in this particular fashion or on this particular spot. Porky forgot his condition. After shaking Rossi's hand he jovially punched him in the ribs and jovially Rossi returned the punch and went his way.

Porky stood perfectly still. Then he began to sway slightly.

"What is it, Porky?"

"Busted open the wound. . . . Hang onto me for a minute, Handsome!"

Barclay caught him strongly by the sound arm. "Lean against me. Are you faint?"

"A little. . . . Don't blame Dago. He didn't hit me hard. . . . Beginnin' to run down my arm. Better get a cab. . . . Hell!"

Barclay looked about in vain for a cab.

"Can you walk?"

"In a minute."

So they stood in the middle of the sidewalk, the one supporting the other. Had they been in uniform the police who turned the corner at that moment would have given them scant attention. But two civilians in evening clothes, motionless in a queer posture, invited official regard. So they approached briskly. And Barclay, observing them, felt nearly as dizzy as Porky.

"The police!" he whispered. "Put your hand in your pocket!"

"Can't move it! . . . You!"

Barclay managed it, but awkwardly. If these officers noted the action and were curious, they were done. He knew something of the procedure at the Prefecture. There wasn't a police handbook in Paris that had not a note regarding the robbery in the Avenue d'Jéna and an order to watch for any man with a wound; and such a man—such men—would be questioned and examined. Here was a perilous minute or two.

"What is the difficulty, messieurs?" asked one of the policemen as the pair arrived.

"My friend's heart bothers him. It was the war—gas. If he walks quickly he has these attacks. He will be all right in a minute."

"Ah!" The policemen noticed the ribbons. "Shall we summon a taxi?"

"If you please." Barclay was wondering about his calmness.

ONE of the policemen blew his whistle. In Paris that blast will always bring a taxi on a venture, on the theory that if there is a murder or a robbery or a fight some one will wish to ride away. So in less than two minutes a cab rolled up to the curb and stopped. One of the policemen helped Barclay, and Porky was safely got to a seat inside the cab.

"Many thanks, messieurs," said Barclay as he flung himself into the cab. "Grand Hôtel."

They would walk through the Grand, get another cab and drive to the Arc de Triomphe. There they would hire a third cab for home. Not at all badly conceived.

As the cab whizzed down the street the policemen sauntered on. The one who had helped Porky into the cab presently became conscious of a moist coldness on one of his palms. It was too dark to inspect it; so he rubbed his palm against his leg. Not every policeman is a Vidocq.

XXIII.

BARCLAY knew that he was sheltering a criminal—not from his point of view, but from society's. To him Porky had merely proved a theory—that he could commit burglary and get away with it. He had intended to return the jewels by mail. He had not robbed for gain. But Barclay knew that theorists of this caliber were not, by society, permitted to roam at large. But because he had been the innocent cause of this reincarnated criminal urge, automatically the crime lay on his doorstep.

Where had been the gods when he had conceived the idea of rescuing Porky from the influences of his past?

He readily assumed his share of the business. He would defend his buddy with all he had of blood and money.

He had never before paid the police any particular attention. He now endued each with all the attributes of a Vidocq and grew cold when he saw one.

"Did he take you by the arm?"

"I'll tell the world!"—weakly.

Barclay felt of the sleeve and found it wet. They were done.

It is the trifling things—it might be said the idiotic things—that trip us hardest in life. For the big adventures we are always more or less prepared.

"Does it hurt, Buddy?" asked Barclay, hearing the grinding of teeth.

"Oh, boy!" said Porky gamely. "All the trouble in the world in one bucket, an' they dump it on us!"

"But why the devil did you punch Dago?"

"Hell—I hadda! There ain't no other answer. Say, ain't that luck stone o' yours wonderful!"

Barclay gritted his teeth. All these catastrophes from the hour he had rifled Holway's pocket of that piece of chrysoprase! Well, there had been one streak of luck, anyhow: the emeralds were in the possession of their owner.

But he must find a doctor, or the arm might become infected and Porky lose it. But where to find a doctor who would not ask questions and who could be trusted not to report the case?

FIRST thing tomorrow he would call on Dick Allison and throw himself on her mercy—tell her everything from start to finish. Plead with her to go to the Prefecture and ask that the police be withdrawn from the case, since the necklace had been returned.

But tonight many important things must be thought out. They must keep changing cabs for an hour or more. This kind of maneuver always befuddled the police, so he had read somewhere.

He knocked on the window. "Hôtel Continental!" he shouted. "Not the Grand. To the Hôtel Continental!"

The cabby nodded.

"Can you walk?" Barclay then asked Porky.

"Ye-ah. Couple o' beers wouldn't go wrong."

"I'll get you a brandy."

This was debated, but in the end Porky surrendered; and as much as he disliked spirits, he gulped the fiery cognac. Presently he had to admit that the stuff had done the trick—put his stomach back where it belonged. Thereupon Barclay explained to him what he purposed to do in relation to the taxicabs.

"Fine! . . . But I hadda soak Dago, I hadda soak him, Handsome!"

So the fantastic race about town in taxis began—from the Hôtel Continental

(Continued on Page 74)

"No more slow dissolving soaps"

say 212,960* *answers from women*

"We've found Super Suds a new form of soap that gives instant suds... washes clothes whiter ... gets dishes sparkling clean ... in far less time."

NO more waiting for suds. No more heating water extra hot to get chips and flakes to dissolve. No more half melted bits of soap sticking to clothes and dishes.

For here's a wonderful new soap that dissolves 100% ... instantly. A soap that gives you all the rich soapy suds you can use ... the minute you turn on the water. A soap that works in water 10% cooler than other soaps require.

This new soap is called Super Suds. It is not chips, nor flakes, nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny hollow beads. Beads with walls four times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake you ever used.

Why women prefer bead soap

Instant suds all through the water. Because of its tissue-like thinness, Super Suds not only gives instant top suds, but instant suds *all through the water* as well. Swift, active "underwater" suds. Just as the test pictured at the right shows you.

Speedier washing. These energetic underwater suds wash dishes faster ... clothes whiter ... because they work below the surface, where the real job of cleaning must be done. Thus with Super Suds you get super cleansing power.

Easier rinsing. Because Super Suds always dissolves 100%, it is the easiest rinsing soap on the market today ... Super Suds leaves clothes sweet, clean and soap-free, in actually one less rinse than other soaps require. In dishwashing, Super Suds rinses away completely in one hot rinse, leaving dishes so clear that they will drain dry to sparkling brightness. *You don't need to wipe them.*

Get Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing, for laundry. For all household cleaning where you want ease plus speed. You will find it keeps hands soft and white, because it dissolves in water just comfortably warm. 10 big cups of soap for just ten cents.

Please Make This Test

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich soapy suds. Instantly every drop of water becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

*We made a cross section investigation of America on soaps; visited twenty cities ranging in population from 41,326 to 3,188,012; called on 21,296 women; asked them 212,960 questions. The facts in this advertisement are based on this investigation.

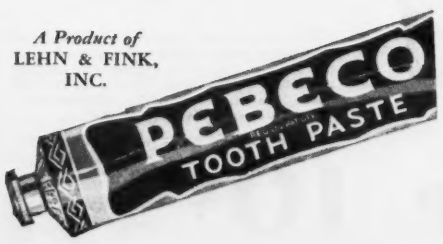
THE BIG BOX OF SOAP 10¢

4877

When you envy such beautiful teeth

do you ever stop to think "How many of *my* 32 teeth are still sound?" How many have survived the mouth acids resulting from food fermentation . . . the acids which tear mildly yet savagely at the enamel until cavities start? It is not too late to check this destroyer! Your sound teeth *will remain sound* if you put Pebeco to work immediately. Pebeco stimulates the saliva flow, checking "acid-mouth" as it whitens the teeth. *Try it one week* . . . and you will realize its exceptional value.

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC.



(Continued from Page 72)

to the Crillon, from there to the Place de la Bastille, to the Quai d' Orsay, to the Arc de Triomphe, in yellow cabs, cherry-colored, black and white; all the while Barclay thinking desperately to discover a scheme by which he could have medical attention given to Porky without inviting catastrophe.

"I've got it!" he cried suddenly. "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"A professional nurse, to put that arm in shape. It's got to be done, Porky. No more nonsense. We're up against a very bad proposition. We're in Dutch with the whole police force of Paris."

"UH-HUH." Porky writhed in pain and remorse; in remorse, not because he had committed robbery, but because the notion had been all wrong. Instead of throwing a plank to Handsome, who, he believed, had gone through the ice he had thrown a hod of bricks!

Barclay began to quiz the cabby.

"Where can I find a nurse?"

"It is too late, monsieur."

"Think!" Barclay waved a hundred-franc note.

"The hospitals."

"No, no! Those nurses could not leave the hospitals."

"Wait, monsieur, wait!" The cabby started the car and shot toward the Seine.

"Where are you going?"

"To the Gare Montparnasse. I have a friend there whose sister was a nurse through the war."

"Five hundred francs between you if we can get her!"

Few trains leave or enter Paris at midnight. But the owls of the taxicab service often take their stands at the several stations, and profitably. Those out to do the town at night, and who cannot find a vehicle in the streets, are always sure of finding a taxi at some one of the stations. At the Montparnasse they had to wait half an hour for the return of the cabby whose sister had been a war nurse. This brother was enthusiastic over the promise of two hundred and fifty francs; but it was four o'clock in the morning! However, he would try.

The sister lived out near Père Lachaise, and it took a good deal of ringing to bring her to the window.

"What is wanted?"—sleepily.

"It is I, Gaston!" called out the cabby. And he explained the meaning of the visit.

"Where is the patient?"

"In George's cab."

"Bring him in. But wait five minutes."

When she appeared, a woman of forty, her face was still marked with sleep, but it was a grave and kindly face. The sensation of surprise had long ago been taken out of her.

BARCLAY explained that his friend had been wounded recently in a row over in Montmartre, and that they dared not go to a hospital because of the military, as they were absent without leave. Two looks satisfied the woman; one look into Barclay's handsome face and one look at the ribbon in his buttonhole. Citations still interested the Parisians; in a little while nobody anywhere would be interested.

When she saw Porky's arm she nodded. "Who took care of it?" she wanted to know.

"I did," answered Barclay.

"It was well done. But what has happened to it?"

"He was caught by a military policeman. But we escaped." Then he recanted part of the lie. "I have been discharged. It is my friend who is absent without leave. My apartment is in the Avenue Hoche. I will write the address. You will visit my friend every afternoon. I promise to pay you well."

"It is agreed, monsieur."

She fetched from another room a bag, something like a medico's, and shortly attacked her job in a manner which caused Barclay to sigh with relief. No more worry on that subject.

"All that is needed," she said after Porky carefully got into his coat, "is quiet. He must be kept quiet."

"For how long?"

"Three or four days, positively; a week would be better. It is not a very serious wound, but one it will take a long, long time to heal perfectly. Who extracted the bullet?"

"It went through. You will take the case?"

She looked into Barclay's eyes and nodded affirmatively. She knew, what he did not know, that she had no authority to take charge of this wounded man. It was a surgical case; and it was not lawful for her to handle it on her own initiative. But these were Americans who had helped to defend her country, and she could not refuse them. A soldier, wounded while he was absent without leave, and now in double misfortune. Eh, well; she would take the risk. She was very poor; and this handsome young man seemed to have plenty of money.

Barclay gave her a hundred francs as an earnest of more to come, wrote out his name and address with a feeling of perfect security, then with Porky departed for home.

For All of Your Friends

YOU have friends who like to dress smartly in the *mode*, who would enjoy having, each month, authentic and exclusive fashions from the leading Paris couturiers. You have friends who love to grow flowers, others who make entertaining a fine art, others who study constantly to beautify their homes, and others who give their leisure to the enjoyment of vigorous, modern fiction and authoritative articles.

Any of these friends will be grateful to you for the gift of a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL subscription, for the JOURNAL will not merely meet their special needs but will also provide them with pleasing entertainment.

"Handsome, yuh got a reg'lar bean under your kelly."

"It's a wooden nutmeg, Porky. But next week we'll go down to Fontainebleau and stay there till your arm is healed. No more nonsense. Tomorrow I'm going to see Miss Allison and tell her the whole story."

"What?"

"She's the one hope we have. She can call off the police. She drove an ambulance, Porky; and that kind of girl will at least give us twenty-four hours' start anyhow. Twenty-four hours will take us either to Genoa or to Antwerp."

"Ain't it funny," said Porky, "that I hadda punch that guy Dago Rossi?"

"I had to punch Holway and take the chrysoprase away from him. Couple of loons, both of us."

"Maybe it was the war. It kind o' let us both down somehow."

XXIV.

NO MENTION of the theft had yet appeared in any of the newspapers; but Barclay was not particularly reassured by this absence of facts. He and Porky had challenged a mighty and inexorable human mechanism; it would keep on moving toward them, and even if it never caught them it would always remember. From now on not for an instant to relax in vigilance, to keep one step ahead of the police in thought.

The following afternoon, at two-thirty, Barclay, immaculately dressed from his pearl-gray fedora to his pearl-gray spats, left Porky in the care of the nurse and proceeded upon what might be called his Via Dolorosa—to tell the girl the truth, the unbelievable truth, and then to say good-by to her forever. It was not enough that this series of incredible mishaps should happen to him; in the meantime he had to discover the one woman in the world. Half a dozen Pelions on half a dozen Ossas, as it were.

For this was the real thing. He was alive with it, hot and cold with it, timid and bold with it. Here was no dreamy exaltation, cloud walking. It did not matter that he had seen her but three times and spoken to her but once. He had loved a symbol, now he loved a woman. And *click!*—she became so immeasurably removed that she might be a Martian!

But Porky came first; there must be no side issues.

WHEN the concierge at the hotel in the Avenue d'Jéna saw him he smiled inwardly as well as outwardly. Another hundred francs was come to hand. Barclay presented his card.

"Ask if Miss Allison will see me." He spoke in English today.

Ha! thought the man of the keys; so then, they had met.

"Miss Allison is out of town, sir."

"Out of town?"—blankly.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know when she will return?"

"In about ten days, sir."

Barclay was at once disappointed and relieved. While he stood debating his next move, a beautiful gray-haired woman stepped out of the lift. She paused to draw on her gloves and observed Barclay's handsome profile.

"Do you know where Miss Allison is gone?" he asked.

"Tours, sir. She is visiting friends."

The woman by the lift exhibited startled eyebrows. And at the same moment the concierge saw her. Swiftly she made a sign for him to go on answering.

"What hotel?" went on Barclay.

"The Villa Fanny, a private residence just north of Tours, sir."

"Thanks." Barclay surrendered a hundred-franc note and departed.

"Jules!" said Mrs. Robinson.

"But, madame!"

"Yes, yes; I know. But you would have done the same thing if I hadn't signaled to you. How much did he give you?"

"A hundred francs," answered the flustered concierge. "He seems to be a gentleman."

"So he is. So was his father. And, Jules ——"

"Yes, madame."

"If he goes to Tours I will give you another hundred francs."

AND with this she passed out into the sunshine, leaving a much flabbergasted man. He had come into contact with ten thousand of these affairs and had never understood any of them!

Mrs. Robinson began to laugh. There was a double quality to this laughter. For the life of her she could not remember the errand she had set forth upon! Barclay. So startling a likeness to the father that she had instantly recognized him. So this was the young fellow who had followed Dick? And the pleasant malice of writing her niece that Barclay had called! But there was a bit of puzzlement. Why the shabby clothes in the Luxembourg and the exquisite regalia in the Avenue d'Jéna? Only a man with money equal to his taste would have been able to dress like this. Some kind of mystery. Dick had gone to Tours in a species of pique. And presently this handsome young fellow would go to Tours in search. Mrs. Robinson

(Continued on Page 76)

"A mixture of several flours makes *lighter, fluffier* pancakes"—

New facts about Aunt Jemima's old-time recipe

It is not new—this secret of giving pancakes a wonderful lightness and tenderness. It is a "knack" of combining four different flours that dates from old plantation days in the South.

But now Aunt Jemima's discovery has been confirmed by modern science. Tests made by experts have established it: *the mixture of several flours yields far lighter and fluffier, more tender pancakes.*

Just so, years ago in the South, Aunt Jemima added special amounts of corn, rye and rice flours to wheat flour in preparing her famous dainty pancakes.

And today your husband can have these same golden-brown, fluffy cakes with the old-time plantation flavor. Try Aunt Jemima's four flours—her entire recipe—*ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Grocers have it.

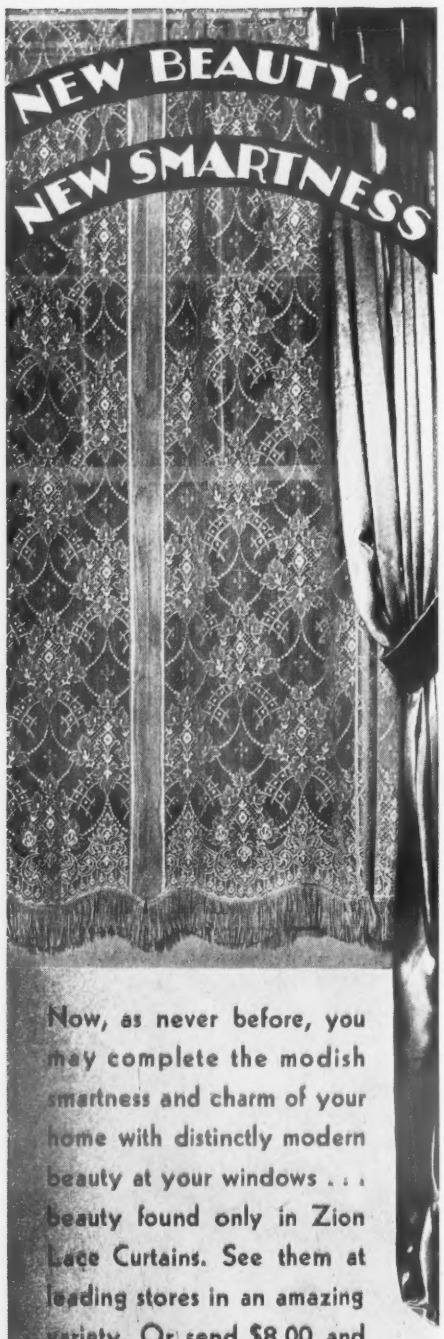
Simply add milk (or water) and stir. If Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour does not give complete satisfaction, your grocer will refund its purchase price.

FREE—*To get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail the coupon at the right.*

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. A-29, St. Joseph, Missouri. (Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.) ☐ Pancake sample ☐ Buckwheat sample.

Name.....

Address.....



Now, as never before, you may complete the modish smartness and charm of your home with distinctly modern beauty at your windows . . . beauty found only in Zion Lace Curtains. See them at leading stores in an amazing variety. Or send $8.00 and the name of your store for one pair of design illustrated No. 06532.

FOR MODERN WINDOWS

ZION

Lace Curtains & Nets

Mills owned and operated by
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale
Chicago New York

SEND 10c for booklet of "Modern Windows." Write name and address in margin below and send to Marshall Field & Co., Wholesale, P. O. Box 800, Chicago, Ill.

L11

(Continued from Page 74)

laughed again, this time because she remembered that she had started out to buy some embroidered hankies.

Barclay knew that it was cowardly to feel relieved that he must postpone his visit. Between now and her return some fortunate episode might turn up. At any rate, in ten days Porky would be a right man again and could be shipped home via Havre, leaving the god in the car—himself—further to wreck the celestial chariot, if so be. But the worst had happened; they were at the very bottom of the sack. If the chrysoprase was a hoodoo it must remain a hoodoo. On no consideration would he part with it. Lord, as a reformer he must be making the shade of Martin Luther shed bitter and copious tears!

His confidence in himself, however, was beginning to grow.

Tours. It might be a good notion for him and Porky to run down there for the final recuperation. The Paris Police would not be interested in Tours. He would hire or buy a touring car. The Villa Fanny. American friends of hers, no doubt.

He appreciated a somber fact, with something of a shock, that his mind had gone criminal—that is, it was thinking in criminal terms relative to escaping the net of the police. Perhaps it was a good thing. He would not get very far if he stopped to moralize over each expediency as it arose. From now on self-preservation was the only law he would recognize.

Because he loved green things he was become an outlaw. It was colossally funny—or would have been with some other fellow in his shoes!

XXV.

DICK was not in a card-playing mood after dinner. She frankly confessed her disinclination. And if it would not annoy them she would like to play the piano. A request which surprised everyone but her host, who was aware of her distinct talent; and tactfully he had not asked her to play, being somewhat familiar with the idiosyncrasies of pianists.

"We should all love to hear you, Dick," Morgan declared, pleased at the prospect of showing her off. "You won't bother us. On the contrary."

So Dick entered the darkened music room and began to improvise because her thoughts were such that she could not choose among her favorite composers. A moonbeam, slender and ghostly, touched the keys and her hands. The bidding came from the card room.

"No trump."

"Doubled!"

"Pass."

"Two hearts."

Dick smiled ironically. Cards—cards—cards! Golf—golf—golf! Playing both without her mind on either, all the time wondering what to do with the emeralds, which not one woman here had yet commented upon! The reason was clear: They knew that they were imitations and did not care to embarrass her with questions. It seemed to her that she was going from one windowless room to another, and each room more smothery than its predecessor. Oh, so many things she now saw clearly. She should have gone with Rolly to the police the morning after her arrival. She should have written to the prefect, Paris, and asked his advice. He had been charming to her that day at the Ritz tea dance.

SHE had done no wrong, committed no crime; and yet she felt criminal because she had neglected to see her duty at once. She had searched the newspapers. The silence in that direction had helped to befuddle her and make laggard her usually decisive thoughts.

Dick saw her predicament enlarging hourly. She could not say to the police now that she had just found the necklace. She had been wearing it!

A nocturne began to flow from her strong supple fingers; then a mazurka: a brilliant étude. The divine spark in her grew to flame. The present vanished; she was wandering in the Elysian fields. As she finished L'Après-midi d'un Faune, she dropped her hands from the keys, which were by now only dimly to be seen, the moonbeam having passed on. All at once she became aware of the silence in the card room. So she left the piano and peered curiously into the other room. The players were leaning back in their chairs, the cards scattered on the tables.

"Bravo, Dick!" cried Morgan, springing from his chair.

She made a curtsy in the doorway. Everybody began to applaud.

"Whose deal is it?" a male voice inquired when the beating of palms subsided.

With a laugh Dick turned back into the music room. She had been good enough to make them forget their cards for half an hour. But she did not go to the piano; that mood was gone, and she wouldn't have struck another note had Tiger Clemenceau himself asked her. She crossed the room to the window and looked out upon the night. She could see obliquely to the left the Loire, placidly wending its way to the sea.

SHE touched the cool green stones which encircled her neck. Always a little shiver of fear and delight when she saw or touched them. Two things—these jewels and that young man's face—they troubled her constantly.

By her side was a tall lamp. She pulled the key chain and raised the necklace so that she could see it. Lovely! Readily she could understand why men killed each other for them, why women stepped beyond the pale. There was an infernal magic attached to them: one minute they almost conquered her honesty; the next minute they lay about her neck with the feel of a cobra. She put out the light.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Bibi the Thruster to his companion, both of them hidden in the rose bushes, ten feet from the window. "You saw the stones?"

"Yes. But what's her game?"

"Who cares? Death of my life, those are real! That American pig would never have played his game with imitations. Some new trick, and we must find out what it is."

"And if we don't get them we are out three thousand francs."

"Bah! Are you white-livered? A few thousand francs for two or three millions! You play red and black, don't you? You win or lose, don't you? Well, we have put three thousand on the red; and now we wait for the ball to drop. They come out into the garden. The nights are still warm. Some night she may come out alone. In any event, she must take the train back to Paris. Whenever she goes and wherever she goes, we shall be near by. What's a week, a month, with a fortune ready to drop into our hands?"

"She is opening the window!"

"Hush!"

Dick threw open the window, but she did not step outside. She breathed in the perfumed night for a space, then withdrew. She was tired. She wanted to be alone. Once in her room, she took off the necklace and put it under her pillow.

"What in the world am I going to do?" she whispered. "It is driving me crazy!"

She undressed and got into bed. She would read herself to sleep. But the first paragraph in the chapter infuriated her.

"After all, love is not to be defined, is it? Has any one defined it? How can anyone, when there are millions of phases and definitions?"

Dick flung the offending volume into a far corner, turned off the reading lamp and laid her cheek on the pillow, under which smoldered a green volcano. . . . She had wanted something to happen!

XXVI.

IN THE office of the prefect of police. He was studying a report which should have been turned in

(Continued on Page 79)

YOUNG TEETH
need this care
MORNING and NIGHT

DO YOU KNOW that cleaning teeth is one of the important uses for Arm & Hammer Baking Soda? Dentists recommend it both for this purpose and as a mouth wash.

Used as a dentifrice Baking Soda both cleans and protects teeth. Its natural "bite" removes stains, discolorations and film without injuring the enamel. Its mild alkalinity neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay. To use, pour a quantity in the palm of the hand and pick it up on a moistened brush.

Baking Soda as a dentifrice is most economical. You can buy it at any grocery store. To make sure of the best, always ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

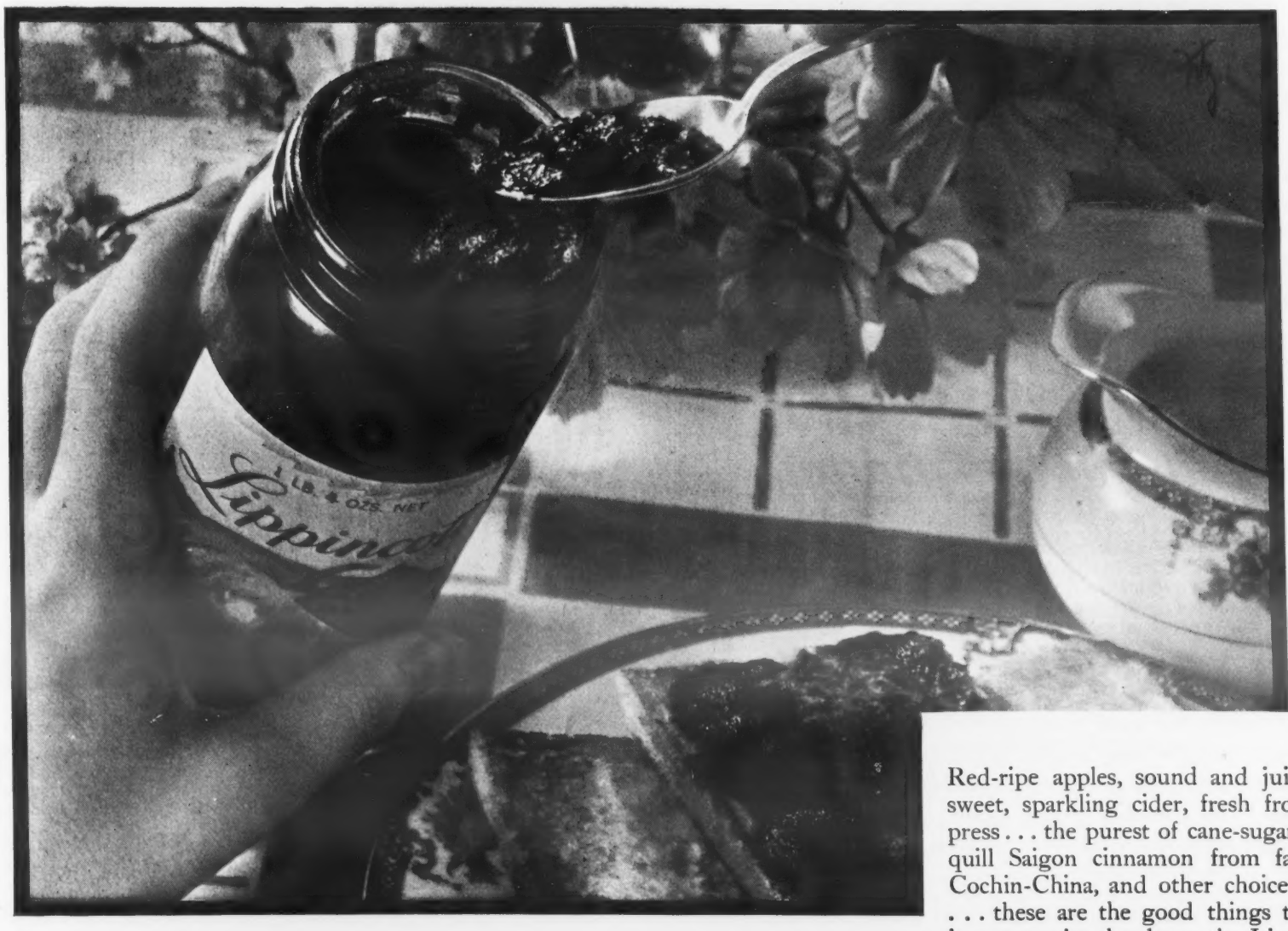
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.
[Please print name and address]

E-13
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

TASTE *it..just* TASTE *it!*



A chocolaty-brown conserve, suave and buttery . . . with an aroma to call forth visions of orchards basking 'neath summer suns . . . and a flavor that can't even be hinted at, in cold black and white.

YOU just have to taste Lippincott Apple Butter to discover how gloriously good it is. Fruity, mellow, caressingly smooth . . . with an elusive piquancy that you won't be able to describe even after you've tasted it.

No wonder the most apathetic appetite fairly whoops into enthusiastic action when Lippincott Apple Butter is on the menu. No wonder that a jar of Lippincott and fifteen minutes will turn a mere meal into a feast fit for connoisseurs.

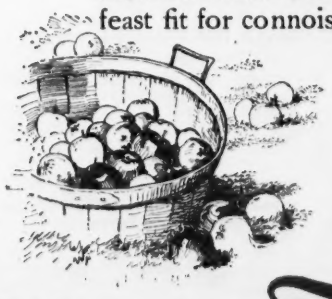
There are so many ways to serve this tasty treat. As a 'tween-meal spread for the children . . . as a flavory relish with meats, hot or cold . . . as a sandwich filling *de luxe* . . . as the soul and substance of a score or more of delicious dishes and desserts . . . cakes and cookies . . . and *perfect* pies . . . biscuits . . .

And so good *for you*

Lippincott Apple Butter is actively wholesome and richly nutritious.

Red-ripe apples, sound and juicy . . . sweet, sparkling cider, fresh from the press . . . the purest of cane-sugar, thin-quill Saigon cinnamon from far-away Cochin-China, and other choice spices . . . these are the good things that go into every jar that bears the Lippincott Apple Butter label.

Your grocer carries Lippincott Apple Butter, as *all* good grocers do . . . and shall we send you our book of apple butter recipes? It will give you a lot of ideas for meal-time surprises.



THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

© 1929, The L. Co.

Greater power *Greater* freezing speed *Greater* beauty

the famous "Cold Control" *and all for less money*

EVEN the lowest priced household Frigidaire now brings you the greater convenience of the "Cold Control". Instead of waiting for desserts and ice cubes to freeze at *average* speeds, you simply turn the lever of the "Cold Control". This results in intense cold in the freezing compartment . . . and shorter freezing time.

And no matter what the size . . . no matter how low the price . . . the Frigidaire you buy today has a surplus of power. Day and night you'll have refrigeration well below 50°. You can keep your kitchen as warm as you like and know that your foods are safe.

These added features actually cost you nothing. Frigidaire gives you *more* . . . but costs you *less*.

With power and safety and convenience, the new Frigidaire also brings greater beauty to your kitchen . . . exteriors of Tu-Tone Porcelain-on-steel . . . interiors of Porcelain-on-steel in gleaming white. And there is no exposed mechanism. Everything is inside the cabinet away from dust and dirt. Surfaces, inside and out, are as easily cleaned as chinaware.

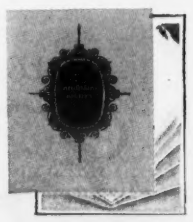
See for yourself the greater value offered by Frigidaire. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room. Get the low prices. Find out about General Motors liberal terms. In the meantime, mail the coupon for a complimentary booklet that gives you facts you'll want to know about electric refrigeration. We'll also send you a copy of the Frigidaire recipe book . . . free. Mail the coupon today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a **MILLION** *in use*

The Frigidaire "Cold Control"

Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment...without attention. The "Cold Control" enables you to control the temperature in the freezing compartment, speed the freezing of ice cubes and make a great variety of delicious desserts.



FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept. T-508, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send complimentary booklet and free copy of the Frigidaire recipe book.

Name.....

Address.....

If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 76)

promptly. Or rather the seriousness of the affair should have been recognized at the moment of its occurrence. A dried splotch of blood on the trouser leg of a policeman; recollection of the episode in the Rue de Liégé, hours too late. A retentive memory on the part of his brother officer alone saved the stupid one from dismissal.

Two young Americans in evening clothes, wearing military cross ribbons. Discovered, one leaning against the other. Cause, bad heart due to being gassed. Officer Picard had assisted the young man into a taxi. Later he had felt a moisture on his hand. He was between lights, so he could not tell what it was, wiped it against his trouser leg, and dismissed the episode from his mind. The descriptions had already gone into all the twenty *arrondissements*.

A lie had been given. The man had a wound; he had not been gassed. Thus the natural interpretation was that they were guilty of something. What, was the concern of the Prefecture. The wound might have been given that night, and they had been afraid to announce it. A war was not enough for these Americans; they went about picking quarrels in the streets. They might not be implicated in the affair Meller which was, to use an American word, stumping the Prefecture. But these boys must be caught and be made to explain. Every other known gunshot wound in Paris had been accounted for.

The affair Meller had not progressed an inch; and the Meller woman was becoming obnoxious with her letters and telephone calls.

But these Americans must be found and properly investigated. The job in the Avenue d' Jéna had been the work of an American.

BUT he would like to play a trick on that flaming Meller woman. She had powerful friends; but that did not make her any the less a nuisance.

A subordinate entered and laid a report on his chief's desk.

"It arrived this moment, monsieur."

"Good! I still have a few policemen who know their business."

"From the eighth *arrondissement*, monsieur."

The prefect waved his hand as a sign of dismissal and perused the new report. Really vital. Two Americans, living in a *pension* in the Boulevard Saint-Michel, near the Luxembourg. The two sets of descriptions tallied closely. Character above reproach. Honorably discharged privates, A. E. F. From Coblenz. John Adams Barclay and Patrick Mallory. War crosses with genuine citations. They had left the *pension* in the Boulevard the morning after the robbery in the Avenue d' Jena. Military discharge papers correct and genuine. Discharged, naturally they would not have to report anywhere. All of which could be verified at the provost marshal's in the Rue Ste. Anne. Private Barclay had possession of both discharge papers. Speaks the French language fluently. Seemed to be in a happy state of mind. An aristocrat. Private Mallory, gamin type grown up.

The prefect put the reports into the Meller cubby-hole, quite satisfied that he possessed a thread.

In the Avenue Hoche the following afternoon.

"The nurse says you're K. O. now, Porky—that is, if you're through punching M. P.'s."

"Believe me!" said Porky.

"From now on you can go out with me every day."

"That's *beaucoup grand*, big boy!"

"We'll walk down to the Place de la Concorde and back. Do you feel equal to it?"

"You tell 'em! But say, leave your luckstone on the mantel, will you?"

"Sink or swim, the luckstone goes with me. The tide is turning, Porky."

AS THEY turned into the Avenue Champs-Élysées both were in an exhilarated state of mind, due to the fact that the necklace had been returned. That part of the terror was gone.

It is generally so; it is when we are in a happy frame of mind that fate pushes a wall over on us.

"Holy mackerel!"

"What's up now?"

"There's your jane in green, lookin' into a show window!"

"Where?" cried Barclay, the blood surging into his throat.

"The Citroën window!"

Barclay looked in vain for Dick Allison. "But I see no woman in green!"

"Yuh poor boob, that's the jane in green yuh pointed out to me the day of the parade, the one I followed. That's her, I tell yuh."

"But, good Lord, that woman is in scarlet! I never saw her before that I can remember."

"Red me eye! Don't I know green when I see it? Let's beat it!"

Red—green! Green—red! Suddenly Barclay's stomach seemed to pass out of him utterly, through the soles of his shoes. It was now that Barclay understood to the full the calamity which had befallen them.

Porky was color-blind! And Dick Allison was in Tours with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of green T. N. T. in her possession!

(To be Concluded)

MODERN TRAMP: "WE'RE SUNK, BOYS; ME LIGHTER WON'T WORK!"

June Collyer, screen beauty, says:

"Enrich your beauty with Really Natural Rouge"

You Can Have Color which seems your own . . . but *do you?* Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as *deep and rich as you desire.*

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of *you*, "She has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that *is* a thought!

Always Complimented. Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

How Color Comes to Life. *Any* harsh, *flat* color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*. This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within*. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

And Now the Beautiful Princess Pat Summertan Shade. To the famous group of six Princess Pat shades has been added the "magic seventh." This is Princess Pat *Summer*tan—fashion's favorite for the tremendously popular sun tan mode. Princess Pat *Summer*tan Rouge gives instantly the accent to perfect tan—just where you want it. In *Summer*tan, as in actual tan, are the soft, dusky, golden tints and the note of lovely amber with ruby tints showing through. There is the same beautiful clearness found in actual tan; for the rich gypsy coloring gives perfect illusion of coming from within the skin.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop shows all seven shades.

PRINCESS PAT

Princess Pat, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

For that Modern Sun Tan make-up use Princess Pat Creme *Summer*tan on face, neck, limbs and back. Enjoy the thrill of beautiful "burnless" tan instantly. Now, gaily accent the cheeks with that glowing, dusky Princess Pat *Summer*tan Rouge. Glorious! Then follow with exclusive Princess Pat *Summer*tan Powder. You will be amazed at the heightening of your beauty through this marvelously perfect tan make-up.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept. 82-B
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

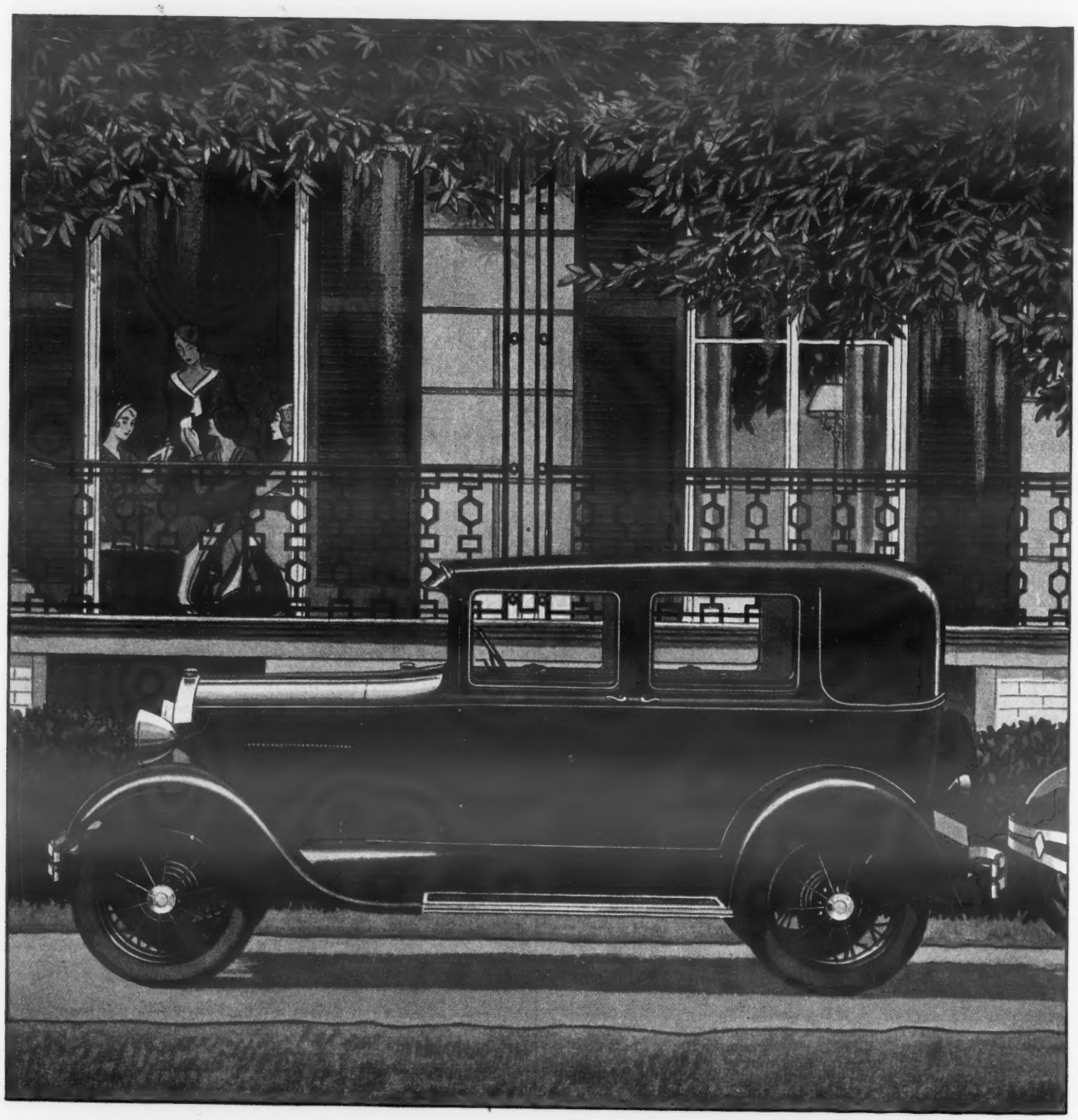
☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer*TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

☐Name (Print).....

Address.....

City..... State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each



THE FORDOR SEDAN

The Ford is an unusually strong and sturdy car

THE FORD is an unusually strong and sturdy car because of the enduring quality that has been built into every part. Of special importance to the woman motorist is the extensive use of steel—not only in the chassis but also for the body. Beneath its beautiful finish are a substantial ruggedness and a carefully planned strength of construction that add a great deal to the safety of motoring.

Today, more than forty different kinds of steel are used in the Ford—each particular kind being selected and perfected to fit the particular needs of each part.

Seven kinds of steel are used in the transmission alone, because research and experience have proved that seven kinds of steel will give much greater efficiency and reliability than one or two.

There is no limit to selection—no thought that any certain steel must be made to do for several parts to save expense. The Ford policy has always been to use the best possible material for each part and then, through large production, to give it to the public at low cost.

Such high quality of material has a direct bearing on the performance of the Ford car. Throughout it has been designed to give you many thousands of miles of faithful service. In comfort, in safety, in economy, in reliability—in all that goes to make a good automobile—it represents a value far above the price you pay.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Miss Dale Learns to Laugh

(Continued from Page 24)

deal about what I might call the outside work. You've been engaged with producing the goods; but my job is to sell them, and so ——"

"I've done a little of that," Miss Dale interrupted quietly. "The first contracts with both the Fox and the Corchoran automobile people for supplying the entire textile furnishings of closed cars ——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted in turn, but with some impatience. "That was before I took my present position here, but I've been told that you were instrumental in securing the original contracts, and of course that's greatly to your credit, Miss Dale. What you probably don't understand is the fact that getting renewals of those contracts continually as they expire, which is an extremely important part of my job, has grown more complicated and difficult every year. You people here inside the factory have all the best of it, because what I'm up against outside is dirty work at the crossroads—dirty work that goes on all the time."

"Dirty work?" she repeated, evidently at a loss for his meaning. "You're speaking figuratively, Mr. Frazier?"

"Figuratively? No, I certainly am not! I mean real, honest-to-goodness dirt—underhand fighting and hitting below the belt. Probably you haven't the slightest idea of how fierce the competition has grown or to what lengths our sharpest competitors have been going."

"You mean they haven't been fair and honest?"

"My soul!" Frazier said, and laughed helplessly. "What did Mr. Farrier tell you, before he left, about the Abercrombie plush people? Anything?"

"He said they were after our contracts with the Fox and Corchoran companies, yes; but he didn't seem very apprehensive that they could be got away from us, Mr. Frazier."

"Didn't he? Well, he'd better have been, because it looks to me as if they might pretty near have the Corchoran contract away from us right now, and they're wolfing after the Fox every hour of the day. They've got me scared to death! If we fall down on either of 'em, I guess you anyhow know the size of the dent it'd put in us, Miss Dale."

MISS DALE'S eyes widened; undoubtedly he had startled her. "But of course we aren't going to fall down!"

"Aren't we? Perhaps I'd better tell you a little more about what I mean by dirty work at the crossroads. Do you know the story the Abercrombie people are working against us about the goods we've been supplying both Fox and Corchoran?"

"Story—no," she said wonderingly. "We're giving them the best and most durable quality of goods that can be made in that class, and naturally the goods speak for themselves. What could any 'story' have to do with that?"

"What could it?" he inquired with sarcasm. "Well, for one thing, it could just about put us out o' business. The trouble with you, Miss Dale, is that you think success means simply making the best product in the market, and that people can be counted on to appreciate it. Well, that's a long way from the facts, because it leaves competition out of consideration."

"Not if we make better goods than our competitors do, Mr. Frazier—and see that they're properly advertised."

"My soul!" he exclaimed, and he laughed in despair of her understanding. "Listen! The cafeteria where I used to eat my lunch last year was put out o' business absolutely by one of the customers finding a dried, dead mouse in a raisin pie. The customer sued the proprietor, got damages, and the newspapers had a lot of fun out of the suit; but after that everybody ate at Partridge's, just across the street. They say Partridge gave a hundred dollars to have that mouse put there, and he made a good thing out of it."

Miss Dale was somewhat painfully amused. "But such petty ——"

"Do you suppose no petty and nasty tricks are played in bigger businesses? Well, here's what the Abercrombie people are doing to us right now: They've got a story that our dyes rot our fabrics after a few months' use; they say our stuff looks fine when it's first put into a car, but that it goes to pieces within a very short time and makes the car owners sore with the automobile manufacturers."

"But that's nonsense! Our fabrics will outwear ——"

"Certainly they will; they'll outwear anything else anywhere near their class on the market. You needn't tell me what they'll outwear, because it's my business to talk that stuff, and what I talk I know. But what the goods'll actually do isn't going to stop a story like that, once the story gets to going the rounds." Here, as she still looked incredulous, he leaned forward and became argumentative. "Listen! You think it's what goods actually are that sells 'em; but if you'll take another think about that you'll realize that what sells goods is what people believe those goods are. If the Fox and Corchoran companies believe the Abercrombie story about our stuff, we're in just as big a hole as if the stuff actually was rotten, aren't we?"

"Yes, but they certainly wouldn't believe a story coming from a competitor trying to damage us."

"Listen, Miss Dale! I know where that story comes from as well as I know where I'm sitting right now; but you don't spose Abercrombie's been crude enough to give me a chance to prove it on him in the open, do you?"

She shook her head, unconvinced. "Even so, our customers wouldn't believe it, because we can prove it isn't true."

"Listen!" Frazier said again, increasing his emphasis. "They already do kind o' believe it, for the simple reason that they've got it into their heads, like most people, that where there's so much smoke there must be some fire. The Abercrombie crowd have been mighty industrious circulating their story, let me tell you, and they're a pretty smart little bunch o' men, Miss Dale! It's only about three weeks since I first began to get on to what they were doing, and since then that story's been going like a prairie fire. Once you get a thing like that well started ——"

THE DISCOMPOSURE WAS ALL HIS. MISS DALE HAD NONE OF IT, AND WENT SO FAR AS TO APPEAR UNAWARE THAT HE WAS IN DIFFICULTIES

"ARE you sure you're not an alarmist, Mr. Frazier?" she asked, though obviously she was disturbed. "In the first place, it's very difficult for me to believe that a reputable concern would lend countenance to a libelous rumor. I don't know Mr. Francis Abercrombie personally, but he's an important contributor to charities and public movements. It doesn't seem possible that he ——"

"Doesn't it? Well, I don't know that he invented the story himself; but he's certainly lent a whole lot of countenance to having his smart boys pass it around. What's more, just having it passed around isn't all Mr. Frank Abercrombie is contenting himself with countenancing. You don't know how these things are worked, Miss Dale, so I'll just hand you a confidential detail that I picked up this morning. I got it from a friend of mine that's a dealer in Corchoran cars; but it's all under your hat, please—I'll tell you why. This dealer said to me, with a funny kind of smile, 'Looks like Abercrombie might get something away from you Farrier folks,' he said. Then I asked him what he knew, and he told me he had an

(Continued on Page 84)

Women play a big part in establishing

ALL CHRYSLER MOTORS STANDARDS

An ever-determining factor in all Chrysler Motors policies, plans and products has been to produce automobiles that would appeal to the requirements and preferences of the present-day feminine motorist.

Her taste, her sense of style, have guided and inspired the work of Chrysler Motors artists, designers and decorators. Her demands for comfort and ease have largely influenced the procedure of Chrysler Motors engineers and craftsmen. Her need of maximum security and absolute reliability has lifted Chrysler Motors standards of care and precision to even higher levels. It is no exaggeration to say that scarcely a policy affecting either design or construction is adopted by this organization without first giving consideration to that all-important member of the Chrysler Motors advisory staff—the Woman Driver.

So in the new Dodge Brothers Six, as well as in all other products of Chrysler Motors in every price-group—body lines, color treatments, inner refinement, mechanical features—all reveal the unmistakable influence of the feminine owner and driver.

It is only natural, therefore, with woman so decisive a factor in the creation of Chrysler Motors cars, that she should also be a tremendous factor in their popularity.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

All branches on the same tree;
all growing out of the Chrysler root principle
of Standardized Quality

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "77" · CHRYSLER "70" · CHRYSLER "66"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX · DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS · · CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

B E T T E R P U B L I C S E R V I C E

THE NEW
TWO-DOOR SEDAN

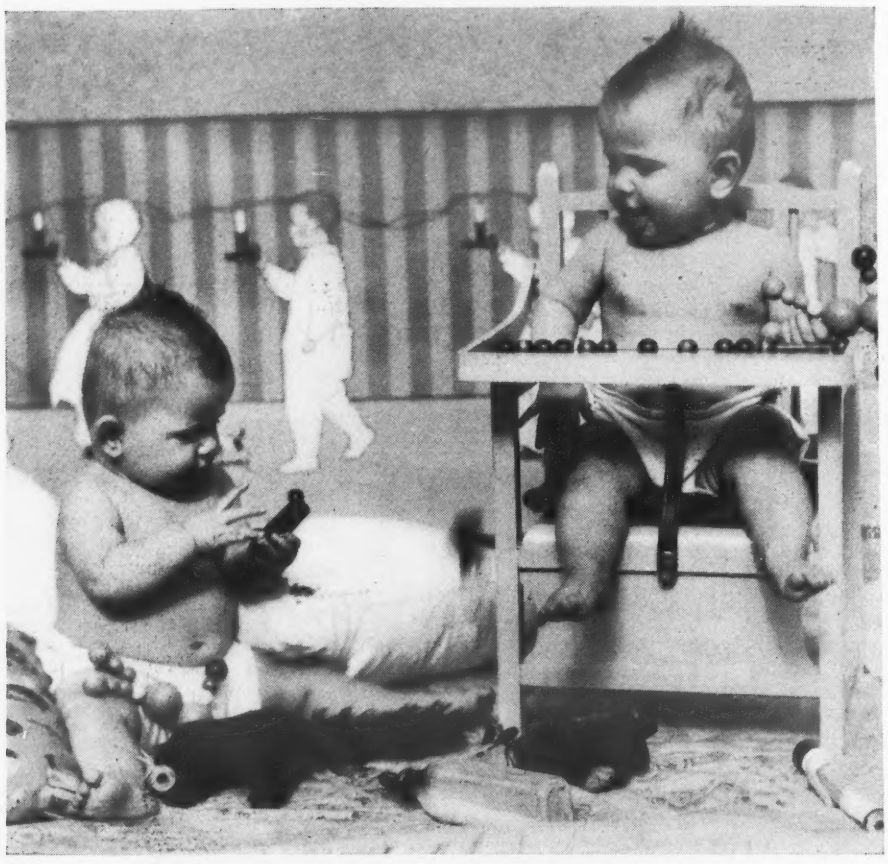
WOMEN LOVE TO DRIVE IT

Women choose the new Dodge Six with confidence because it bears the honored name of Dodge Brothers. They *drive* it with confidence, under all conditions of traffic and travel, because it handles and controls so simply and surely. It is easy for feminine hands to turn sharp corners with the Dodge steering gear—to flash nimbly around other automobiles on crowded streets—to park in spaces scarcely larger than the Dodge Six itself—easy for feminine feet to operate the clutch as well as to apply the "soft", sure-action internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. Above all, it is easy for *anyone* to own this charming car. Its first price is surprisingly moderate—its maintenance cost practically negligible—and its operation expense extremely low.

CONVENIENT TERMS

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



"If you'll put down that toy, Brother Bill, and listen. . I'll tell you a secret. It seems that this powder Mother's been using lately is made especially for us — only think! I knew it was different. . it's so soft and fine. That's why we're not chafed any more, Mother says. . . . That's why we're so comfortable too, I'll bet. . . and maybe that's why you're so much better behaved!". .

(THE CHIEF CHEMIST SAYS. . . .)

BABY powders are different—largely because of the difference in *talcs*. The costly Italian talc used in Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used for some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope, and you can feel it yourself, this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then try another powder. You'll know, soon enough, if it's made with inferior talc!

Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Ask your dealer also about Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream

Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS:
"ZO" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

FREE SAMPLES: *Let us send you a generous free sample of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we'll include free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream—two other products important to a baby's comfort. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. LC., Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

(Continued from Page 81)

intimate friend who's one of Abercrombie's smart young men and had been hinting to him about a pretty nice present he could get if he'd find that his customers were complaining of holes wearing awful easy in the plush seats and cloth linings of their Corchoran cars. You don't suppose propositions like that are made without Mr. Frank Abercrombie's knowing it, do you, Miss Dale?"

"What? Why, he daren't do such a thing!"

"Daren't he? The answer is that he did."

"Then he'll be in trouble," she said sharply. "If you're sure of the facts I'll take them to Mr. Farrier's lawyers."

FRAZIER sighed deeply and, with an air of helpless patience, explained: "No; because, in the first place, I promised to regard the talk as confidential, and the dealer would protect his friend even if I'd be willing to break my word to him; he was just giving me a tip under the hat because he's a friend of mine. Besides, we don't want it put in the papers that we're fighting mad because somebody says our dyes rot our goods. All that'd do would be to make the public think maybe they did. No, Miss Dale, this can't be a legal fight."

"But you don't dream that we're going to submit ——"

"Listen!" Frazier said earnestly. "Our contract for Fox cars doesn't expire for three months; but the Corchoran contract runs out the fifth of next month, a couple o' days after Mr. Farrier gets back, and it'd be a fine welcome-home present for him to find that the Corchoran people weren't going to renew, wouldn't it! So we got to concentrate on the Corchoran, and my idea is to make a pretty wide canvass of Corchoran car owners and get a great number of testimonials to the wearing quality of our seats and linings. It'll be expensive and I'll have to get you to authorize the output for it; but that's only the first step, because you have to remember that one damnation will always counteract a million hallelujahs. If you were selling a remedy that cured half the country of rheumatism but the story got around that one family died of the remedy, you couldn't sell another bottle. The important thing I want to do is to try to blow the Abercrombie goods clean out of water. If they can start stories about us, there's no reason we can't reciprocate with a few about them. All I need from you is a little carte blanche covering campaign expenses and ——"

"No!" Miss Dale spoke decisively; her color had heightened and her blue eyes were bright with anger. "Not a cent, Mr. Frazier!"

"What!" he cried. "But look here ——"

"I WON'T spend a penny of Mr. Farrier's money in such a campaign, and I take the full responsibility, Mr. Frazier. The petty and cheap dishonorable practices that you've been describing can't possibly prevail against us. I admit they're enraging, because it's enraged me merely to hear about them; but they're also laughable. No intelligent person ——"

"Well, then, what are you going to do about it? You expect to do something, don't you?" He paused, and then added, as if doubtfully, "Or do you?"

At this, Miss Dale's color, already high, increased its area; she again emphasized the fact that officially she was his superior. "This is all the time I have for you this afternoon, Mr. Frazier," she said. "I may send for you tomorrow." And she rather abruptly turned away from him to concentrate her attention, apparently, upon her desk.

"All right," he said desperately, rising. "There's mighty little time left to work in; but then of course time isn't of great consequence to everybody! I'll just remind you, though, if you please, Miss Dale, that you've stated you take the full responsibility. Is that correct?"

"Quite," she replied, not moving.

"All right, I've said my say!" he muttered, and he stalked out of the room, even more acutely rebellious than he had been when he entered it. Outside, he paused to pick up his hat from where he had left it on McCombs' desk. "Fine!" he said morosely. "Women in business! My soul!"

"You don't find 'em satisfactory?" McCombs inquired dryly. "You don't believe their executive ability is ——"

"What kind of ability?" Frazier interrupted, and the frown upon his brow was heavily sardonic. "Look here, McCombs. Don't get too warmly attached to that desk of yours, unless you're prepared to bid it in when it's put under the hammer at the receiver's auction sale!" His voice became louder and more vehement with the stress of pessimistic emotions. "Because, as sure as you sit there, this establishment'll be in the hands of a receiver, unless someone goes in yonder and poisons that little yaller-haired ——"

"Hush!" McCombs warned him in a nervous whisper. "Look out!"

The assistant general manager's door had opened, and Miss Dale emerged decisively. She walked quickly through the room, through the outer offices and out into the factory yard. Here, in a parking space reserved for the automobiles of the factory employes, she strode to a little blackly shining closed car, jumped in, then drove out through the wide gateway and swiftly down the glistening wet street that led straight to the long, brick buildings of the Abercrombie factory.

II.

THERE can be no doubt that she acted too impulsively or that a man, under the same circumstances, would have kept his head better than she did. Moreover, although nine years of steady, intelligent work had made her a capable executive inside the factory, the worried Frazier had merely stated the fact when he said that her business experience had been entirely within the walls; nor was this by any means the whole story of the disadvantage under which she was called upon to meet an emergency novel to her. Not even realizing that she was at a disadvantage, she sallied unarmed into battle, aware neither that weapons were necessary nor, indeed, that battle impended. Frazier had convinced her that there was indeed "dirty work at the crossroads" on the part of Mr. Abercrombie's "smart young men" but not that this eminent gentleman himself countenanced such work or knew of it. In a high state of indignation, and even of temper, she had debated only momentarily after Frazier left her, then sped straightway to set her complaint before an antagonist whom her own honor required her to believe honorable.

Mr. Francis Abercrombie, a tall and robust man of forty, handsome of feature, obviously thoughtful of dress, and admirably a portrait for framing in a club window, permitted himself to express a little surprised amusement when his secretary brought him the card of the visitor, with a request for an immediate audience. Mr. Abercrombie whimsically read aloud the inscription on the card, "'B. Dale, Assistant General Manager, Farrier Textile Company.' Dear me! Here's an honor—old Br'er Rabbit Farrier's young lady protégé that pretty well runs the factory for him, so we hear tell! Bring her right in, Barry; all other business'll have to wait until I've had the pleasure of ascertaining B. Dale's needs. Pass her right along."

"RIGHT you are, sir! Cheerio!" the secretary returned merrily, and, joining in with his employer's mood, like a good servitor, departed grinning.

Mr. Abercrombie was not unfamiliar with rumors concerning the appearance of the young lady known to be yearly more and more powerful in the Farrier industries.

(Continued on Page 86)

DANGER AHEAD . . . WINTER . . .

Protect yourself against COLDS *and* SORE THROAT

EVERY year thousands die as a result of neglected colds and sore throat. Thousands more suffer from these complaints needlessly. Many cases might have been averted by proper preventive measures.

Colds, sore throat, influenza and more serious diseases usually develop in the mouth. They are caused by germs which breed there by the millions. When body resistance is lowered by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature and fatigue, these germs get the upper hand. Disease follows.

It must be apparent to you, as it is to physicians, that the more you can do to combat germ growth in the mouth, the greater your chance of health.

Therefore, as an aid in preventing sore throat and colds, gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, twice a day at least. And should colds or sore throat get a start, repeat the gargle as often as convenient. The reason for this is obvious.

Full strength Listerine, though safe and healing in action, kills germs. The deadly Bacillus typhosus (typhoid) yields to it in twelve seconds. The dread Pneumococcus (pneumonia) and the equally dangerous Streptococcus succumb in fifteen seconds. Even Staphylococcus aureus (pus), the most difficult non-sporing germ organism to kill, yields to it.

This has been incontrovertibly established by bacteriological laboratories of national repute, using methods recognized as standard by the U. S. Government.

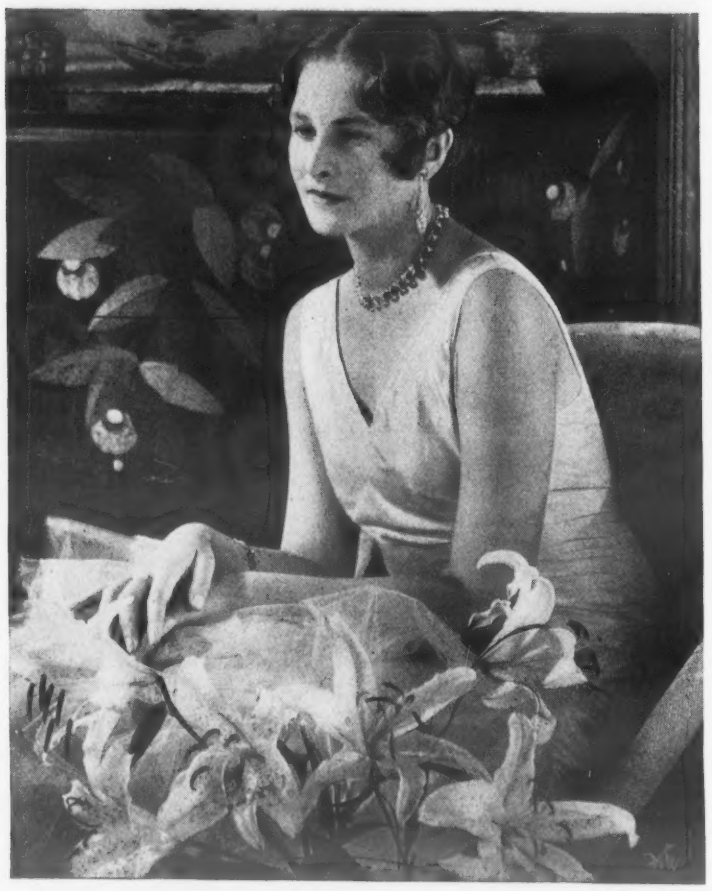
Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and, at the first symptom of trouble, use it until your physician comes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

The radiant charm of *true cleanliness*



TRUE cleanliness comes only through attention to the little details of the toilette often neglected. Beautiful clothes and dainty cosmetics cannot simulate the charm of the woman who gives her body meticulous care.

Feminine hygiene incorrectly practised may do more harm than good. But it need not be misunderstood. A woman physician has written a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It gives *professional* facts and rules. It is offered to you, free, by the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Just send the coupon below.

But while waiting for the booklet do not follow mistaken advice. Do not experiment. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Standard for 40 years, it is used by hospitals and physicians. Explicit directions with every bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant

Sole Distributors:

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*, Department 260, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

(Continued from Page 84)

He greeted her cordially, even gallantly, when she came walking quickly into the office. "I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Dale," he said, closing the door. "I've heard so much about you, it wouldn't be going too far to say I'm quite excited, indeed, and I trust you're going to do me the pleasure of staying long enough to occupy the best chair this dreary place of business affords."

His manner was a little more than she had expected, evidently; but she murmured "Thank you!" and accepted the heavy leather chair that he offered her. He had pushed it near the wooden swivel chair at his desk, where he seated himself; and then, leaning forward, he said, with a little flourish of benevolent humor, "Of course it's too much to hope that you've come because the Farrier interests offer you too small a field and your talents might be secured for our own great benefit here, Miss Dale; I know I mustn't look forward to any such happy prospect, but I do trust that at least this conference will lead to others. If that depends upon me ——"

"Mr. Abercrombie," she interrupted uneasily, and with some awkwardness, "I'm here on a business matter and ——"

"Naturally!" he said affably. "I could hardly dare hope that ——"

SHE interrupted him again: "I'll put it before you as briefly and plainly as I can. It's about the renewal of the Farrier contracts with the Corchoran and Fox companies."

"Yes?" he said, smiling. "Then it's to such a dismal matter as contracts that I owe the pleasure ——"

"You want to get those contracts away from us, Mr. Abercrombie," she said quickly. "That's a matter of course and entirely proper; I'm not here to find fault with your motive or to quarrel with you because you do what any competitor would naturally do. It's our business to keep the contracts if we can, and yours to get them if you can. If you can offer the Corchoran company a better contract than we can, why, you win and we lose, and that's all there is to it. As a matter of fact, we know that you can't do it, and we're not worrying on that score at all. What I came here to talk to you about is the conduct of some of your subordinates in the competition for the Corchoran contract particularly. They're doing things in your name that I've been unable to believe you would permit them to do. I know that high-minded men sometimes have overzealous and unscrupulous subordinates, and I'm sure that I only need to bring it to your attention that ——"

"BELIEVE me," he interrupted, without any change in the beaming affability of his manner, "I could only be grateful to even the most nefarious of practices if they led to your bringing them to my attention!"

"I hope you're not grateful to the practices I'm talking about," she said with some sharpness. "We have accurate information, Mr. Abercrombie, that people in your employ have been spreading a story to the effect that the dyes we use injure the wearing quality of our fabrics; we know that this deliberately libelous falsehood is being used to prevent the renewal of our automobile contracts; we know that your people are even putting the pressure of bribery upon Corchoran dealers, trying to get them to send in lying complaints of our fabrics. That's what I came here to tell you, believing that you wouldn't stand for it and that you would no more be anything except an open, just and fair competitor than we would, ourselves. Mr. Abercrombie, will you investigate the truth of this charge I'm bringing against your agents? When you find out the atrocious things that are being done in your name, I don't think that I, or anybody else, need ask you to put a stop to them."

She had spoken earnestly, almost impassionedly, and, although his persistent gallantry of manner had disquieted her a little, she had expected that her revelation would produce within him an indignation either with his tricky agents or perhaps, at first, with herself for bringing such an accusation against them; but to her utter bafflement he broke into incongruous and disconcerting laughter. "You are perfectly delicious!" he said, with the subsidence of his mirth. "You don't think it's possible, I suppose, that the stuff your dear old man Farrier turns out is actually pretty shoddy and does go to pieces rather abruptly when reckless people sit on it or rub it with their elbows?"

"WHAT!" she cried, and her color rose hotly. "Do you suppose I don't know better than that when I've been nine years in the factory! I know every inch of fabric ——" Suddenly she interrupted herself in this outraged defense and uttered a sharp, short cry of wonderment. "Oh! I see!" And she sat staring at him.

Mr. Abercrombie returned her wide gaze with bland amusement. "I wish I could hope you'd see something as pleasant as I do," he said. "Really, it has elements of comedy—your bothering your charming little head about a lot of dull old automobile plush seats and cloth linings, and the deleterious dyes that ruin 'em. You're a funny girl!" He laughed again and leaned a little closer to her. "Do you realize, yourself, how funny you are, and how amusing it is to see you sitting in that enormous office chair instead of upon a delicate Louis Seize sofa? That's where you ought to be, you know, with a pretty little French table at your elbow, and a chevalier, in a white wig, brocades and diamond buckles, bending over you. By George! I shouldn't mind wearing that costume myself, if you ——"

She sprang up. "Mr. Abercrombie, will you be kind enough to take me seriously for a moment? I suppose that's difficult for you, because I was fool enough to think you weren't behind that lie yourself!"

"DEAR me, what plain language!" he exclaimed, and, not rising, looked at her admiringly. "I promise not to mind it, though, if you'll sit down again. How am I going to take you seriously if you jump up like that and accuse me of horrid crimes and outrages?"

"It's true!" she exclaimed, breathing rapidly. "I ought to have taken our own man's word for it. He knew what he was talking about when he said it couldn't be done unless you were behind it. I do wonder, though, just how you dare, Mr. Abercrombie!"

He affected an expression of gravity. "What is it you think takes so much daring on my part, Miss Dale? Believe me, I am the timidest of men! And surely you don't suspect that I or any of my people would circulate a rumor injurious to a competitor, even if the rumor were well founded? Don't you think it's probable that if the Corchoran company is dissatisfied with your product it's because of complaints from Corchoran dealers and their customers? My dear young lady, you can see for yourself how anxious I am to win the slightest way into your good graces; but you can hardly expect me to keep your dyes from wearing holes in Farrier plush, can you?"

Her eyes flashed. "If I were a man you wouldn't mock me like this!"

"Oh, dear me, that's the last thing I'd think of attempting," he protested; and she saw that he had ado to restrain his laughter. "That's a much more serious accusation than the other, Miss Dale!"

"I think not. I'll take a different ground with you now, Mr. Abercrombie. I understand how absurd it was of me to come here expecting you to deal with us on a higher plane than that evidently familiar

(Continued on Page 88)

5 *out of every* 6 who brush their teeth

Have already tested this delightful modern tooth paste. Its quicker, combined results may pleasantly surprise you, too.

©W. B. M. 1929

Why, do you suppose, millions—including most dentists—prefer DR. WEST'S *Toothbrushes?*

This is a quicker, more immediate dentifrice success than any other of which we know.

To people who really want the best available care for their teeth, it may suggest something valuable.

Our figures are approximate, but accurate to the best of our judgment. About 6 million American families brush their teeth. Ten million tubes of this modern tooth paste were sold during its first 100 days.

It suggests a test

Doubtless you now prefer one of the good, standard dentifrices. You *may* continue to prefer it, after a test of DR. WEST'S. Or... *this test may pleasantly surprise you.*

For here is a tooth paste produced by the best modern knowledge and skill. It is backed by the name and reputation—*worth millions!*—of DR. WEST'S Toothbrush makers.

* * *

It acts with uncommon speed. Combines all the desirable results you have sought.

Two-fold polishing (not scouring!) really brightens teeth quickly.

Your mouth is delightfully cooled and refreshed, each time you use it.

Acid conditions are instantly neutralized. Gums are invigorated and protected (no harsh, coarse particles). Staining, sticky deposits are dissolved and removed by purest vegetable cleansers. Every tiny crevice is washed by the generous, cleansing foam.

Try it. See what it *does*. Then see what *you think.*

TO GET A TUBE FREE

{large 25c tube; not a sample}

At your favorite store, today, you are entitled to the large 25c tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste, FREE, with the purchase of a 50c DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. Test it, and judge by results. (This offer good in Canada, also.) The WESTERN COMPANY, U. S. A.

And this offers another way to make a test

FREE—20 BRUSHINGS

THE WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....LHJ 1129

SIMONIZ YOUR CAR

Protects the finish

MAKES IT LAST LONGER

WHEREVER YOU GO YOU see Simonized cars. And you cannot help but notice them, for even after years of driving they still look so new and distinctively beautiful.

"Every car should be Simonized" . . . millions of motorists will tell you. The sooner you Simoniz your car the better, for the finish needs the protection that Simoniz provides, to guard it from injury. Then, in Winter, as well as in Summer, season after season, your car will always look new and beautiful for Simoniz makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

You will enjoy Simonizing your car . . . it's fun. Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans and quickly restores the lustre to the finish. Then, Simoniz provides that beautiful and lasting protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Simoniz your car . . . and it will always look bright and new.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

Easily Applied With a Cloth

(Continued from Page 86)

to you. I understand now what you're willing to do to get the Corchoran contract away from us, and you feel safe because you think we can't prove what your methods are. You don't dread exposure at all; but I suggest your thinking a little about it, because I warn you we can show that people in your employ are going about repeating the story that our dyes ——"

"Dreadful!" he said, and again laughed outright. "What will you do to them, Miss Dale? Have them arrested as common gossips?"

For a moment she could only stare at him, nonplused, furious, helpless and knowing herself to be helpless against him. Her chagrin was the greater because she had long taken herself seriously as an "experienced business woman" and had innocently, as she saw now, expected business men to accept her upon that footing strictly. But from the first instant of her interview this suave and handsome personage all too plainly had no consciousness of her except as a "pretty woman." Not only did he take her to be a "pretty woman;" he took her to be a light one, a pretty little idiot to whom a conquering man condescends to make love; for, as she stood, enraged, confused and helpless, he rose and stepped close to her.

"BY GEORGE!" he said. "When you look like that, with a whole springtime sunrise making your face into a rose, I don't wonder old Br'er Rabbit Farrier tries to convince you that you're a grand little assistant business manager! Who wouldn't want to keep such a jewel where he could look at it all the time?"

Then, as she stepped quickly away from him, moving toward the door, her strongest feeling—stronger even than her sharp disgust—was mortification. "No wonder that such a thing could happen to me, since I was so ignorant a little fool as to let myself in for it!" This was her thought; but she did not speak.

"Dear me! You're not going?" he said, following her. "You haven't the heart to leave me with a long, drizzly afternoon on my hands and not a thing to do, have you?" He looked at her winningly; then once more laughed outright. "Good heavens, what a serious look you're wearing! Don't you ever brighten up just a wee bit, you dear, darling little ——"

"Open the door," she said huskily, but in a tone recognizably dangerous.

With unimpaired blandness he yielded. "I'll live in the hope that it's only au revoir," he assured her, and as she strode by him she heard once more the hateful laughter of his deep and rich voice. Evidently he remained upon the threshold staring after her, still humorous; and the secretary, Mr. Barry, at work in the anteroom, was inspired to make clear, by means of a giggle, that he shared his chief's amusement. With her head borne high, but with hot humiliation in her heart, Belinda Dale passed on through this and the farther offices, then out to the street.

III.

WHAT remained with her, when the sense of personal humiliation had deadened and passed, was a horror of the Abercrombie kind of cold-blooded unscrupulousness as a factor in business; she found it incredible that trickery so affronting to intelligence might hope for any success, and yet the impatient Frazier showed every day greater anxiety, and pressed her more ardently for the carte blanche he believed might be effective. "The Abercrombie story is gaining ground against us all the time," he said. "You can't trace it to 'em—not so you could prove it, I mean—but it's getting smeared all over everywhere, and yet you keep me chained up so that I can't do a thing! You don't have to know how I use the money; all you need do is to authorize the expense account. You don't have to go into how every last cent of it's put out, do you?"

"We're not going to fight the way you have in mind, Mr. Frazier," she informed him coldly.

But upon an afternoon three weeks after her interview with Mr. Francis Abercrombie, Frazier came into her office abruptly and at once made it evident that his mental condition was one of desperation. "Look here!" he began loudly. "How sure are you that our dyes have never had injurious acid in 'em?"

"What?"

"DON'T ask me 'what'!" he said roughly. "I suppose it's never occurred to you to think where we'd be sitting in case the Abercrombie story turned out to be true! I asked you: How sure are you that our dyes have never had injurious acid in 'em?"

"Absolutely!" she said, frowning at him. "Absolutely sure, Mr. Frazier."

"Are you? How do you know? There might have been a case of sabotage in this factory that you never heard of. How do you know that somebody down in that department never slipped a few bottles of some sort of acid into ——"

"That's nonsense!" she interrupted. "It's utterly impossible."

"Is it? Then how do you account for a fine little exhibit of our plush all full o' holes having been sent up to Corchoran headquarters by dealers in five different towns? This stuff wasn't taken out of old cars, mind you; it was taken out of cars sold this year and last. Some of it wasn't three months old."

"How do you know?"

"Great Scott! Are you going to waste time sitting there wondering how I know? Naturally I've made it my business to have a friend or two in the Corchoran offices. I suppose it's just possible you begin to understand the size of the hole you've put us in!"

"I?"

"Yes, certainly you!" he returned bitterly, continuing his pacing. "It was your fault that I went off on a false trail. I thought Abercrombie had invented that story, and Abercrombie never did anything of the kind."

"What!"

"Oh, they helped to circulate it, all right. Who wouldn't? But they didn't invent it. They simply got on to the fact that some of our goods had actually gone bad ——"

"Actually gone bad!" she cried, echoing him with amazement. "Our goods? You told me Abercrombie tried to bribe a dealer whom you knew ——"

"YES, merely to join a chorus of complaint that was coming. You don't suppose Abercrombie wouldn't know any better than to try to bribe dealers generally actually to send in defective plush to Corchoranville, do you? Dealers aren't crazy and neither is Abercrombie!"

"But he ——"

"Abercrombie did nothing except take advantage of a situation brought about by our own fault, just as anybody would. Of course I never suspected that anything could have gone wrong here in the factory, so I thought they were just building up a dirty lie against us, and when I came to you with it, what did you do? You kept me here tied up doing nothing, whereas if I'd gone out on the road among the dealers to counteract the Abercrombie influence I'd have found out long ago that some of 'em did have a real complaint against our goods, and I might have fixed it so that those samples wouldn't have been sent up to Corchoran headquarters. You say you're 'absolutely sure' our dyes are all right; but they couldn't have been. So there's been a slip up somewhere in the factory, right under your own nose. Maybe that isn't your fault, too, but ——"

"It's nobody's fault," she interrupted sharply. "Our inspection system absolutely prevents the possibility. It couldn't have happened."

(Continued on Page 91)

MRS. JONES *of* Pipestone *says her say...*

Yes, Mrs. Jones is convinced. Time and again her efforts to get the family laundry satisfactorily done were thwarted. For one thing the water in Pipestone, Minn., like so many other places, is quite hard—you know how discouraging that is. Then she noticed an advertisement for 20 Mule Team Borax and tried it.

These are her very words. "Next washday was a revelation. The powdered Borax added to the soap made a rich, lasting suds, softened the water and worked wonders on the clothes. They came from the machine white, sweet smelling and spotlessly clean. I shall never be without 20 Mule Team Borax."

Millions of women everywhere have learned the merits of Borax for laundry work, cleaning, water softening and dishwashing. Are *you* missing something?

20 Mule Team Borax protects fabrics and hands. It is cleansing, deodorizing and mildly antiseptic—truly a health product. Write today for our helpful free booklet.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 114
51 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send your free booklet "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____

A cold cream that leaves the skin transparently clear . . . a finishing cream that imparts a velvety softness

the Season's Best Play . . .

the curtain about to rise . . . admiring eyes following you down the aisle. In that moment, the audience is *yours*.

The evening ends. "Behind the scenes" in your own room, you reach for your mirror. As a critical audience of one, you study your skin with searching eyes . . . you imagine you can *see* the dryness that you feel.

Not unlikely, for, with make-up clogging the tiny pores, your skin cannot breathe. Soon it loses its natural moisture, becomes dry and drawn—even marred with blemishes and blackheads.

That is why you will want to begin this very night to use Woodbury's—the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. Under your fingertips, you feel it penetrating down into the pores, softening and dissolving away the powder and rouge, so that your skin—refreshed and cleansed—is free to renew itself while you sleep.

For day-time use—and as a powder base—you have Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and quite greaseless, it keeps your skin soft and pliable—protects it against outdoor exposure.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap—authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. J-11, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

©1929, The Andrew Jergens Company

Obvious Style...Obvious Quality and DATED TODAY!

GO into modern homes where *Sealex Linoleums* have supplanted the dull, colorless floors of yesterday... Instantly the impressions come: floors with the delicate veining of rare and costly marble . . others of plain tiles in jewel tones . . still others with gay, geometric motifs. So pleasing! So expressive of good taste! And such quiet comfort underfoot!

Why not prove to yourself the beauty, and economy too, of this modern flooring? Take, if you like, an old shabby floor that needs refinishing and hide its ugliness with an appropriate pattern of *Sealex Linoleum*. There's no better way to understand why these smart floorings are in use today in many up-to-date homes.

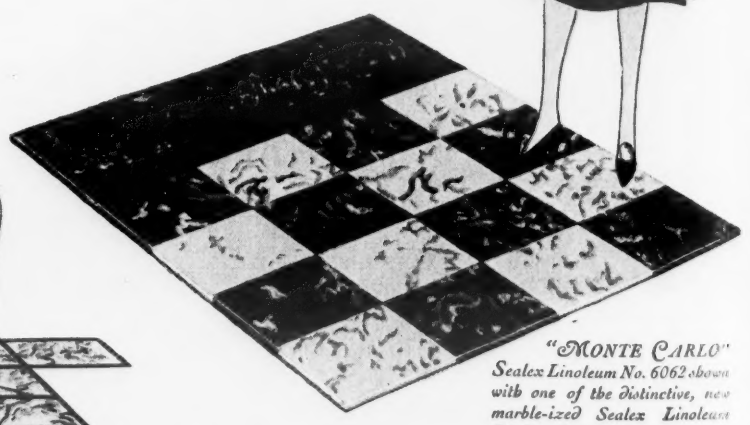
Sealex Linoleums are made by a special process used by no other manufacturer — the *Sealex Process*. It seals every tiny pore against dirt and spilled things — makes these floorings surprisingly easy to care for. A light waxing now and then preserves their velvety, lustrous sheen.

"MERMAID" Sealex Linoleum No. 3043

"CARNIVAL" Sealex Linoleum No. 6144

Most department, furniture and linoleum stores sell Sealex Linoleums: beautiful Inlaids, Embossed; two-tone Jaspé; Plain and Battleship. Types for every flooring need — in home, office, store or public building.

"BENGAL" Sealex Linoleum No. 3072, set off by a ready-cut Sealex Linoleum Border Assembly.



"MONTE CARLO" Sealex Linoleum No. 6062 shown with one of the distinctive, new marble-ized Sealex Linoleum Border Assemblies.

SEALEX LINOLEUM

All *Sealex Linoleums* can be readily identified by this shield which appears every few yards right on the face of the goods.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Off.*: KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

SEALEX *Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned* LINOLEUMS

© 1929, C. N. Inc.

(Continued from Page 88)

"Oh, couldn't it?" he cried, and he stopped his pacing of the floor to turn upon her angrily. "The answer is that it has! Now, look here: Farrier sailed for home yesterday. Are you going to wireless him about this? Because if you aren't, I'm going over your head, Miss Dale, and wireless him myself."

"You have that alternative," she said. "I've already told you that Mr. Farrier instructed me he didn't want any cables or wireless unless we burned up, and he meant it literally." Then, assuming a frigid tranquillity that she was far from feeling, she returned her attention to some letters upon her desk. "I don't think you'll get much satisfaction from him, Mr. Frazier," she murmured, her down-bent profile toward him.

"IS THAT all you've got to say?" Evidently it was, for she continued to lean studiously over her desk. "I'll show you!" he promised indignantly as he went out. "I'll show you when I get an answer to my wireless!"

Her apparent concentration upon the desk ceased abruptly with the loud closing of the door; the attitude had been assumed merely as a part of her dismissal of a fractious subordinate, and, as a matter of fact, her inward perturbation betrayed the calm posture by bringing upon her a fit of trembling, which Frazier had been too busy with his own agitation to observe. Alone, she rose and sought to steady herself by following his example and pacing the floor; but her composure remained uncertain and fugitive; she was frightened.

Frazier had promised to "show her"; but he did not return, and late that afternoon, just before the closing hour, she sent for him. He was not to be found, and after a time the placid Mr. McCombs appeared instead; Frazier had departed upon the Western Limited for Corchoranville. She received the news of this final rebellion meekly.

"Do you know if he sent a wireless to Mr. Farrier?" she asked.

"Yes, and got an answer almost right away," he told her. "But he seemed pretty sore about it." McCombs giggled. "He showed it to me, and all it said, except Farrier's signature, was 'Don't worry.' Mr. Frazier certainly was upset, Miss Dale. He told me he thought everybody in the world had gone crazy, and all he could do was go and eat peanuts on the burning deck. I guess that must be Corchoranville, because he said he was going there to eat 'em!"

FRAZIER confirmed this information in a telegram from Corchoranville brought to her desk late the next day:

MY ARRIVAL HERE MADE DELIGHTFUL BY GREETING FROM FRESH SAMPLE OF HOLES SHIPPED FROM DUBUQUE.

And the following morning another telegram said grimly:

SAMPLE TODAY FROM NASHVILLE THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE SWISS CHEESE.

However, he was a little less laconic in the last communication she received from him, which reached her two days later:

UNDERSTAND FARRIER PROBABLY DOCK HOBOKEN THIS AFTERNOON STOP SUPPOSE WILL BE HOME BRIDGETON BY EVENING STOP THINK NOW TOO LATE DO ANYTHING ABOUT CONTRACT RENEWAL WHICH HAS ONLY SIXTY HOURS TO RUN STOP PLEASE NOTIFY HIM I REMAIN HERE UNTIL FINISH UNLESS HE WISHES RECALL ME STOP PERFECTLY HOPELESS.

Early that evening Miss Dale telephoned to Farrier's house in the distant suburb of Bridgeton; but she was informed by the housekeeper that Mr. and Mrs. Farrier were not expected for several days. They had landed and Mr. Farrier had telephoned to her from New York, asking her to deliver a message to Miss Dale.

"I was just going to call you up, ma'am," the housekeeper said. "He told me to thank you for not bothering him when he was away—not bothering him about those old contracts, I think was what he said exactly, ma'am. He asked me to tell you he wouldn't be back home, or at the factory either, for a few days more, and he said he wanted you not to worry about anything, because matters was going to take their course and would be all right. He didn't say where him and Mrs. Farrier was going, ma'am; but he did mention they wasn't going to be in New York."

This proved to be all that the housekeeper could tell her; and for three days more the walls of the office of the assistant general manager of the Farrier Textile Company formed a dismal background for a light and graceful figure that sometimes shifted attitudes of perplexity into those expressive of dejection, but seldom fell into postures more optimistic. Then, upon a blither morning, Miss Belinda Dale, coming to her day's work, heard a familiar voice in the potent room too long vacant, beyond her own, and, entering apprehensively there, beheld her employer, sturdy, rotund and pinkly jovial, seated at his desk in converse with a visibly cheerful Frazier.

FARRIER jumped up to greet her the more heartily. "Wonderful job you've done here, Miss Dale," he said. "Wonderful! Everything shipshape and buzzing like a beehive. The whole place'll be grateful to you, and I certainly am. Expect you've had plenty of trouble with Frazier, though!" He paused to laugh; then went on. "I guess I ought to've warned you about him; he's a good man but excitable. I supposed you'd both understand that everything was going to be all right about that Corchoran contract, and the Fox, too, of course, when its turn comes up for renewal. I'm mighty sorry, but I never dreamed you wouldn't understand that I had all that perfectly well in hand."

"You did!" Belinda gasped. "You mean you had it 'perfectly well in hand' all along?"

"Certainly. I wouldn't have gone away if I hadn't. I'd caught that Abercrombie story ten days before I left—I picked it up a little before you did, I guess, Frazier."

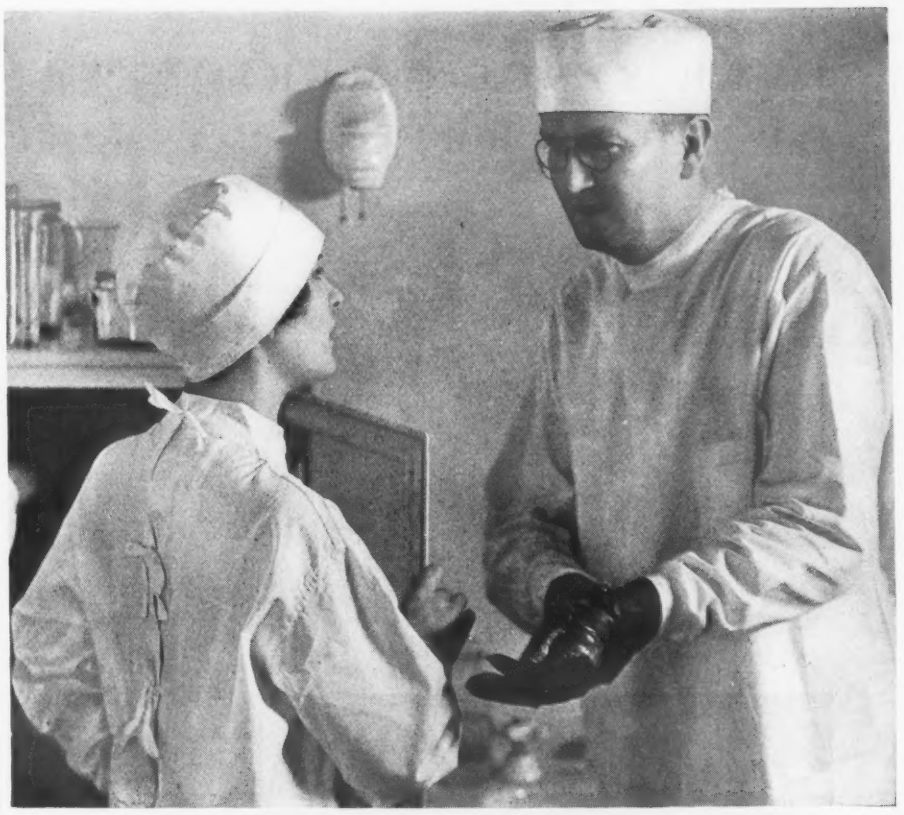
"Yes, I guess you did!" Frazier said, and, rising, he approached Miss Dale. "I'm just going; but I'm afraid I kind of owe you an apology, Miss Dale. As he says, I expect I got a little too excited, and I believe I'll go on to add that in the light of complete events I feel quite a little admiration for the way you kept calm and just sat here undisturbed on the job." And at the door he paused to laugh and make another addition to this tribute: "My soul! Most women would have gone straight up in the air and done all kinds o' foolish things! I guess Mr. Farrier's got a pretty good eye."

"YES, I guess I have," Farrier admitted pleasantly as the door closed. "On the train coming back from Corchoranville, Frazier told me how cool you'd kept and how ——"

"I wasn't!" she interrupted, staring. "I wasn't, and I'm not now. What about ——"

"What about the Corchoran contract?" he said, and they sat down with the desk between them. "I gave myself just time to run out to Corchoranville, in case I had to, after I got back. As soon as I picked up the story, before I sailed, I made provisions for meeting it in case it developed the way it looked like it possibly might. From all I knew at that time it could easily have been just one of those rambling

(Continued on Page 93)



Troubles that begin with harsh toilet tissue..

THE slightest inflammation . . . caused by harsh toilet tissue . . . may develop into serious rectal trouble.

Surgeons who operate daily on cases of this kind say that rectal ailments are astonishingly prevalent. Among all classes of people—men, women, children. No one is immune.

580 physicians and 223 hospitals recently sounded this warning to American housewives: "Watch out for inferior toilet tissue. It can cause serious injury."

For complete safety in this bathroom essential they specified these three qualities: *softness*, *absorbency*, *chemical purity*.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are specially processed to satisfy these medical requirements.

They are extremely soft. Crumpled in the hand, they feel as suave and yielding as old linen. Yet they are firm in texture.

Scott Tissues Are Extremely Absorbent

You can prove the absorbency of Scott Tissues by dropping a wadded ball in water. It sinks almost immediately. Ordinary toilet tissue floats for several minutes. Without this absorbent quality thorough hygiene is impossible.

Only the finest, fresh materials go into Scott Tissues. They are always chemically safe—neither alkaline nor acid.

The sheets tear easily and squarely at the perforations. And the rolls are designed to fit the modern built-in fixtures.

Protect yourself, your family, and your guests by always asking for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

These prices for U. S. only

Copyright, 1929, Scott Paper Company

Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

Is the world's finest cocoa too good for your children?

TIMES and customs change . . . but the nutritive needs of children do not change. Nor does their enthusiastic welcome of a cup of Baker's Cocoa. And time has left another thing unchanged . . . the Baker Standard of Quality. So it isn't surprising that modern authorities* today endorse a tradition established by American mothers when America was young.

The preference for Baker's has grown from generation to generation . . . and if you could see in all its detail the way in which the Baker Standard of Quality is so jealously guarded, the reasons for that preference would be explained. If you could see the painstaking accuracy with which the world's finest cocoa beans are blended . . . the prideful care that is part of every manufacturing process . . . you would understand why Baker's Cocoa has such universal approval.

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

Serve Baker's Cocoa frequently . . . not just to the children . . . for the whole family will enjoy Baker's Cocoa made the Baker way. In every flavorful cup there are the genial well-being of warmth, the body-building abundance of milk and the added nourishment of the world's best cocoa. *Write us for a leaflet of cocoa recipes . . . free.* WALTER BAKER & CO., INC., Dorchester-Lower-Mills, Mass.

**These authorities say Baker's Cocoa is best:* 79% Home Demonstration Agents; 63% School Lunch Room Managers; 82% Domestic Science Teachers; 87% Editors of Women's Magazines; 67% Hospital Dieticians and Stewards; 78% Professional Nurses; 75% Hotel Stewards.

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE

TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

(Continued from Page 91)

little chance rumors that get started sometimes, heaven knows how, but don't mean anything, or it could have been something that was going to make trouble; I couldn't tell which. I was pretty busy getting ready to sail; but I allowed myself two hours in New York to talk to the Swanson Detective Agency and get them to look the thing up; I had a teeny weeny suspicion about where it might come from, and I told Swanson that if he got any such suspicion himself, after a little investigation, he'd better put some good men on the job and get busy. Well, he did, and he met me at the dock with a mighty satisfactory report, so we went straight out to Corchoranville and showed the stuff up and got our contracts renewed." Mr. Farrier paused to chuckle; then added, "That's all there was to it."

Belinda laughed helplessly. "Would you mind telling me ——"

"OH, ABERCROMBIE of course. That was the teeny weeny suspicion I mentioned I had from the first."

"Abercrombie!" she cried. "Abercrombie!"

"Why, yes," he said mildly, a little surprised by the vehemence of her outcry. "Of course it was Abercrombie, and his plan had elements of merit, too; it wasn't at all bad, and not very expensive either. Four slick young men did the whole thing for him, and they covered a lot of ground in a pretty short time. It was this way: One of 'em would go into a town, like Wheeling, for instance, and nose around until he could meet up with somebody that owned a fairly new Corchoran car and wasn't above being persuaded to accept a little something for being put to a slight inconvenience. The Abercrombie agent would give the inside of the Wheeling man's car a little treatment with acid, and do some rubbing and brushing to produce raggedness; then the Wheeling man would go to the dealer he'd bought the car from and set up a terrible howl. 'Here,' the customer would say, 'I've got to have the whole inside of my car refurbished and upholstered. When it's done I'll bring you around these rags for a souvenir!'" Farrier paused to chuckle. "They only did that in seventeen towns; but they were pretty clever in the way they distributed those seventeen over the country so as to give old man Corchoran a fine case of heart failure. Swanson ran down every one of the seventeen sore spots, and with a little judicious use of money he got affidavits from every Corchoran car owner who'd been handled by Abercrombie's slick boys. So of course when we showed that, there wasn't any more talk in Corchoranville about our not getting our renewal. The funniest thing about it to me is the profit to the slightly venal Corchoran car owners. Of course Swanson had to be fairly liberal with 'em in order to get 'em to talk, so they not only got new interiors for their cars but made money on both ends of the deal."

Miss Dale did not join in the laughter with which he finished his narrative; she even seemed to find the laughter incredible. "What are you going to do to Mr. Francis Abercrombie?" she asked.

"WHAT am I going to do to him?" the highly amused Farrier returned. "Don't you think I've already done plenty by making him feel like a plugged nickel?"

"No, I do not!" she said hotly, and forthwith she gave her employer a brief but angered account of her descent upon Mr. Abercrombie's office. "And all the time," she said, concluding, "he sat there knowing himself guilty and intending to go on with the very vileness I was accusing him of! Do you mean to say that you don't intend taking him before a court of law and ——"

"Easy! Easy!" Farrier interrupted. "Of course this was a pretty nervy sample of sharp practice—you might call it rascality if you wanted to relieve your feelings that way. But business people don't dash into litigation; they keep out of lawsuits and prosecutions when they can help it. You're taking this too seriously, Miss Dale. We've got what we want, and that's all there is to it."

"You think so!" she exclaimed. "You think that to bring justice upon a wicked, lying, underhand ——"

"OH, MY, my!" Farrier said deprecatingly, and becoming serious himself, leaned forward upon his desk, regarding her with a kindly solicitude that was almost paternal. "I see that we've been neglecting an important phase of your business education."

"Have we indeed?" she asked sharply. "Then I think I don't care to be educated in that phase, if education is expected to make me tolerant of tricky and vicious ——"

"Oh, yes, you've got to be," he said. "You've got to learn to be tolerant, and better than tolerant, of such little performances as Abercrombie's. In the first place, they don't happen often, you must understand. In general, business is on the level; it usually operates on the plane you've supposed that it always did. It's compelled to, in fact, because it very seldom pays a man to adopt a tricky or deceitful policy, as I've just been proving to Mr. Abercrombie; but of course we've got to remember that in some aspects business is a little like horse racing; we can't ignore the fact that sometimes we've got to look out for tricks. Your affair is to see that he doesn't get the better of you; you just sit back and play cards against him; you analyze his game, beat him at it and feel cheerful over it. If you get sore and begin talking lawsuits, you lose time, wear out your nerves and your bank balance; and there's another thing, too, that you have to look out for: One or two of your own agents may get a little overzealous sometimes, in the briskness of competition, and they might make you vulnerable yourself if the other fellow got sore on his own account. No, Miss Dale, it doesn't pay to get excited and indignant very often, especially not when you're sitting pretty on the winning side; we just lean back now, for instance, and enjoy the laugh on Abercrombie. 'Foxy old boy!' we say. 'That was a pretty cute little scheme; but we had you on the hip all the time!' You see, Miss Dale?"

"I do," she returned coldly. "I don't think I could learn it, Mr. Farrier."

"Ah, but you're going to," he said, and, leaning back, laughed again. "I've kept you all this time learning the inside of the factory, and you've certainly done it, because you know it a great deal better than I do, myself; but from now on, I think you'll have to help me take care of the outside too. When you get as much of that into your head as you have of the inside, you'll certainly know something about running a manufacturing business!"

IV.

TWO years after Mr. Francis Abercrombie's somewhat mortifying defeat at Corchoranville, he bought an old house at Long Hills, the most exaltedly conservative of the city's suburbs, where his aspirations were not limited to the pursuit of commercial triumphs; they concerned themselves with a social rise in life as well. Seeking the crest of such an ascent, he expensively but chastely remodeled this antique mansion, and he and his wife tactfully began to court the favor of the frosty suburb. It was a tedious process; but they walked cautiously and gradually made progress. The Long Hills Country Club received them; Mrs. Abercrombie discovered a cousin who was a cousin of one of the established families, and this led to invitations. So it happened, one evening, that Mr. Abercrombie, in the upper hall of a hostess thus achieved, waiting for his wife to join him, was handed a card upon which was written the

"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S
Column on Hair Beauty

Oily hair—and its special care

Dear Jean Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and it's very soft and pretty when it is just washed, but a few days afterwards it becomes oily and falls in strings. I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me know if there is anything I can do—and please let me hear from you as soon as possible because I have a *great* deal of faith in your ability.—M.Y., Caldwell, N. J.

Dear M. Y. I can't help being a little flattered when you express your confidence right out like that. And I love kind words, like everybody else. It is true I do try to give the soundest advice possible. Everything I say has the approval of a real dermatologist (and that means a doctor who has specially studied the skin and hair.)

Your particular trouble is one I hear about many times every day. More women seem to be bothered by oily hair, than by any other hair problem.

For this reason the Packer Company, with whom I am associated (they make the famous Packer's Tar Soap) make a shampoo especially good for oily hair—*Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*. This shampoo is safe and pure and gentle (don't ever use a strong shampoo to "dry out" your hair), but it is also a little astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use this Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first—it's easy to use because it lathers and rinses in the quickest and most delightful way possible.

Don't wait for your hair to get oily and stringy and unbecoming—shampoo often enough to keep your hair fluffy. And if you use the pine tar shampoo regularly, and massage your scalp a little every day, you'll probably soon be able to lengthen the intervals between shampoos.

"What shall I do for dry hair?"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please give me some advice. My hair is very dry—and is sticky after I wash it.—Mrs. G. M., Canton, Ohio.

Over-dry hair isn't healthy hair, and it doesn't look its best—it's usually dull and brittle. So I'm going to tell you about a special shampoo for dry hair that will make your hair softer, and won't leave that sticky feeling either.

You can go to any drug store and ask for *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*—a lovely golden colored liquid just a tiny bit fragrant. This shampoo is made of pure olive oil and other vegetable oils. It doesn't make your scalp sting, or leave your hair harsh to the touch because it is safe and gentle, and contains soothing, softening glycerine. Use this olive oil shampoo about every ten days or two weeks, and you'll see how much softer and more manageable your hair is. Then massage your scalp and brush your hair every day to make it shine.

(You noticed that sticky feeling probably because the soap you used didn't rinse off your hair completely—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo rinses very easily.)

Don't neglect dandruff!

Dear Miss Carroll: I'd like to ask you a few questions. I heard you talk over the radio about a week ago. I really have nice hair, but it is beginning to fall. I have quite a bit of dandruff, and my hair doesn't shine as I would like it to. What can I do for it? —Mrs. A. N., Kent, New York.

I have a personal feeling of hatred for dandruff germs—they're such trouble-making, beauty-destroying little things. They make hair fall, they take away the shine and lustre, cause the scalp to flake, and they usually go on getting worse and worse unless something discourages them.

For years doctors have been urging Packer's Tar Soap as a very effective way of overcoming these invisible germs. So I'm going to suggest this for your hair: Get a cake of *Packer's Tar Soap* and start right away to give yourself a shampoo every two or three days to begin with. This sounds like a lot of washing, I know, but think of it as medical treatment. Massage the lather well into the scalp—the good, rich piney lather has a gentle antiseptic effect.

Even after the first shampoo, your scalp will feel healthier and your hair will look healthier. And after a month's time you ought to notice a decided improvement.

JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 7-K), 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

AN UTTERLY NEW NOTE IN HOSIERY

SUE CAROL, *dainty Fox Star, favors Allen-A Hosiery, found in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Avenue at 38th Street—and other New York Stores—and at Allen-A dealers the country over*

NEW shapeliness of leg. Ankle more slender. The natural curve accentuated engagingly. This effect Screen Stars have found is attained with an ultra-modern hose by Allen-A. . . . It has a charming "Tipt Picot Top." Exclusive Panel-curve or Pointed Heel. In either an extra-fine gauge Chiffon or a glorious Service Sheer. The shades are the very newest and smartest. . . . Ask for the "4000" style series. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles from $1.50 to $2.50. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen-A Allen A **Hosiery**

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

name of the lady he was to take out to dinner: "Miss Dale."

He was pleased; in fact, it may be said that he was elated. In the course of the Abercrombies' movement toward the upper slopes of Long Hills, they had been aware of certain names that seemed to float airily in chillest ether, and Dale was one of these; not yet had they encountered a Dale in the flesh. That is to say, Mr. Francis Abercrombie possessed no slightest consciousness that he had ever enjoyed the honor of such an encounter; his imagination was powerless to connect the "B. Dale" of commerce, so to speak, with a Dale of Long Hills. True, he had not forgotten B. Dale of the Farrier establishment; indeed, he had recent and rueful cause to bear her in mind, even resentfully; not longer ago than the previous month, an emissary directly traceable to her had successfully prejudiced an old Abercrombie customer against Abercrombie plush; she had encroached continually upon Abercrombie territory, and he had so constantly to be on his guard against these intrusions that he had become of late sensitively critical of "Farrier business methods."

All this naturally was of a murkiness leagues below the crystalline high aloofness of the Long Hills name of Dale.

THE shock, therefore, when he came downstairs and made the discovery of Miss Dale's identity, was extensive in effect; redness reached even the back of his neck; but the discomposure was all his. Miss Dale had none of it, and went so far as to appear unaware that he was in difficulties great enough to render him speechless. At the table she began to chatter briskly with her other neighbor, and Abercrombie found time to struggle for the recovery of his customary blandness. He was flustered by more than his realization that the young person who had once seemed a tempting absurdity in his factory office was a Dale of Long Hills; the woman now beside him was comely, and graceful too; but she was not one to whom he would ever attempt to make love under any circumstances, although making love to attractive women was his always impelling pastime.

Suddenly she turned to him. "Rather had you on that P. R. and C. contract, didn't we, Mr. Abercrombie?" she said gayly. "You'll have to hand it to us on that, and several other matters, too, won't you? What's the trouble with your concern lately anyhow? Lethargy, Mr. Abercrombie? Sometimes when I drive by your factory nowadays it seems to me that the well-known hum of busy industry sounds more like a loud snoring!"

ABERCROMBIE struggled inwardly; but he was still incompetent to perform his part in any conversation. "Uh—I—well—uh," he muttered, and proved unable to produce anything more coherent.

She leaned a little toward him and spoke as if confidentially. "My own opinion is that your concern began slipping after the fight you put up for the Corchoran contract. That was really a pretty wonderful idea of yours, Mr. Abercrombie; it was such a good little piece of Machiavellianism, you really ought to have put it over. Come, now! Aren't you ever going to give us something like that again to liven us up a little?"

Abercrombie's mouth opened but made no sound. And then, as he could do nothing more intelligent than to remain silent, red-faced and helpless, she gave utterance to a peal of light laughter, wholly good-natured. "Never mind! Bygones are bygones, and I never had the habit of bringing my daily worries home to Long Hills with me, Mr. Abercrombie—not even at the time when I was acquiring my business education, in which you were more of a help to me than you perhaps realize! So couldn't you cheer up a little?"

FOR the moment it was plain that he couldn't; he needed more time; she turned from him and renewed her lively chatter with the man at her other side.

This gentleman, a bachelor of fine and pleasant countenance, had long been a friend of hers and had wished to be more than a friend. He had formerly expressed his wish from time to time; but now, meeting her after an interval of several years during which he had been absent from the country, he was not sure that the wish still existed within him. She had changed; she had made herself into a "business woman," and her success in the transformation was everywhere called remarkable. She was more intelligent than ever, he thought, and even better-looking than ever. She had become alert, decisive, "well poised"—even a little too thoroughly "well poised." More, it seemed to him that a man's sense of humor rather than a woman's had become natural to her, which might mean that her whole point of view had become more a man's than a woman's. In her obvious efficiency he found no trace of what he would have defined as hardness; yet, in taking on as part of herself so much that was manlike, had it been possible for her to escape something of a man's bold and practical acceptance of things as they are? She seemed emancipated from all the womanly timidities. Had she lost with them a woman's divine discontents? Had she necessarily lost as a woman in order to become a greater person? For, studying her, this old friend of hers felt that she both gained and lost, and he began to wonder whether or not a fastidious taste would find the change in her a happy one. All in all, was the gain greater than the loss?

HE KNEW her well enough to ask her, and so, putting his mental debate into words rather wistful, he did.

Belinda Dale was startled; then she looked at him with sudden gravity. "Don't entertain the idea that I'd be willing to change back!" she said.

In the gravity of her look, as she spoke, there was something strongly resolute, yet not without sweetness, and somehow in her eyes he found the illumination he was seeking! "Ah, no!" he said. "I won't entertain that idea. I wouldn't be willing for you to 'change back'—not even if it were for my own benefit!"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Tarkington relating the experiences of Belinda Dale in the business world. The fifth will appear in the December Journal.

Pennies

By **FRANCES M. FROST**

I WILL buy me
A copper jar
To gleam on the shelf
Where the candles are,

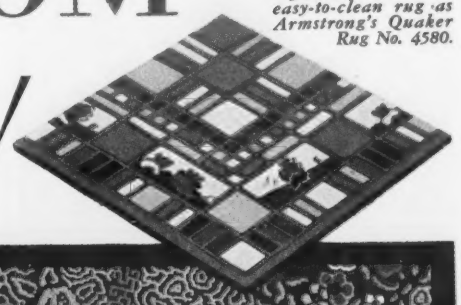
A green-and-lilac
Tapestry
For the northern wall;
And I will see

A Chinese dragon,
Or a German stein,
Or a squat brass kettle
That must be mine.

And though I starve,
I can feast my soul
At a quaint carved table
From a dusk-blue bowl!

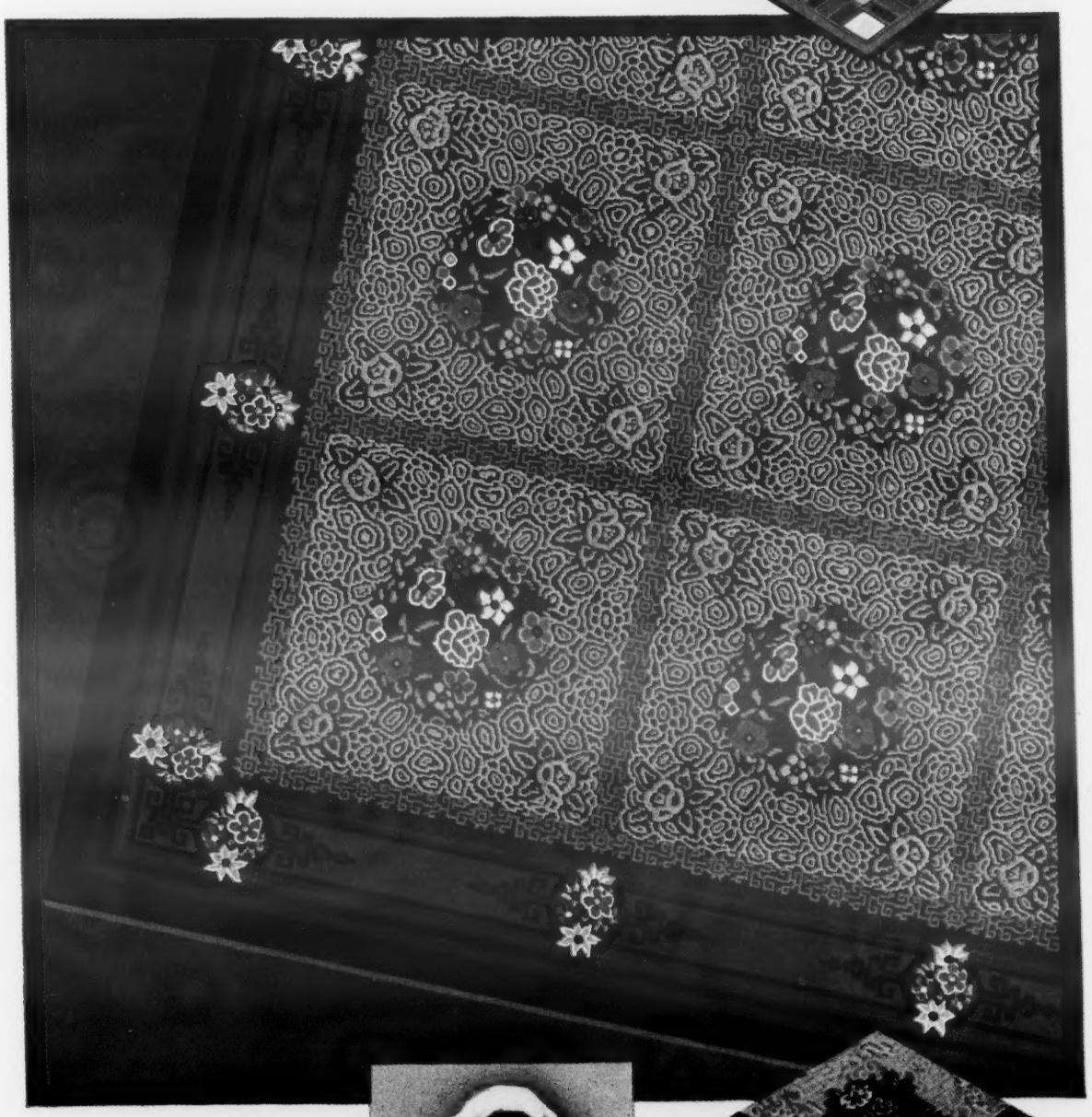
For the "ORPHAN ROOM"

..a rug to pretty it up...at low cost!



Tile patterns always add neatness to a room —particularly such an easy-to-clean rug as Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4580.

"What a cozy room!" "But all we added was a new rug."



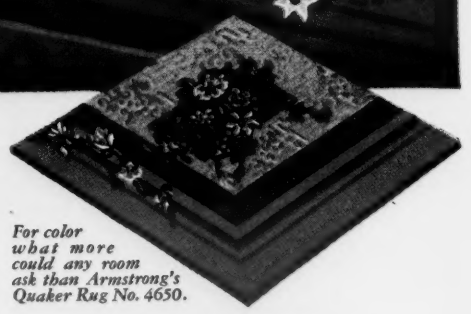
For the spare room, the bedroom, the children's room—any room. So pretty, so moderate in price. Ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4620.

YOU know the room. Perhaps it's the spare room. Maybe the extra bedroom. Or the storeroom. At any rate it's the room you've never done much about—well, partly because you didn't feel like spending much money on it.

Surprising, though, how little it costs to make the room presentable. Imagine, for instance, this blue, rose, and green rug on the floor. Wouldn't it add color, sunshine, neatness? Easy cleaning, too. For Armstrong's Quaker Rugs have the special Accolac Process surface. This feature of manufacture provides a lacquer-smoothness that discourages dirt. Ordinary dust and soil wipe right off. Stains, spilled things, grease spots are removed quickly by a damp mop or cloth. And there lies the rug fresh and new-looking again—because the pretty pattern is *under* the waterproof surface.

And as far as cost is concerned—don't worry. Even the large 9 x 12 ft. Armstrong's Quaker Rug costs no more than many women spend for a hat.

Furthermore, a written promise of satisfaction is given with every Armstrong's Quaker Rug. It is in the form of a Quaker Girl Certificate pasted right on the face of every Armstrong's Quaker Rug—and *only* on Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. A new rug free, if you are displeased.



For color what more could any room ask than Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4650.

FREE: TO WIVES WHO WANT TO STAY YOUNG

The story of beauty and work-saving in a folder showing the Armstrong's Quaker Rug patterns in color. The title—"To Wives Who Want to Stay Young." Address Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Division, 2911 Mary St., Lancaster, Pa.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths

EXAMS ARE ON!

WHICH WAY WILL *your children* TURN NOW?

This is the middle of the fall term. The examinations are on. The children—your children—are being classified like sheep. They are either being marked up or marked down by busy teachers whose classes are too big for personal attention.

And the whole future of those children—your children—depends upon their marks in school. Because upon their marks in school depends their leadership in school. And upon their leadership in school depends their leadership in life.

Millions of children—amongst them your children—need more help right now, at this season of the year, than they will ever need again in the next twenty years. They must hold their standing amongst their little friends the same as you must hold your standing amongst your big friends. And

COMPTON'S
Pictured Encyclopedia for Children

will help them to do it.

Compton's is the great, new thing in the educational world. The tremendous home help that fifty thousand teachers and three hundred and fifty thousand mothers are already using every day.

For Compton's is a complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form written and pictured in terms that children can understand. The only set of reference works in encyclopedic form that they have ever had for their very own since children first went to school six thousand years ago.

And they thrive on it. They grow on it. They get better marks in school and greater leadership because of it. And through it they develop the success habit for life.

Compton's is the only thing of its kind that has ever been created for children since the beginning of learning. No wonder it is so eagerly endorsed by the thousands of great educators and teachers all over America.

Sample Pictured Section Free

Mail this coupon and our Educational Advisor will send you a whole complete Pictured section of Compton's absolutely free. Then you will see for yourself how much it will mean for your children in your home. She will also send you a free "Questionario Game" which measures the general knowledge of any child of any age. The whole ten volumes of Compton can now be had for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

Here is the coupon. Mail it now.

Compton's
***Pictured* Encyclopedia**

F. E. COMPTON & CO.,
Dept. 7-32, Compton Bldg.,
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, at once, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

By the Dawn's Early Light

(Continued from Page 19)

I glanced about the place, now almost crowded. The room in which we sat was large and low, its ceiling vivid at times with multicolored lights. Only during the dancing periods before and between the two "shows" were they dimmed; thus the comparative darkness afforded several couples near us opportunity for some of the most extensive "petting" I have ever witnessed in public. They seem determined to settle completely all questions that the high-stepping chorus had raised. Or perhaps it had been the influence of the solo dancer who had preceded the closing number. She had certainly elevated the temperature of the room to the necking point, and several degrees beyond it.

"I suppose you liked the naked one better than the others," Mary said, grinning.

"Which others?" I asked, thinking of the chorus.

"There was something about her I didn't care for," Sam remarked.

"It must have been her gold teeth," Mary laughed.

The woman had danced in semidarkness, beneath a brilliant flood light that made her body seem white. Nudity is nudity, and there is nothing much either to add or subtract from it. Hers was a triumph of pantomimic acting, with a climax so realistic that it "stopped the show." From certain standpoints it should have been stopped before.

With the first performance over, dancing on the big floor was resumed. Many of the ladies present, inspired by what they had seen, were apparently determined to demonstrate to their escorts a sisterhood with the dusky performers, under their skins. A feeling born of rivalry. The standards of the race to be upheld. The white woman's burden. "Get hot," the music blared.

We paid our check. The smarter downtown crowd, evidenced by its dinner coats and evening gowns, was beginning to appear for the second show. A cab took us to a real negro club, where blacks and whites sit and eat and even dance together, with no bars of any kind between the audience and the actors.

Fading Color Lines

THE cellar to which we descended still seemed a cellar, in spite of its colorful decorations. A heavy atmosphere pervaded the place, composed of stale perfumes, body odors, the smell of cooking, and dampness. It was a harder, brassier atmosphere than that of the big club we had just left, less sensuous but far more sensual. One finds no cotton balls, no confetti at these places. Nor, strangely enough, as much apparent nudity. Many of the girls who danced here actually wore skirts, but they were loose skirts, and their wearers knew how to be careless with them. Especially when they paused at each of the tables which circled the floor. An intimate place, this. An audience in personal contact with the performers. It was one of these girls, a handsome creature with a slim and very lovely body, whose remarks I have quoted above. I asked her if she enjoyed dancing. She rolled her red-brown eyes until the whites glistened.

"Jus' start them saxophones, and I'm red-hot and rarin' to go! When I steps, I steps!" she grinned widely, her teeth flashing.

Music, it seems, hath charms not only to soothe the savage breast, but to inflame it, depending on the sort of music it is. Jungle melodies, made popular by Tin Pan Alley, have proved equally efficacious with breasts not supposed to be quite so savage. You can't tell much about a book from the color of its binding.

There is no need to deny that many of these "high-brown" dancers have both beauty and talent. The success of some of them abroad has amply proved it. In Europe, with its great dependencies of brown and black peoples, color lines are not very strictly drawn. Even in America, there is a growing tendency to obliterate them. It was from such a club as this, that a negro boy, a dancer, recently married a white girl, an heiress to a large fortune. But if people suppose that, in doing so, he received the applause of his race, they are greatly mistaken. Throughout Harlem the marriage was generally condemned; the man was thought to have lost caste. For one of these brown boys to have a white mistress, even to accept money from her, as many of them deplorably do, is understandable, in Harlem eyes. But for negroes to marry whites they look on as an act of race treachery. As the head waiter at one of the Harlem clubs said to me—a tall, good-looking young fellow who spoke English like a college graduate:

"Such marriages are a mistake. There can be no happiness in them for either party. The man can't mix with his wife's people—the woman can't mix with ours. It will never last. If money was what he wanted he could have got as much, or more, without marrying her." Race prejudice, it seems, can work both ways. The girl's people claim that she was drugged. It may be true. Women are sometimes drugged by other things than opiates. Passion, for instance.

Synthetic Pep

AT FOUR O'CLOCK the second show was under way. A chocolate-colored youth sang insinuatingly, ogling the women, offering to play "new, red-hot music for you, on your ukulele."

A handsome blond girl, with heavily ringed fingers—and eyes—sprang from her seat in spite of the efforts of her middle-aged escort to restrain her.

"Come on, big boy!" she cried. "Show me your stuff!" The two danced a "breakaway" in the center of the floor, to the delight of those at the tables. The girl's overvoluptuous figure shook with excitement. She seemed under some sort of stimulation.

"Drunk?" I asked Sam.

"Watch her," he said, as the woman went back to her seat.

For a moment she fiddled with her vanity case. Then she raised her hand, palm downward, sniffed quickly at the back of it as she turned her face toward the wall. I thought I had caught sight of a pinch of white powder on the back of that upraised hand.

"Coke?" I said.

"Yes." Sam nodded. "There's a tremendous trade in 'white goods' up this way. Cocaine, heroin, morphine. But the 'snow' is easy to take and gives the quickest results. That fellow over in the corner—the one with the eyebrow mustache—is a drug peddler. Cleans up big money selling the stuff in these Harlem dives. Don't think all of the pep you see around here is as real as it looks. Those two with him are a couple of 'chiselers.' Blackmail's their racket. Get the goods on some bird like this one with the hot blonde, and then make him cough up his roll. I don't know who he is—looks to me like a big executive of some sort, on the loose—but the girl with him used to dance in one of the roof shows downtown. She may be working with those two rats over there, or be figuring to 'take' him alone. Her reputation around town is pretty slimy. Queer, isn't it, how even the shrewdest men, when they get to be fifty

(Continued on Page 99)

SEE WHAT YOU BUY · BUY IN GLASS

"I won't be five minutes"

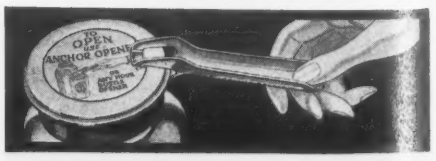
Mother covers her newest frock with a spick-and-span apron. Family outings are afoot . . . that's why . . . with not a second to waste in the kitchen.

Quickly and easily, she opens gleaming jars of white-meated chicken or paper-thin dried beef . . . relishes, too . . . and luscious fruits for dessert. In no time at all dinner is ready. No wonder today's housewife keeps a supply of glass-packed foods at hand.

She knows how good they are . . . how delicious in flavor . . . how rich in food value. Because only the best can be packed in glass. Packed the careful way—in modern factories bright with sun.

Notice the choice variety of glass-packed foods on your grocer's shelves. Notice, too, that Anchor C Caps — those sturdy golden seals—keep air-tight and safe for you the finest glass-packed foods.

ANCHOR CAPS
very easy to remove



OPENING INSTRUCTIONS — Use your hook bottle opener or an Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the edge of the cap and lift up gently at several points.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. · TORONTO, CANADA

Buy Anchor Openers from your grocer, or fill out and return this coupon.

ANCHOR CAP & CLOSURE CORPORATION
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., (or Toronto, Canada)
Please send me one Anchor Opener.
Enclosed is six cents in stamps.

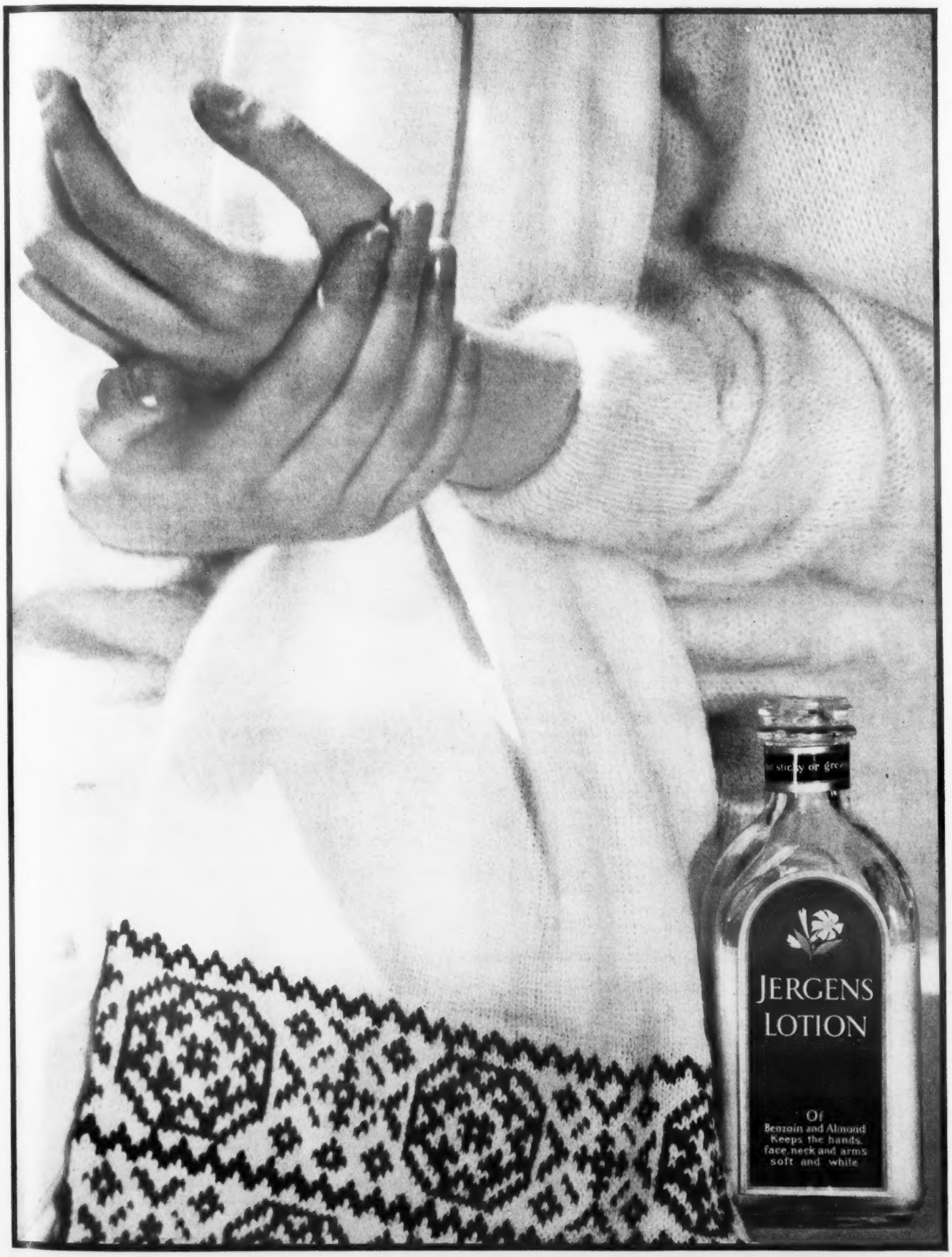
*Name*_____

*Address*_____ (15)

WHITE HANDS IN WINTER

INSTANT RELIEF FROM DRYNESS · ROUGHNESS · CHAPPING

WITH THIS HEALING PREPARATION · · ·



It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly . . . And what relief it gives to a dry, chapped skin!

FREEDOM at last from that greatest discomfort of winter—the discomfort of rough, dry, chapped hands!

With this wonderfully healing preparation you can keep your hands smooth and white all winter.

Jergens Lotion counteracts the rapid evaporation of your skin in dry, frosty air. Use it when your skin feels uncomfortable and prickly—use it to overcome any roughness or scaliness of your skin in winter weather. It will give you instant relief. Chapping, soreness, skin irritation disappear after a few applications of Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion owes its wonderful healing quality to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their power to soften the skin and stimulate skin repair. They are combined with other healing elements in Jergens Lotion, forming a fragrant silvery liquid—pleasant to use, for it leaves no stickiness; your skin absorbs it instantly.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion—see in what wonderful condition it will keep your hands this winter! 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS
LOTION
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Free · A new trial bottle, a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3021 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

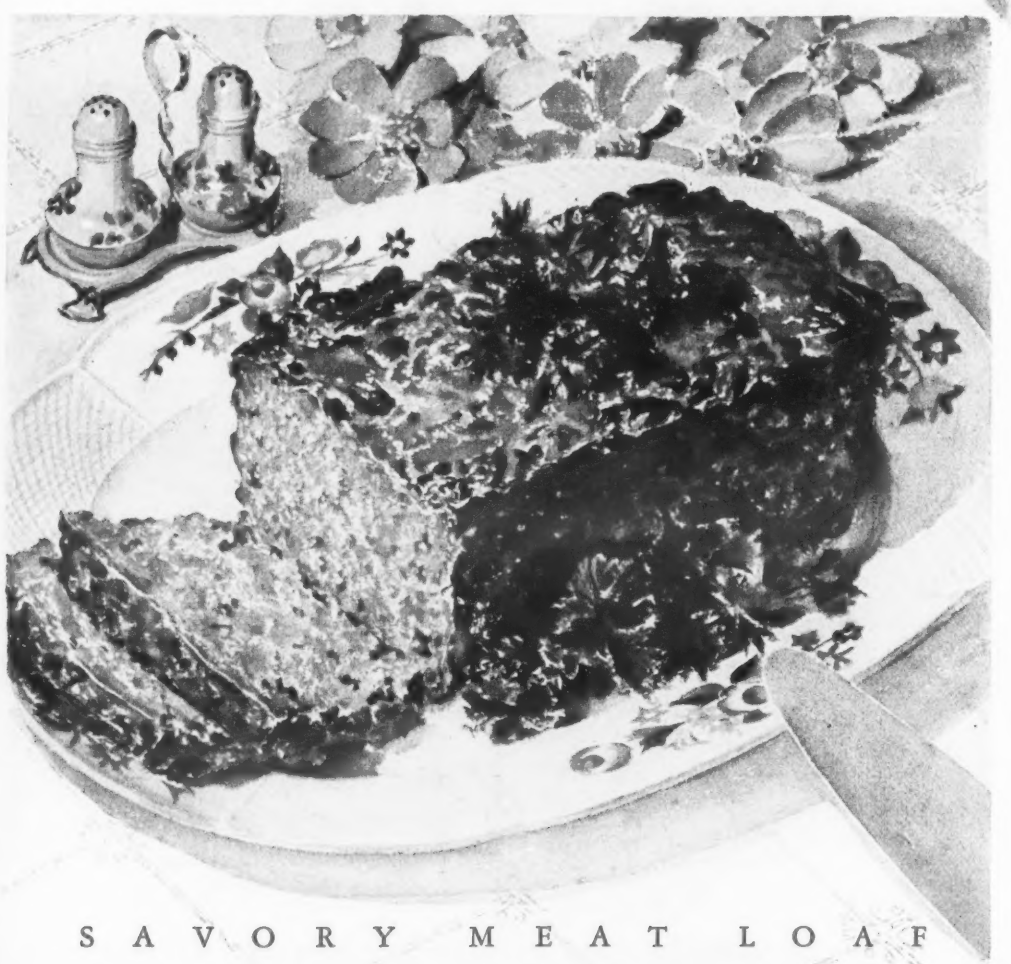
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Here's meat loaf insurance!



SAVORY MEAT LOAF

2 thin 2-inch slices salt pork, diced; 2 pounds round beef, ground; ½ cup Minute Tapioca, uncooked; ½ small onion, finely chopped; 2 cups canned tomatoes; 2½ teaspoons salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Try out salt pork until golden brown. Add pork and drippings to other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake in loaf pan, 7x5x3 inches, in hot oven (450°F.) 15 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold. Garnish with parsley. Serves 8.

NOTE: Eggs and bread crumbs are unnecessary with Minute Tapioca to bind ingredients.
All measurements are level.

POTATO SOUP

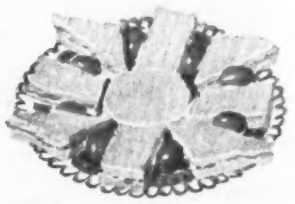
4 small potatoes; 2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; 1½ teaspoons salt; dash of Cayenne; dash of black pepper; 1 quart milk; 1 onion, finely chopped; 4 tablespoons butter.

Cook potatoes in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and mash. Add Minute Tapioca, salt, Cayenne, and black pepper to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add potatoes, onion, and butter. Reheat. Serves 4.

CHEESE AND OLIVE SANDWICH FILLING

3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; 1 teaspoon salt; ⅛ teaspoon pepper; ⅛ teaspoon paprika; 1 cup milk, scalded; 2½ cups grated cheese (½ lb.); ½ teaspoon mustard; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; ¾ cup stuffed olives, chopped.

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, pepper, and paprika to milk. Cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add cheese slowly, stirring until melted. Remove from fire. Add mustard; cool; then add Worcestershire sauce and olives. Makes 2 cups filling.



BACON DELIGHTS

3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; 1½ cups canned tomatoes, strained; ½ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; ½ teaspoon mustard; 6 slices bread; cheese, sliced thin; 6 slices bacon.

Add Minute Tapioca to tomato juice, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add seasonings. Arrange bread in baking pan. Cover each slice with cheese and 1 tablespoon of tomato mixture. Place 1 slice bacon on top of tomato. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) until bacon is crisp and brown. Serves 6.

Why Minute Tapioca, the "Precision Ingredient", is now part of successful cooking

NO wonder women from every section of the country are clamoring for the revised Minute Tapioca Recipe Book. Just think of it . . . a whole new field for culinary activities, revealing Minute Tapioca—long famous as a peerless dessert, so delectable to grown-ups, so wholesome for youngsters—in the rôle of "precision ingredient"!

You can now turn out an omelet, or a soufflé, that's tender and light-as-foam—and never collapses when being served. With berry pies, Minute Tapioca works miracles. Juices stay where they belong and pie crusts are, therefore, light and flaky. Bedraggled, soggy bread and dried-out fillings are a thing of the past when Minute Tapioca is used in fancy sandwiches.

For, in combination with other recipe ingredients, Minute Tapioca has the rare faculty of guaranteeing accuracy where, without it, *exact*, *precise* results could never be counted on. It guards against sorry failures, and contributes to the finished product that ideal texture, appearance and flavor, otherwise so difficult to achieve.

Savory Meat Loaf Illustrates Wonder-Working "Precision" Qualities

With the addition of the precision ingredient, a baked meat loaf is succulent, moist and tender, yet firm enough to slice evenly without crumbling...And Minute Tapioca is so simply prepared. No soaking—only brief cooking. For it comes, already partially cooked, in tiny granules, which make it easier to digest, also.

FREE!

Send for NEW RECIPE BOOK

"A Cook's Tour With Minute Tapioca" . . . FREE

Over 90 original recipes . . . the revised list of these prize-winners in a world-wide recipe contest, *plus* a *splendid new group* just created by our own educational department. These point the way to saving time, effort, and uncertainty in daily cooking. Scores of new "precision ingredient" recipes . . . a host of gala *new* desserts . . . You'll *need* this book in your kitchen. Send for it today!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS. FILL IN COMPLETELY

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY, INC.
111 Filmore Street, Orange, Mass.
Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY STATE

In Canada: Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

MINUTE TAPIOCA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"

(Continued from Page 96)

or thereabouts, are ready to fall for some phony little skirt like that? Bored with home life, I suppose. One wife too many—no, I don't mean bigamy; with a lot of men any wife at all is one too many, especially if she happens to be a fat one. He probably has a gutter streak in him somewhere—likes now and then to wallow in the mud. It's a habit those two birds over there are apt to cure him of. They have police records—both of them."

Mary Phipps seemed bored.

"I don't see why people come to such places," she said.

"Matter of business, with a good many of them," Sam chuckled. "No need to ask, in her case." He nodded toward a dark, keen-faced girl who was talking to a white youth, very drunk. She rolled extravagant eyes at him; he seemed "all hot and bothered." The expression on his face as he stared down at her made one think of a demented lollipop. "I saw that young idiot hand her a couple of big bills when she went over to his table. Before she finishes with him he'll probably slip her his roll."

"Purely an affair of the pocketbook, I suppose."

"If it were anything more that yellow boy who leads the orchestra would bust her in the jaw. He's got his eye on her every minute. When the time comes he'll collect. These professional roll reducers find easy pickings in the night clubs, especially in the early hours of the morning, when the big spenders get all ginned up and amorous, and begin tossing around 'grands.'"

"People who come to night clubs must make a lot of money," Mary observed rather wistfully.

"They do"—Sam laughed—"for the night clubs. I get a big kick out of watching them—especially in these Harlem places. You should be getting a lot of local color."

"There seems to be plenty of it about," Mary agreed, "although I can't say I care for it at such close quarters."

To Sam the night clubs of New York were an open book. He was acquainted with most of the celebrities of dear old Broadway, to say nothing of dearer Fifth Avenue, and could "rattle the cup" about night life along the Main Stem with a familiarity which few except newspapermen possess.

An Underworld Alliance

"SAM," I said, "tell me something. What is really back of all this night-club stuff?"

"The underworld," he answered promptly.

"Financially?" I went on.

"Of course. Take Frankie Marlow, for instance. Before he double-crossed some of his friends and was taken for a ride, he was heavily interested in at least two of the big downtown night resorts. Arnold Rothstein was in them, up to the hilt. They helped the drug-and-liquor trade he was backing. All the big shots in the underworld, as well as the little fellows who hang on their skirts, play the night-club racket in one way or another. And don't think the underworld means just gangsters—a definite criminal class. There isn't any sharp line. Bucket-shop men, crooked criminal lawyers, high-grade swindlers, grafting politicians, noted beauties of the stage and screen, little chiselers and swindlers of all sorts—people, many of them, who pass for honest citizens because they are clever enough to keep out of jail—join the under and the upper worlds in a wide and very spotty band.

"Since prohibition went into effect crime has become big business—organized. The criminal and near-criminal world has its financial backers—its fund. Handled, supplied, by shrewd and able men, like Arnold Rothstein, and a lot of others you've never heard of, and probably never will. Crooked money is now available in almost unlimited quantities to supply bonds, put up cash bail, employ mouthpieces—criminal lawyers—of the highest talent, 'spring' prisoners accused of various crimes, pervert witnesses and jurors, bribe officials, hire men to commit any crime, from murder down. The criminal world takes care of its own in a way undreamed of ten years ago. I'm no reformer. I've got nothing against the night clubs. But I know, as any sensible man knows, that a considerable part of the money spent in such resorts goes to swell that fund. Not directly, in every case. There are some mighty decent people in the night-club business. But indirectly, always.

"When you pay twenty or twenty-five dollars for a bottle of gin, or thirty-five for a quart of rye, to say nothing of fake champagne at whatever they can get for it, you are doing a lot more than breaking the Volstead Act. You're helping pay for protection, for one thing, and putting millions into bootleggers' pockets for another. Paying a tribute to organized crime—helping to swell its war chest. And if you don't think that war is a serious one, just look up a few statistics on the subject and find] out what harmless pastimes such crimes as murder are getting to be in this land of the free and easy, where a man's life and property are supposed to be more or less sacred. If you saw the underworld turn out, as I did, at Frankie Uale's funeral, took a slant at the endless line of carriages, the almost priceless floral offerings, you got a glimpse of what I mean. An organization that has grown so rich and powerful in the past few years that it can reach its crooked arms through political channels to mayors, governors, members of Congress and almost to the doors of the White House itself. Unknown, of course, to many of those it reaches, but no less effective on that account."

A Profitable Racket

"I'M NOT exaggerating. If you think I am, go to Philadelphia or Chicago, to name two noted examples, and talk to some of the insiders who really know. As for New York, just ask yourself why nobody has been convicted in the Marlow and Rothstein and Uale murders, among hundreds of lesser killings, and probably never will be. Bootlegging, with all its illegitimate offspring, has made the underworld rich. New rackets are cropping up daily, but the night-club racket is one of the easiest and most profitable of them all. Come on, suckers—let's help the cause along by ordering a little food. Luckily, prices aren't so high up here as they are around Times Square. I know a nigger bar not far away where they serve fairly good gin for twenty cents a drink, including a beer chaser. You couldn't do much better than that in the old days."

While Sam was ordering something to eat I went to the check room to get some cigars I had left in my overcoat pocket. On the way back a very pretty, dark-haired girl swayed up to me.

"Hello, darlin'," she said, putting out her hand. "Don't remember me, do you? One night last spring at Sardi's, after the show ——"

"Sorry, Miss ——" The girl's face seemed familiar, but I could not place her.

"Beck's the name. Lucille Beck. And you'd better add a 'Mrs.' because I've added a husband since I saw you last."

"I add the 'Mrs.,'" I laughed, "with pleasure—as I hope you added the husband."

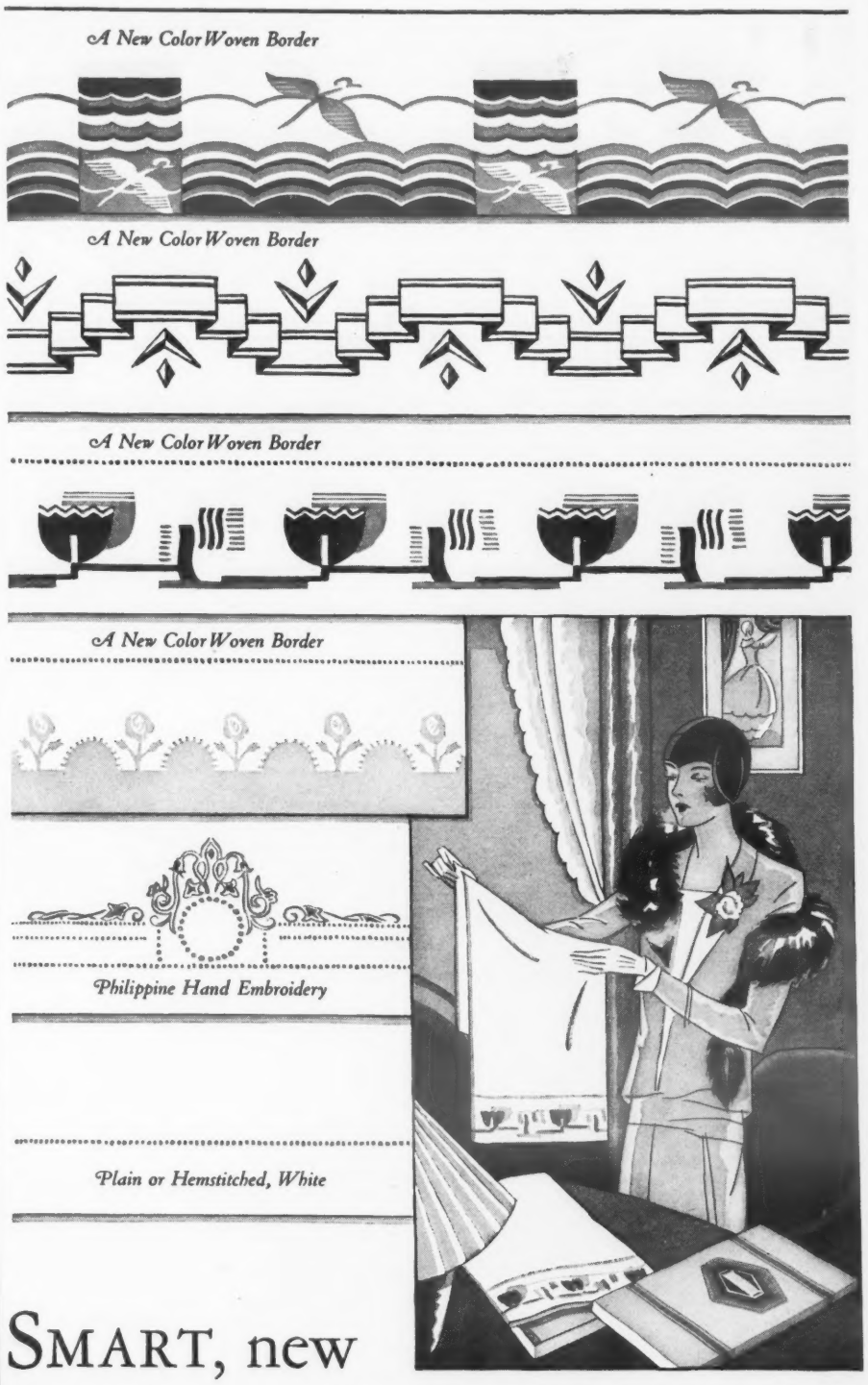
"Fair enough. Even though he was only a companionate one."

"Happy?" I asked.

"Separated. I've got a new apartment and he doesn't know my address."

"I imagine they usually do turn out badly."

"Badly?" The girl began to laugh. "Say—if you don't watch your step they'll turn out the real thing. You look kind of companionate yourself. What's


A New Color Woven Border
A New Color Woven Border
A New Color Woven Border
A New Color Woven Border
Philippine Hand Embroidery
Plain or Hemstitched, White

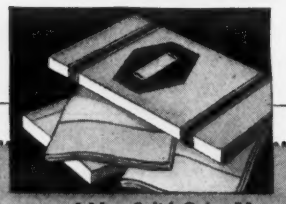
SMART, new Wamsutta pillow cases for gifts

YOU owe it to your friends on your Christmas list to go and see the new Wamsutta ColorWoven sheet and pillow case designs.

Especially the prettily boxed pairs of pillow cases in which you have the same selection of ColorWoven designs, real Philippine hand embroidery, plain white and solid color hems to choose from.

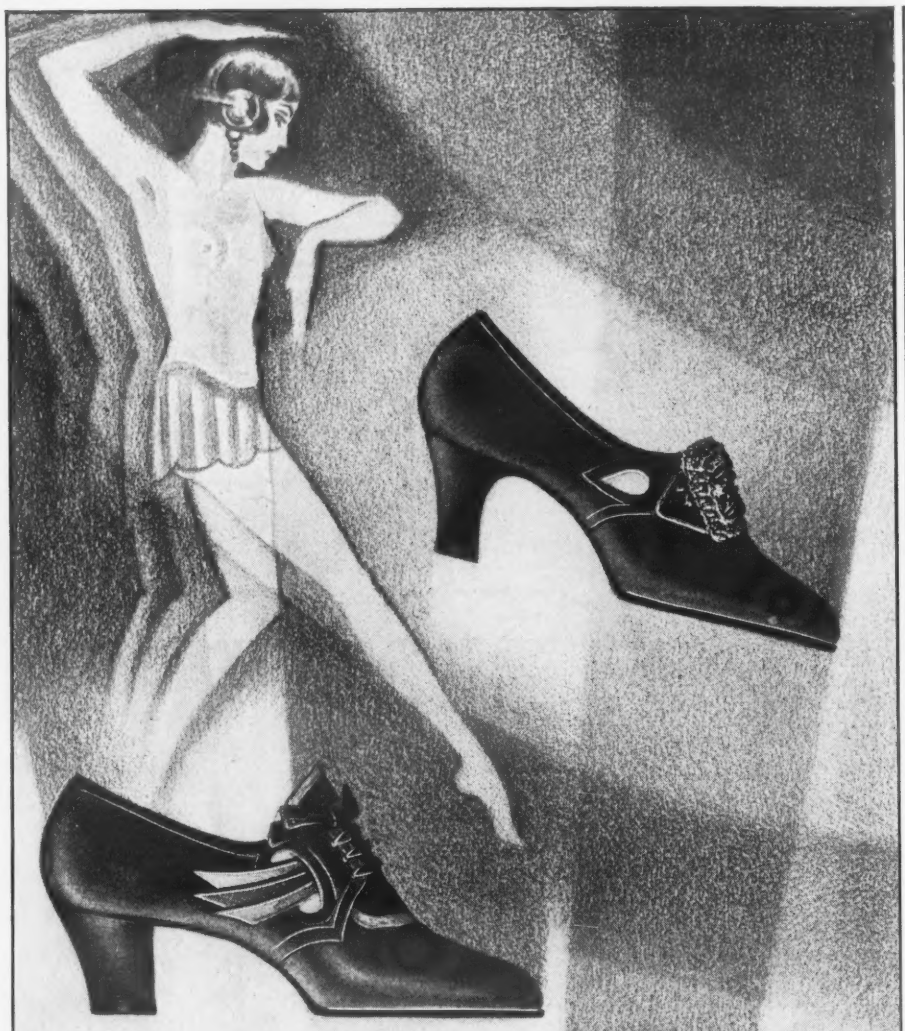
You, and your friends, will be delighted with their exquisite colors and truly patrician smartness.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, *Founded 1846,* New Bedford, Mass.
RIDLEY WATTS & CO., *Selling Agents,* 44 Leonard St., New York City



A New Solid Color Hem

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES



Foot Saver Shoes

You'll Praise Their Style—
But Don't Forget Their Comfort

One hears so many Foot Saver wearers praise the STYLING of this superb footwear, that sometimes one wonders about our vaunted promise of Comfort. ¶ But the explanation is very simple. Foot discomforts, like all others, are quickly forgotten once they've been removed. ¶ And our famous patented, inbuilt construction corrects the CAUSE so promptly that the wearer soon finds herself selecting her Foot Savers for style alone.

"FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE"

The latest Foot Saver creations have been reproduced in a new Style Portfolio which we will gladly send on request. Just mail the coupon below for a free copy.

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 416 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
L 11-29

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

the matter with you and me having a little drink?"

"I'm with a party."

"So am I. That bald-headed one over there by the door. The human eggplant, I call him. He said he was on the loose when I met him downtown, but if he's loose, so is a rubber shirt. I ought to have been suspicious of him when he said he never drank anything but Scotch. That bozo can get more highballs out of a half-pint flask than a magician. Let's you and me have a little party, and I'll give that Scotch juggler the air."

"Some other time." I remembered the girl now—a nice youngster from upstate with just enough voice to get by in the chorus of a second-rate musical show. She had gone downhill, since the winter, more rapidly than is usual, even in New York. "What are you doing up here?" I asked.

"It's a secret," she giggled. "Look me up, some time." She gave me the name of a cheap theatrical hotel. "I play a lot of bridge—afternoons. Or any other game you like." She left me, with a hard, bright laugh; a few moments later I saw her drinking at a table with two well-dressed negroes. Her bald-headed companion had left.

The noise, the clatter in the small, close room was deafening. The squeaks and howls of the orchestra sounded like the groaning of the damned. The floor was filled with indiscriminate couples, whirling madly—spinning like tops. Crazy tops, which must keep on spinning day and night for fear they may lose their equilibrium if they slow up, and topple over—done. Speeding up a high-tension existence with fierce and ever fiercer excitements—seeking new and ever newer thrills in alcohol, sex perversions or drugs. Demanding frantically yet another "kick," with the ultimate one so desperately near at hand. I felt suddenly depressed as I saw that youngster who had come down from her small town only a little more than a year ago, filled with all sorts of ambitions, swaying drunkenly about the dance floor in the arms of a grinning negro. It is easy to preach equality of the races, theoretically, and I believe in giving every man his due; but just the same, if you go into the back rooms of some of the Harlem bars and see the negro men drinking with their white "women" you will not see a pleasant sight.

It was very late. We had eaten our scrambled eggs and bacon. The conversation at the next table was growing rather thick.

"Get hot, baby," one of the men was saying. "Has I got to break yo' ice?" His chocolate-brown companion laughed shrilly. "Remember yo' wife, big boy. Ain't yo' got no home feeling?"

"That ain't the kind of feelin' I wants, honey bunch. I prefers yo' brand. Give papa yo' hand. Ise aimin' to step."

I looked at Sam and Mary.

"Let's go," I said. "The place is getting indecent."

"Getting?" Sam grinned.

"Isn't indecency, like beauty, largely in the eye of the beholder?" said Mary, who is a sweet soul.

"But not in the ear," Sam amended, as I called for the check.

We had reclaimed our hats and were leaving the place when a mulatto boy came in, and, crossing to the drug-peddler's table, touched him on the shoulder. A whispered conversation ensued; then the man rose swiftly and left, passing us as we went up the stairs.

We reached the sidewalk. It was daylight. The buildings across the street, the waiting taxicabs, the groups of silent figures standing about, seemed ghostly, unreal, in the sallow, murky glow. The man who had passed us hurried to the curb, where two other figures at once joined him. They argued violently for a moment, gesticulating; then all three climbed into a closed car that had drawn up to the curb and drove off.

Before we had taken half a dozen steps two sharp reports shattered the silence. We stopped, but remained cool—at least I did—so cool that chills ran up and down my back; my teeth chattered. The groups of dusky figures about the club entrance broke into fragments, scattered like rats, scrambled behind lamp-posts, scuttled into cellars. In the fraction of a second the street was bare.

And all because a passing truck had back-fired.

The excitement of the night clubs is much like that. Just back-fire. Except when somebody gets bumped off. And then it is nobody's business to be around.

TWO SHARP REPORTS SHATTERED THE SILENCE . . . THE GROUPS OF DUSKY FIGURES ABOUT THE CLUB ENTRANCE SCATTERED LIKE RATS

How This 2½-Minute Breakfast

Frees You from Listless Mornings

Quick Quaker provides stamina for children and grownups . . . cooked in 2½ to 5 minutes, it offers not only rich nourishment but a creamy deliciousness unlike any other cereal.

"These youngsters don't mind the cold ride to the township school," writes their teacher, Mrs. J. C. Thompson. "They've been well fortified with good hot breakfasts of Quaker Oats."

FOUR morning hours in which to do 70% of your day's work! This is the condition faced by children in schools; by women in their homes; by men in business. For, by actual figures, more than ⅔ of the day's work must be done before noon, according to recent interviews with housewives, teachers and business men throughout the country.

That means there is just double the demand on you in the morning! And this is why health workers everywhere urge a stimulating hot breakfast. Why they especially advise rolled oats, the most nutritious of all cereals.

Quick Quaker now the quickest-cooking hot cereal

And now this very breakfast is the one most easily prepared. Just think—the finest energy breakfast it is possible to give your family . . . and prepared in less time than it takes to make toast or set the table!

This is because the choice plump oats selected for Quick Quaker are rolled tissue-thin . . . then oven-processed through 14 different ovens to flaky, thorough tenderness. This makes Quick Quaker Oats the fastest of all hot cereals . . . No need to get up extra early . . . 2½ minutes from the time the water boils, Quick Quaker is deliciously done . . . ready to eat.

Quick Quaker Oats has that Rich Quaker Flavor

"A more zestful, tangy flavor." This is how people everywhere distinguish Quaker Oats from all others. It's flavor that leads people to relish Quaker Oats who ordinarily won't eat hot cereals. For in Quaker all the natural nut-sweet flavor of the oat is preserved by a special costly process. And now, with Quick Quaker, you have this same uniquely delicious Quaker flavor. No long cooking, no fuss or bother. It's delicious! Stimulating! Serve it tomorrow.

On the firing line in Chicago's big football stadium. Jimmy Wolf and J. W. Steger shoot sport events all day long for a big metropolitan newspaper. Both of them rely on breakfasts of Quaker Oats to start the day right.

Why nutritionists urge this breakfast

Oatmeal is the choice of leading nutritionists for a morning stamina food, because the oat is the best balanced of all cereals. 16% of Quaker Oats is protein, the growth element in food that builds and repairs tissues. 65% is carbohydrate to furnish extra morning energy. Since Quaker Oats is whole grain it offers, too, an abundance of splendid minerals, a rich supply of Vitamin B . . . plus the roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary.

Tomorrow morning try this delicious energizing hot cereal. If you've time for breakfast . . . you've time for Quick Quaker.

The makers of Quick Quaker Oats also make the regular Quaker Oats, as well as Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

Quick Quaker Oats

Now Cooks in 2½ to 5 Minutes

The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

The Household Buyer

By LITA BANE

AS THE result of many years of investigation in government bureaus, in colleges and in laboratories maintained by industry, there is in existence today a considerable volume of information valuable to the household buyer. Some of it has been given wide circulation. Were you to examine the food, the clothing, the furnishings, the household equipment in common use today you would find that the household buyer has taken advantage of many of the facts revealed by scientific research. Many buyers now consider whether foods contain the minerals, vitamins and other food materials required by the body for normal health; whether mattresses are so constructed as to make for maximum comfort; whether kitchen equipment meets satisfactory standards in its performance, before making their purchases. These standards have all been worked out in research laboratories somewhere.

On the other hand the household buyer must still choose many things with great uncertainty because of the lack of satisfactory standards by which to judge the merits and the suitability to the particular needs of her family of the things she must buy. This is due in part to the fact that we have not yet developed satisfactory standards and in part to the fact that she has little or no knowledge of existing standards. That the household buyer is an important buyer is indicated by these facts presented by R. M. Hudson, of the Bureau of Standards:

"Women in general buy 85 per cent of the goods sold over the retail counter."

The Yardstick of Quality

"ACCORDING to certain studies women buy 95 per cent of the silk sold; 90 per cent of the jewelry; 84 per cent of the articles usually purchased in department stores; 82 per cent of the groceries; 80 per cent of the electrical supplies; 75 per cent of men's socks that are sold; 74 per cent of the drug-store products; 73 per cent of the pianos; 65 per cent of the leather goods; 64 per cent of men's neckwear; 47 per cent of the hardware; and approximately 40 per cent of the automobiles.

"The power of women as buyers is reflected in the following statement by a nationally known advertising agency.

"'Business may have their treasurers, their comptrollers, even their boards of directors, who watch expenditures. By careful perusal of charts and graphs, by weighty conferences, they determine how annual income is to be spent.

"'But homes have their wives, who do the same work in twenty-six million independent businesses, the households of America. Without elaborate research, without the counsel and the conferences of big business, these executives spent annually forty billion dollars.'"

"The buyer is confronted with a bewildering variety of product."

Buying on the present-day market is a complex and difficult undertaking no matter how experienced the buyer. For the household buyer it is manifestly an extremely complicated task because of the great variety of things she must judge and select, ranging from a baby's dress to a cookstove, the limited nature of the budget in most cases, and the few standards of quality at her disposal. The Federal Bureau of Standards in referring to the problems of a buyer says:

"The buyer, whether acting for a giant corporation, a department store, or a single family, is confronted with a bewildering variety of product. How can he compare quality or value with safety or assurance? Whether he plans to purchase sheets for a group of hotels or a clinical thermometer for the home, where and what is the yardstick for quality?

"Today there are many manufactured articles the outward appearance of which is so similar as to baffle any ready comparison of quality by the large majority of buyers, without resort to elaborate or expensive laboratory tests, and as a natural consequence, these goods are purchased on a price basis with some regard for outward appearance but with little discrimination as to real quality, except as disclosed after repeated and expensive experience."

In discussing the market needs of the household buyer, Hazel Kyrk, of the University of Chicago, said:

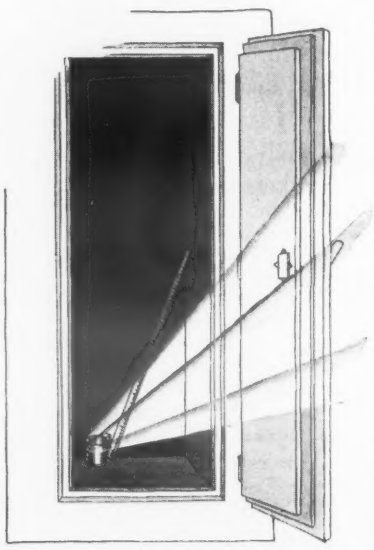
"The buyer needs a market that furnishes her with information, accurate and complete, about the goods available, that she may know the range of choice that is being offered for sale. Our market obviously rates high in this respect. By an ever-growing volume of advertising, through salesmen and display, it gives this essential information. The accuracy of the information is probably becoming greater and greater. The problems that remain are the frequent omission of important facts, and the misleading and irrelevant material that is often presented. . . . The buyer needs a market where she can easily and quickly recognize and select the specific article she desires, where she will have all the information about various articles that is necessary in order to make an intelligent choice, where she can accurately and quickly compare the qualities of two or more articles and thus choose the better one for her purpose or for the money, where she need not guess, but where she has a basis of fact for her judgment."

This implies that standards recognized and accepted by both buyer and seller are needed if the transaction is to be satisfactory to both. Certain standards have been adopted and are used so commonly that we seldom think of them as standards at all but think of them as having existed always. A yard of cloth is always thirty-six inches, a pint of milk means a certain definite quantity of milk. But this is true only because the Federal Government has adopted these measures and keeps in its vaults in Washington a yardstick and a pint measure by which others throughout the country can be checked to test their accuracy.

E. F. Freeman, Director of the Bureau of Standards of R. H. Macy & Company, New York City, in the course of a speech delivered January 30, 1928, before the Women's Club of Suffren, New York, said:

"I believe the time is not far distant when the individual purchaser is going to purchase by specification. Standards will evolve. Products will be properly and accurately labeled. Manufacturers will sign sworn statements to their trade associations or other agencies to the effect that any product bearing their label of standard conforms to the specifications laid down for that particular grade of merchandise. The various associations or other bodies empowered to act will take the necessary steps to see that these standards and specifications are lived up to, and will take the necessary measures to prevent the abuse of the use of these labels of standard. . . .

"How will the public benefit? A customer bent on a shopping expedition steps into a store to purchase articles, such as provisions, soap, refrigerators, disinfectant, sheeting or a vacuum cleaner. The first thing she will look for will be the label or standard. This label will bear an inscription somewhat as follows: 'Guaranteed to comply with the standard of the U. S. Pharmacopœia or with Associated Knit Underwear Manufacturers' Specification No. 16, or with National Pickle Packers' Association Specification No. 962.' This label will convey the message that the product attached to it is manufactured from proper material, in an efficient manner, according to specifications, evolved as a result of research. It will assure her that it has true value, because it is standard merchandise."



The Federal Government keeps in its vaults in Washington a yardstick and a pint measure . . . .

The Bureau of Standards, of United States Department of Commerce, as its name indicates, is established to carry on this kind of work. Much of its work is for the purpose of testing materials and setting up standards for materials used by the Federal Government. A considerable amount of this information, is useful to the household buyer. They have stated their purpose as follows:

"The purpose of commercial standards is to facilitate for the small as well as the large purchaser, the specification method of buying and to make that method effective as far as practicable without constant resort to tests. In its essence the commercial-standards procedure encourages an entire industry to select and indorse a suitable standard of quality from among recognized engineering-society or trade-association specifications, whereupon the Bureau of Standards gives it recognition by official publication, by the preparation of a 'willing-to-certify' list, by broadcasting the printed pamphlet, by encouraging the use of self-certifying labels, by publication of foreign translations through the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, by conducting periodical audits of adherence, by facilitating frequent revision, and by otherwise accelerating its use."

Helping the Consumer

THE Bureau of Home Economics in the United States Department of Agriculture is at work continually in an effort to get at facts useful to the homemaker. Though a new research bureau, it has already provided homemakers with much valuable information. Its findings are published in bulletins that are widely used in homes and in home-economics classrooms.

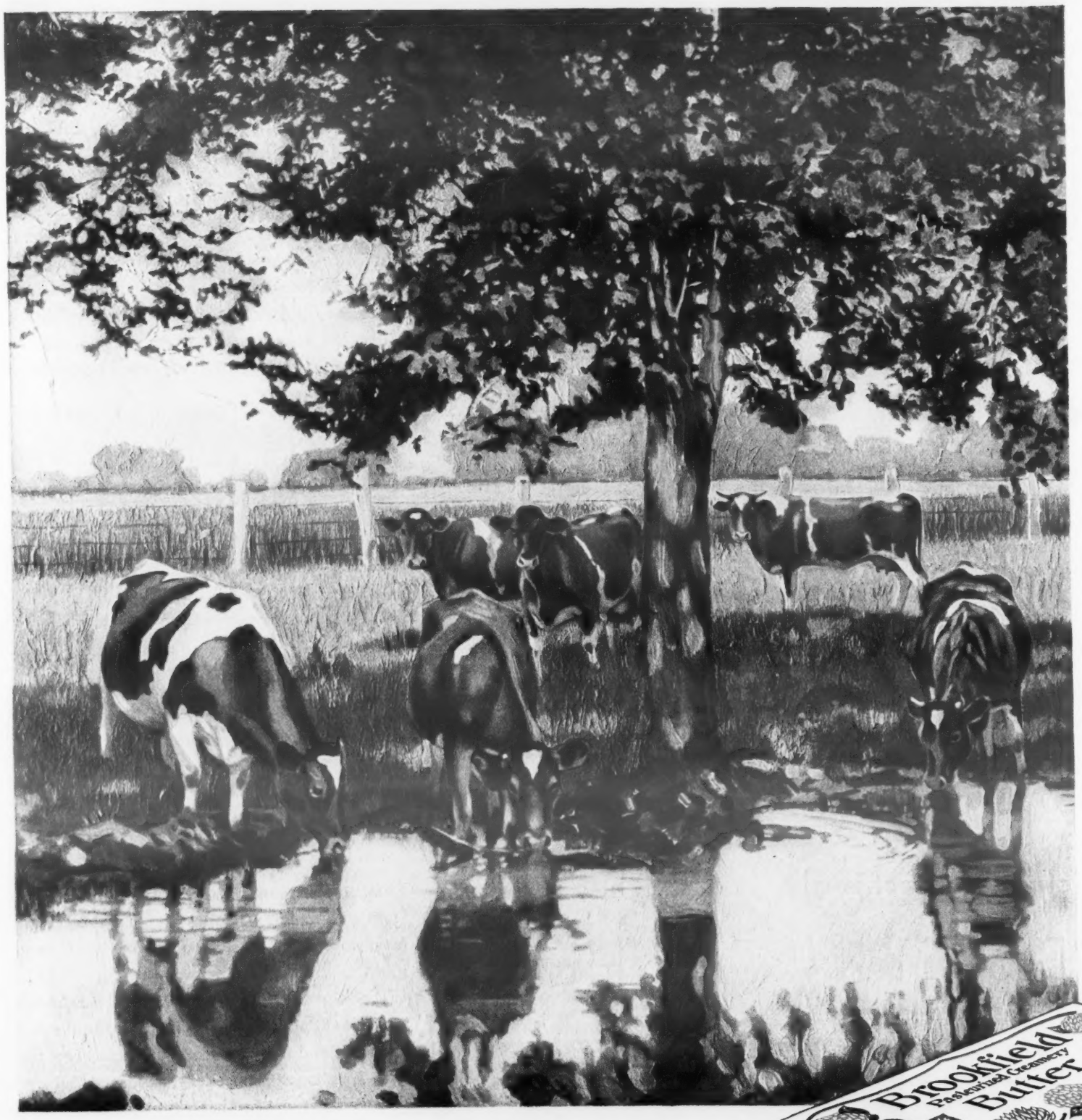
The Federal Trade Commission, Federal, state and municipal governments are also promoting standardization and improved marketing practices intended to serve the consumer.

One of the best-known Federal acts which has had far-reaching effects is the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906, which protects the consumer against substitutes, and against the use of harmful preservatives if the goods are to enter interstate commerce.

There has been considerable unprejudiced research carried on by industry also.

The American Medical Association has for some years been conducting investigations that have brought to light

(Continued on Page 129)



© S. & Co.

AT your table, in your cooking, good butter is so largely a matter of *fresh* butter! . . Just such butter as Swift & Company brings to you — direct from sunlit creameries. It's made of tested, graded cream in selected dairy regions. Shipped, straight from the churn, in spotless Swift refrigerator cars . . to your dealer. You can buy Brookfield Creamery Butter anywhere — always *CREAMERY FRESH!*

These famous packages identify Brookfield quality for you.

BUTTER
EGGS
CHEESE

Swift's Brookfield

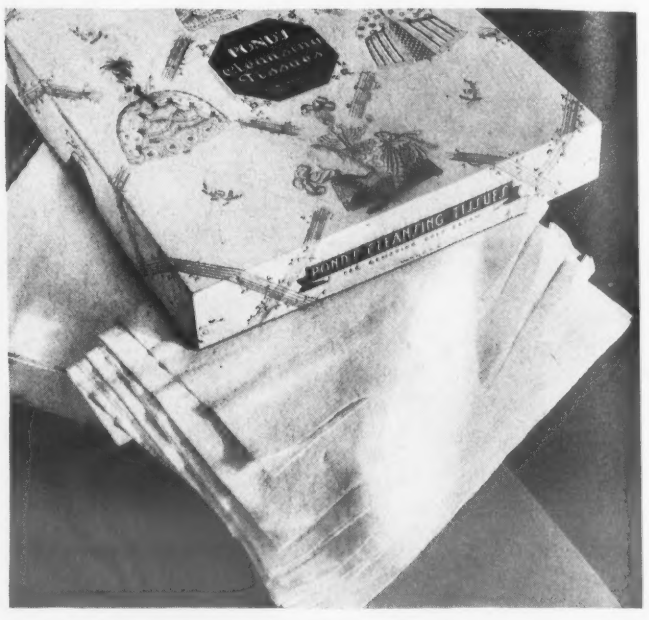
Farm and Dairy Products

HAVE YOU LEARNED

how gently, thoroughly they remove cold cream

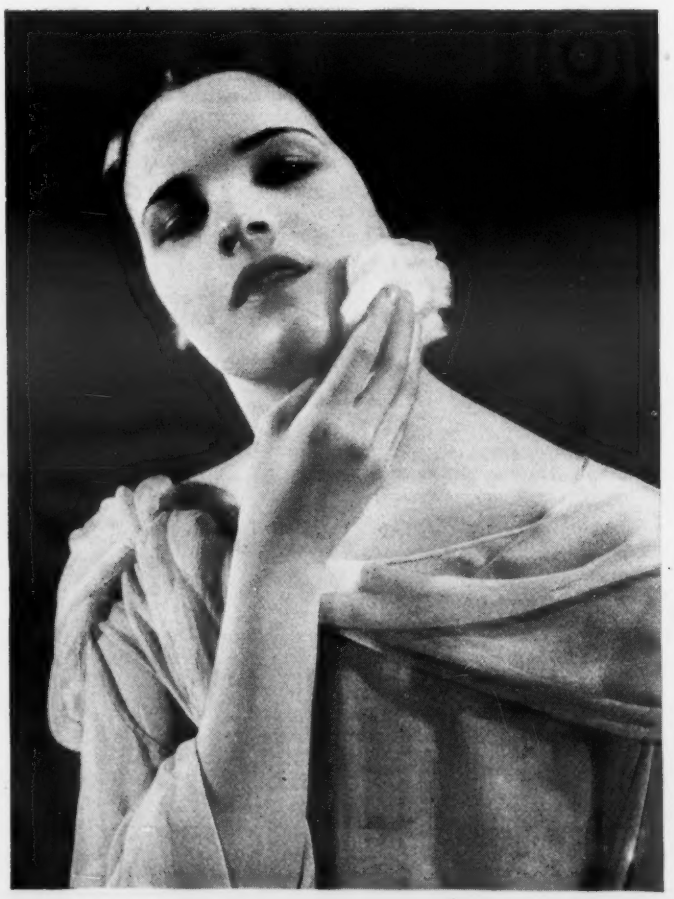
POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES

You will marvel at the fineness, the softness, the firmness of Pond's silky, snow-white Tissues! Just the right size, amazingly absorbent, they are the truly immaculate way of removing cold cream gently and thoroughly. They *lift* the cream and dirt from your skin after cold cream cleansing, leaving it supple and smoothly clear. This dainty, hygienic way is such an improvement on "cold cream rags" and harsh towels. And what a saving of laundry! Pond's Cleansing Tissues can be used in many ways. Keep a box in nursery, boudoir, bathroom and kitchen. Use for colds to prevent spread of infection. Put a few in the children's lunch box. 25¢, 50¢.



how quickly, refreshingly it banishes oiliness

POND'S SKIN FRESHENER



Faintly perfumed, crystal clear, Pond's Skin Freshener and Tonic banishes that last trace of oiliness after cold cream cleansing; gives your face a delicate glowing vitality and tones the tiny facial muscles. Watch the effect after a few weeks' constant use! See how the little lines disappear and the pores contract, how firm and fine-textured your skin becomes. Pond's Skin Freshener is excellent, too, for tired eyes. Soak two pads of cotton with the tonic, wring out, and lay them on closed lids for several minutes. For double chin tap briskly with cotton soaked in Freshener. Use it when rising to get rid of that "sleepy" puffiness. Bottled with screw cap. 50¢, $1.00.

USE THESE BEAUTY AIDS THIS WAY . . .
After cleansing your skin with cold cream, remove cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, two at a time, folded or crumpled in your hand. Use several until they show no soil. Next, soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and dab briskly over face and neck. Then your finishing cream and face powder . . . Your skin looks lovely—cleansed, refreshed.

CHECK OFFER YOU WISH

☐ For FREE sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.
☐ For 10¢ enclosed, samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. V
107F Hudson Street · · · · · · New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1929, Pond's Extract Company

Thanksgiving Dinners—Old and New

By CAROLINE B. KING

IN THE long, long ago, when civilization was just emerging from pagan beliefs and customs and each trifling event was made an occasion for feasting and hilarity, banquets were an almost everyday occurrence; the slightest event was sufficient excuse for racketing and carnival and merrymaking. In the kitchens of the humblest citizens cooks bustled, spits turned, raisins were seeded, spices ground, just as busily and as importantly as in the kitchen of the king. Life was one grand round of eating and drinking and reveling, and if, by chance, it happened, as very often it did, that brawls and retribution followed closely in the wake of skylarking and gormandizing, who cared? Tomorrow would be another day, and each turn of the moon brought its own fête days and jubilees.

Today we do our celebrating in a more decorous and dignified manner. The list of annual occasions which traditions demand shall be greeted with special feasting has been curtailed to a mere three or four, and, moreover, we have so modified and abridged the menus for these events that our swashbuckling friends of the Middle Ages would regard them with scorn and ourselves with pity. Nevertheless, there are certain customs we cling to, certain time-honored precedents that are as dear as life itself to us.

Thanksgiving Day is one of the few feast days which patriotic Americans can claim as genuinely their own. The Thanksgiving dinner is the supreme test of the housewife's ability. And whether or not she prepares it according to the formula set down by custom and usage, the tradition that surrounds the day itself, the veneration with which we Americans have always invested it, are still fresh and flourishing within us.

It is something of a shock, therefore, to learn that not every family in America serves turkey and cranberry sauce as the pièce de résistance of the Thanksgiving dinner; to discover that chicken, duck, guinea fowl, ham, even roast pork, are often given the place of honor. But such is the case—smaller families, smaller kitchens and larger prices, as well as the fact that entertaining is now done far more simply and perhaps more elegantly than in the old times, have all influenced the housewife in her purchasing, so that the modern Thanksgiving dinner in the modern home is very apt to be a smart little affair for four to eight covers, with a few simple but very deliciously prepared dishes.

An old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner will, of course, comprise oyster soup—a clear thin soup would be more appropriate, but custom calls for oyster soup—and a luscious chicken pie with flaky crust and much ricy gravy with perhaps a pan of smoking scalloped oysters as well. The big moment of the dinner is naturally the turkey with giblet gravy, plenty of stuffing and cranberry sauce. And though many will still feel that they have been cheated if they do not experience the Thanksgiving thrill that comes with the serving of the national bird, roast duck with currant jelly, roast pork with spicy apple sauce, a noble ham baked in cider, or guinea hens with guava jelly will make a tempting and delicious substitute.

And what for vegetables? Why, potatoes, white and sweet, of course; onions stuffed with nuts or sausage, or creamed or buttered; cauliflower; succotash; beets; mashed turnips—any or all of the autumn's harvest may be served appropriately at the Thanksgiving feast.

Salads the old-time observers of the day did without. They had homemade pickles, dozens of different varieties from which to choose; they had spiced peaches; and they had crunchy celery. We of this generation like a bit of something green before the dessert. We may have a light salad of shredded celery and green pepper; or orange and cress; or merely crisp lettuce hearts. The dressing, of course, will be a very simple one of oil, vinegar, or fruit juice and seasonings, prepared at the table, or immediately before it is served.

And an old-time dessert will complete this old-time dinner. Pies, pumpkin or mince or cranberry; or a toasted apple pie with cider sauce; or perhaps a baked Indian pudding with ice cream. And there will be nuts, layer raisins and little bonbons, with cider and coffee for beverages. Plum pudding is a Christmas dessert, and so reserve it for that occasion and keep to traditional pies and baked Indian pudding at the Thanksgiving feast.

Pickles and relishes, sweet and spiced.

And for the hostess who inclines to the small but very delightful dinner, but who also wishes to preserve the old customs as far as she can—what is she to serve? Her problem is a very pleasant one, for there is no form of entertaining quite so interesting as the small dinner party.

For a beginning, she has a wide choice—oyster cocktail, pineapple-and-white-grape cocktail, tomato-juice cocktail; or she may prefer to serve canapes made of thin strips of toast spread with a piquant fish paste, or grapefruit.

Soup is not necessary, but it may follow the appetizer if she so desires; clam broth or clear tomato soup or a rich consommé will be appetizing, and bread sticks or hot salted crackers are the correct accompaniments.

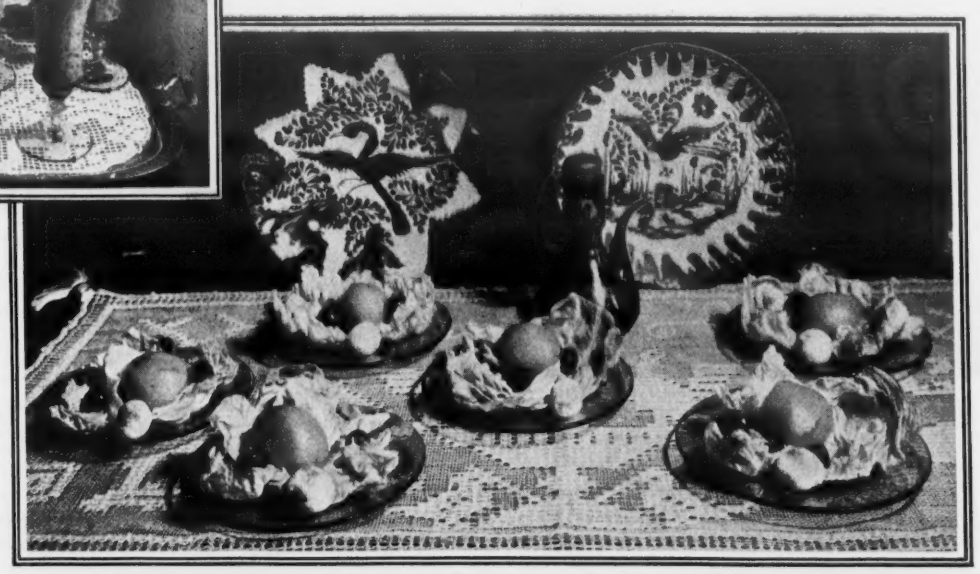
If the dinner is to be very special, a fish course adds a rather imposing touch to it, or some little entrée piquantly seasoned and served hot and tasty will be just the thing.

Roast guinea fowl with oyster stuffing, celery, olives and salted nuts, a nice selection of vegetables, a simple green salad with crisped crackers, and, as a finish, some form of ice cream or frozen-fruit sweet—or, to be strictly in keeping with the day, individual pumpkin pies, topped with chopped nuts and served with small cups of black coffee—make an interesting and appropriate menu.

If a turkey is to form the main dish of the dinner, do not buy one smaller than eight pounds, and take care to select it with a smooth unbroken skin; plump, dark legs, with the cartilage at the end of the breastbone soft and pliable. Clean the turkey well, washing it thoroughly inside and out. Do this the day before the dinner, and prepare the stuffing also, but do not fill the bird until just before you are ready to cook it.

(Continued on Page 125)

A most appropriate dessert for the Thanksgiving dinner is cranberry float.



At right—Pickled peach salad is a typical dish for this time-honored occasion.

YEARS AGO a gentleman of the "Old South" dreamed a dream of better coffee flavor — and succeeded in making his dream come true.

He was an expert in coffees. He had tasted the choicest kinds and grades grown in the tropics of the world. And none of them quite satisfied him. The rich, syrupy coffees wanted sparkle, he thought; the "winy" coffees needed more rich body; the pungent coffees were too pungent; the mild, too mild. He thought—there must be some *one* combination of all these good coffee qualities which will yield the last delight in flavor.

And so he set about to find it.

It wasn't a thing done in a day. He spent years experimenting . . . combining different sorts of coffee in all sorts of different ways and proportions . . . recombining . . .

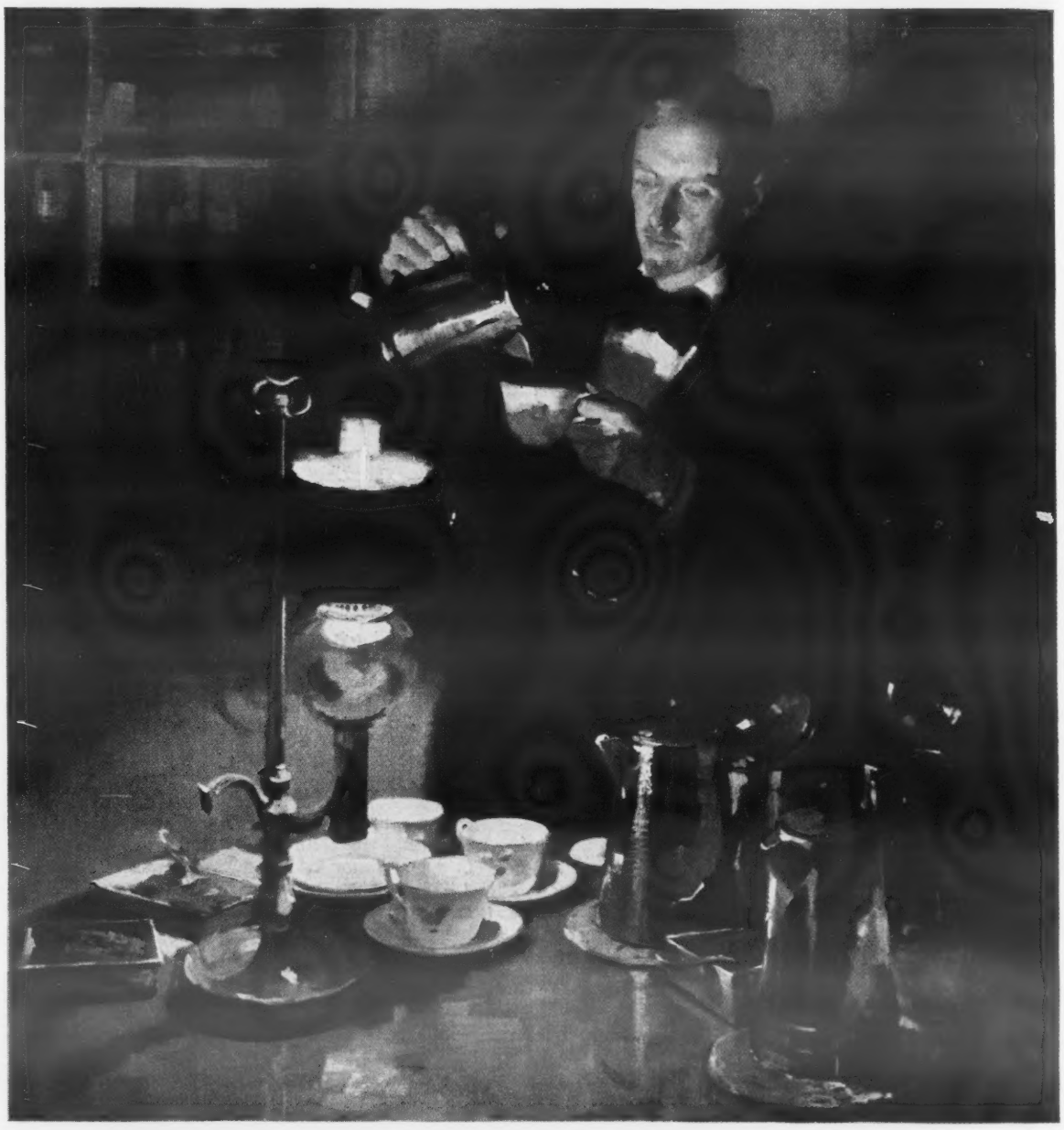
Until at last he struck it—the combination, the *blend* in which his cultivated palate found exquisite satisfaction. A rich, full, round flavor, aromatic without bitterness; mellow, yet full of life and sparkle!

At the old Maxwell House in Nashville, Tennessee, where he first proudly introduced his blend, it quickly became a special boast. It figured prominently at the banquets and balls, and in the entertainment of distinguished guests, for which this old hotel was famous.

"Good to the last drop," a president of the United States once exclaimed there, as he delightedly drained his cup of Maxwell House Coffee.

The young expert is "The Old Colonel" now. He has lived to see his blend become the largest selling packaged coffee in the whole United States—preferred by prominent hostesses from coast to coast, served daily in millions of homes.

Your cup of coffee at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, can offer you many shades of experience. If it does not delight you, perhaps you have not yet found the blend for *you*. Try Maxwell House Coffee—it is pleasing more people today than any other high-grade coffee ever offered for sale.



His genius....his patience.... created the flavor America enjoys today

THURSDAYS . . "ON THE AIR"

Every Thursday evening a program of musical hits is broadcast by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra over WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

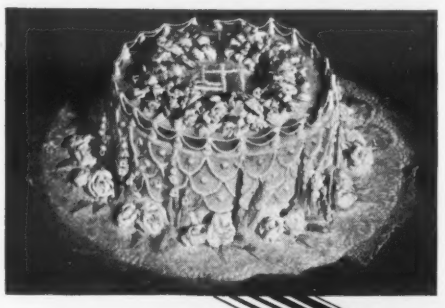
"Good to the last drop"

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

The Art of Successful Modern Catering

By MARGERY OLIVER BEEM



Recipes for Desserts From the Home Delicacies Association of Chicago

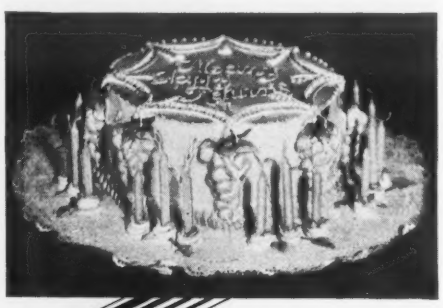


PHOTO. BY FRANK G. FULTON

A refreshing dessert for formal luncheon is a half-frozen fruit mold with a golden dressing. Above—Two birthday cakes made of ice cream. Each layer can be a different color cake with ice cream between.

YOU may be serving bread-and-butter sandwiches with tea to four of your friends. Or you may be giving a formal affair at which you are providing hundreds of guests with the most sophisticated delicacies. Your party may cost anywhere from a few cents to thousands of dollars. But its success or failure will depend on one thing: Does or does not the food which you serve and the way in which you serve it represent to your guests your personal hospitality?

Service that seems to belong to an institution, commonplace china that would be more appropriate in a hotel than in a home, food prepared in a wholesale, impersonal way in which you yourself would never prepare it for your guests—all these things have done much to give the very word "catering" a bad name. Years ago the planning and management of social functions for others were left to unimaginative people who made a dull commercial routine of it. Today catering is recognized as a fine art. Party planning has become a profession that has special appeal for the young girl who has a flair for artistic foods and their service, and imagination and social training enough to be able to take entire charge of a social function for some busy hostess.

At the Home Delicacies Association the party director takes entire responsibility for every step in planning and serving the party. With the hostess she plans out every detail—the kind of function it is to be, the number who can be accommodated comfortably, the menu, the silver, linen and china to be furnished, the number of maids or butlers, the table and floral decorations, and sometimes the music, as well.

Generally the hostess has a quite definite idea of the kind of affair she wants to give, but even these plans must sometimes be changed. I recall one customer who wished to give a formal dinner for forty-four friends. Her apartment was very small, but as she owed exactly twenty-two dinner invitations she was anxious to have the tables so arranged as to accommodate forty-six places. We suggested buffet service, but she was quite sure the tables could be juggled in some way so as to make the formal dinner possible.

I called in the stock man who had charge of the tables and chairs. He drew in chalk on the floor the outlines of the narrow banquet tables that would seat the largest number of people and take up the least space. Then with a yardstick he blocked off the seating spaces, allowing the minimum of eighteen inches for each guest. In the end she was quite convinced, and decided to give a buffet service instead of the formal dinner. The drawing might more easily have been made on paper, but on the floor it was much more graphic.

Achieving Original Parties

IT IS not difficult to estimate the amount of silver, linen and china that will be needed to serve a certain number of guests, but it requires a sense of the appropriate to select just the things that will be in keeping with the home where they will be used. French blue underglaze china is beautiful, but hardly appropriate for service in a modest country home. Gay informal napery is delightful but too unsophisticated for a formal affair.

We make a point of encouraging the hostess to use as many of her own things as possible. For it is the individual things you have in your home that differentiate it from all other homes. Let the caterer add to them whatever silver, linen and china you need, but let your personal belongings be the nucleus and the hired things strictly in keeping with them.

As for food, our party directors plan to make it distinctive for each hostess. One debutante was so wearied with a round of stereotyped foods at the dozen coming-out parties she had attended that she was determined not to serve a single thing at hers which had been served at any of the others.

It was midwinter, so we selected for her a variety of hot toasted sandwiches—toasted cheese, chutney on toasted rye, hot crabmeat canapes, and toasted sweet sandwiches of many kinds. We kept three chefs busy making them so that each sandwich was brought in piping hot, fragrant and delicious.

For cakes we decided to have everything plain and undecorated. There were tiny individual angel foods in many different flavors. There were equally tiny individual white fruit cakes, baked but not served in paper cases. There were meltingly delicious sponge drops dusted with powdered sugar and filled with luscious creamy fillings. But not a sprig of decoration, not a twist or icing curlicue on the entire lot. To the party-weary debutantes it was a great relief and it was unusual enough to be remembered when other parties had passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

Another hostess wanted her cakes to be decorated, but she wanted them to be very artistic and in keeping with her Spanish house. It happened that she had recently been presented with two old plates of Spanish lusterware with odd conventional decorations. These hung directly over the long refectory table from which the tea was to be served. It was a simple matter to duplicate these decorations on the little tea cakes.

How does a party director know just how much food to order? It is simply a matter of correct arithmetic. Even the most habitual hostess generally gets panicky at the last moment and is apt to be afraid there might not be enough food for any extra guests. But the party director has allowed for such a contingency in her first plan. She will have ordered enough extra food, so that even if extra guests arrive, there will be no embarrassments.

How does the party director know how many maids and butlers to provide? That depends on many things—the type of service, the kinds of food to be served, and the distance from the kitchen to the dining room.

Perhaps no foods are oftener served than desserts. They have a place on the menus of luncheons, dinners, receptions and suppers.

For Luncheon

FRUIT PUDDING BOISDEAU. This pudding is delicious to eat and makes a handsome ornament to the luncheon table. It requires two cupfuls of whipping cream, one pint of milk, half an ounce of gelatin, one-quarter of a pound of sugar, ten egg yolks, one-quarter of an ounce of vanilla, half a teaspoonful of salt.

Soften the gelatin in a little of the milk. Be extremely careful not to increase the quantity of gelatin. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks until very light. Add the sugar and salt, and beat again. Stir this mixture gently into the hot milk and cook till it coats a spoon, but not a minute longer. Set this aside until partly cool; then add the softened gelatin and vanilla. Strain through a fine sieve and set in a dish of ice water. When it starts to thicken, whip it until it is light, and fold in the cream, which has been whipped until it is very stiff. Place the pudding in a round plain pudding mold and set it in a cold place to become firm.

At serving time, unmold on a lace doily which has been placed on a handsome serving plate, silver if possible. Just before bringing it to the table, take sections of orange that have been freed from all the integument that covers them, and lay them as a border on the top of the pudding. Put a layer of these same segments around the bottom of the pudding. Serve with a raspberry sauce.

For the raspberry sauce, take a pint of fresh red raspberry juice—you may use raspberry preserve, but it is not nearly so good. If you do, however, dissolve it in one and a half cupfuls of water and strain it. If you use fresh fruit juice add one and a half cupfuls of water and the juice of one lemon. Add a tablespoonful of gelatin dissolved in a little warm water. Be sure to have the sauce well chilled.

HALF-FROZEN FRUIT MOLD WITH GOLDEN DRESSING. A beautiful and refreshing dessert for luncheon is a half-frozen mold of the fine fruits of the season. In using fruits it must always be remembered that only the choicest varieties are suitable for serving. Any good combination may be used in these molds.

Prepare a basic fruit juice of any of the fruits you will use. Let us say orange. In this fruit juice dissolve gelatin in the proportion of one-half an ounce of gelatin to one pint of juice. If there is not a pudding mold at hand, take an ice-cream brick or a round cake pan; but it is desirable to have some fancy mold. Cover the bottom of the mold with the fruit juice and let it set. It is usually desirable to put the mold on broken ice or into ice water.

Take pieces of orange, which have been carefully dissected so that there is not left any of the membrane that separates the divisions of the fruit, peeled Malaga grapes, or very large California grapes, which you have seeded, and a perfect banana. Peel it, and carefully scrape off the outside cover of the fruit with a sharp knife. Cut it in two in the middle and split it lengthwise into pieces an inch and a half long. While doing this, cover the banana pieces with lemon juice. Have choice large strawberries, red raspberries or cherries.

Lay the fruit carefully in the mold that has the stiffened orange juice in the bottom. Be sure to have some of each kind of fruit in each layer. Moisten the layer of fruit with more of the orange juice; place another layer of fruit on it. Continue in this way until the mold is filled. Run a layer of fruit juice over the whole, and set it aside in a cold place until you are ready to serve.

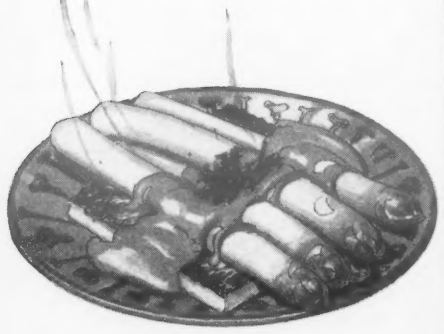
To unmold it, wrap a cloth that has been dipped in very hot water around the mold, for a moment only. Put the mold upside down on a lace doily on a serving platter, which

(Continued on Page 122)

Does the family cheer when dinner comes on?

"THE best little cook in the world!" Welcome words!—and you'll hear them every day if you'll just keep putting new variety and flavor into the meals you serve.

California Canned Asparagus will help you. Its freshness, its delicacy, put an appetizing touch of distinction into any menu. And canned asparagus is always ready to use in dozens of delightful dishes. Serve it often—it is sure to please the family.



Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce—Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into shallow pan. Heat over low fire until thoroughly hot. Drain. Arrange asparagus on slices of buttered toast. For Cheese Sauce:—melt 2 tablespoons butter in double boiler, add ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons flour. Stir to a smooth paste. Add very gradually 1¼ cups milk. Cook until thickened. Then add ¾ cup grated American cheese, heating until cheese is melted.

CALIFORNIA CANNED
Asparagus

Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 159, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

DILLON

Suggestions for Colorful Table Arrangements

Combining Brilliant Glass, China and Linen

Above—A handsome cloth of pale green satin damask makes a fascinating background for high-stemmed formal goblets of Natilly cut rock crystal; service plates of Bavarian Black Knight china with a wide border of green and gold, a center bowl and candlesticks of amber cut glass. Silver plate from Overland.

At Left—Damask in exquisite pale blue, a dark blue glass bowl, Firenza pattern Black Knight china, delphinium-blue glass, candlesticks and handles of forks and knives to match are used for a luncheon table. Goblets and sherbets from H. C. Fry Company. Silver from National Silver Company.

At Right—A very handsome table composition, which is particularly suitable for winter dinner parties, shows an exquisite and elaborate cloth and napkins of fine white linen ornamented with Spanish drawn work, cut work and embroidery—gray-and-white Spode butter and place plates in reproduction of the old Liverpool pattern, tall-stemmed goblets in ruby glass, a low bowl and candlesticks of matching ruby glass and flat silver with handles of red. Glass from Rice Brothers; silver from National Silver Company.

ALL TABLE SETTINGS
BY COURTESY OF
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA

OUT OF THE SHADOW

HAVE you ever seen a little child suffering from diphtheria, fighting for breath, his face filled with agony. Unless you have, you cannot know how dreadful was the shadow that once hung so unrelentingly over childhood.

For centuries, across the length and breadth of continents—in mansions and in hovels—parents and physicians were forced to watch helpless children struggling hopelessly against the terrible disease *because nobody knew how to protect them.*

Then, a generation ago, medical research set itself to the task of conquering diphtheria. With inexorable patience, so characteristic of scientists, efforts were repeated again and again, regardless of failure. And at last *it was proved that microbes cause diphtheria*—and mankind learned how to set these tiny murderers upon themselves and force them to protect, rather than destroy us.

The men who combined to achieve this great victory—who brought the children of the world out of the shadow of this awful peril—were Klebs, Löffler and Roux. *Thanks to their work, deaths from diphtheria in the U. S. have been reduced more than 80% in the last 25 years. . . .*

. . . But what of the 8426 who were not brought out of the shadow, who died in 1927★ from this preventable disease? Could they not have been saved? They could! In the great majority of cases a simple precaution could have done so! Just as the 600,000 who die every year in the United States from preventable diseases which could be saved by prompt utilization of the means now at the service of the physician.

In the struggle against disease, the House of Squibb has always been in active co-operation with the medical profession. Its work today in furnishing physicians with reliable vaccines and antitoxins to use when needed, is the service it has rendered for almost three-quarters of a century. These products are developed in the Squibb Laboratories by working in close co-operation with physicians and hospitals.

Physicians depend implicitly on the purity and reliability of all Squibb Products. They know that everything under the Squibb label is always of unquestionable trustworthiness. For only the purest materials go into Squibb Products. Science, skill and care are used in their manufacture. And into each one of them is blended the "Priceless Ingredient"—the honor and integrity of its maker.

★ Statistics on deaths from diphtheria in 1928 not available until December 31, 1929

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

"Look what Mother has fixed for us"

CRISP snappy days—strenuous play days. Young appetites naturally demand a little "after-school" or "between-meals" lunch. And there is nothing better than a good thick spread of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.

Children like its rich flavor. And Mothers can feel sure that it is right to give them all they will eat. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is a real food—not just a flavor. It is full of concentrated nourishment—a well-balanced healthful food. Let the growing youngsters have it often and in generous quantities—it helps build up their energy for the strenuous "play days."

And remember that the grown-up members of the family like Peanut Butter too—it's a mighty good plan to keep a large jar on the pantry shelf always. For your convenience, Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is packed with an *easy-to-open* top—a feature that is exclusive with Beech-Nut.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

The Social Side of the Kitchen

By NENA WILSON BADENOCH

THE full success of a house, as a home, depends upon the kitchen. The living room may be ever so charming with fireplace, windows and furnishings providing home comfort, the dining room may offer the most attractive vistas, but when company comes, or it is maid's day out, if the kitchen is not compact and well equipped as a modern workshop, the house is deserted for the club or restaurant.

That is why in planning the House to Grow Up In, I was particularly interested in every square inch of the kitchen. Every step was counted on paper over its nine-by-twelve floor space, every utensil was imagined in place, every motion anticipated; in fact, three meals a day and baking morning were mentally rehearsed before the plans went into blue prints.

More than functioning as a place in which it is easy and attractive to prepare healthful meals for the family, the kitchen is the most important room in the house in contributing toward the education and social life of the children. It can educate them in health through the careful cooking. It can teach them the coöperation of the hand and mind, train them in accuracy, discipline them to follow directions exactly and give them their first lessons in chemistry and physics. More than that, it can be a social asset to them, and the center of much wholesome home fun.

In this age of speed and color the kitchen has competition with hundreds of distractions outside the home, and it has to be as invitingly attractive to look at as the sun parlor, compact enough for easy work, and well enough equipped with modern machinery for quick work, if it is to appeal to growing children as the most fascinating room in the house.

Training for Youngsters

FROM the time our children begin to walk we buy them toys upon which they can go faster and farther, kiddie cars, velocipedes, bicycles and finally motor cars. Is it to be expected that we can hold our high-school children's interest in the kitchen preparations if we offer them a large drab kitchen equipped only with the tools of their grandmother, the earthen bowl, wooden spoon and beating fork, made for the days when time mattered not, and woman's work was never done?

But a kitchen aid which mixes and creams, beats and whips, grinds or cuts while you are gathering other supplies, a dishwasher which washes the dishes clean while you are putting away food, a mechanically cooled ice box which offers new and attractive ways of ice-box cookery, and a regulated oven which takes all the guesswork out of baking—these are the lures of the modern kitchen which meet the requirements of the speed age and draw the children and their friends into the kitchen.

So I reasoned in planning the kitchen for my new home, a chair or two for the living room could wait, but the kitchen must have this up-to-date equipment as a part of my investment in child education, which couldn't wait for futures, for the precious years would pass.

My children have always liked to come into the kitchen with me from the time they have been old enough to creep, and believing the kitchen is the laboratory of the home I let them investigate. From the lid-fitting stage, they have passed to the water-dabbling delight when they first learned to help wash dishes, to the crumb-grinding, and cookie-cutting age, and then to the cooking interest, when toast and bacon or soft-cooked eggs figured as their chief accomplishments.

Cooking is very social I discovered early, for my children were never happier than when they had a friend join them and go into the kitchen to make some new dish which they had recently learned how to prepare.

So in planning the kitchen for the new house, I wanted one compact enough for one person to work in easily and elastic enough for several to work in without hindering one another. The preparing unit, consisting of built-in kitchen cabinet, and kitchen-aid cabinet with cupboards above and at one side for additional supplies and utensils, furnishes the room for two workers gayly intent on mixing delicious feathery cakes, flaky pie or fine-textured bread. The movable table of the breakfast nook, placed at right angle to the cabinets makes working place for still a third, who may be using this base for supplies.

Directly across the kitchen, just a few steps away, is the counter continuous with the dishwasher sink which makes a very good working surface for one who is devising artistic salads from freshly washed vegetables. The vegetable container itself is at the right hand of the sink, being a rescued space of adequate proportions, between the mechanical ice box, set over the bulk head for the basement stairs, and the inclined ceiling of those very stairs. The ledge jutting beyond the ice box, which forms the hinged top of this fruit-and-vegetable cupboard, is of sufficient width to be very useful as a shelf on which to place foods taken from the ice box or as a place where the dishwasher may stack clean dishes before putting them away when the left-hand counter is occupied, or when there is not space for the tea wagon.

DRAWINGS BY MARGUERITE DE ANGELI

I have seen this kitchen for children accommodate itself to a group of four Girl Scouts intent on making the foods which qualify them for the cook's badge, with a girl at every surface, or to a committee of six serving a mother's tea for fifty.

The paper towels above the sink keep the hands fresh and serve as a cover for the garbage which is immediately slipped down the incinerator shaft. Dish towels for wiping dishes as they are used and washed are always at hand from the sliding latticed rack which slips them out of sight under the sink, and over the wall-hung radiator for quick drying.

I count it a valuable part of my four-year-old's training to allow him to help when he tags me into the kitchen, draws up the stool to the sink, washes his hands to rosy cleanness, and volunteers with shining face as he holds them up, "See, now I am ready to help. Let me do something." The breakfast nook with its wide seats is the place where I can sit with him to shell peas or beans, or where I can install him in all his glory to grate cheese in the revolving grater, without having him interfere with the routine of dinner preparations.

His skill in screwing the can opener to the table edge is not gained from block building in the nursery only, but from the mechanical delights of the kitchen utensils. He has learned the natural consequences of using fingers instead of glass stopper to crowd the cheese and he has developed caution. All of these revolving utensils give him his first lessons in mechanics.

To have the older children learn to coordinate the use of their hands and minds as they stand before the kitchen cabinet, read a recipe and reach for supplies and utensils, as easily as they would read their music and find the notes on the piano, is a valuable training which is worth planning the kitchen for.

Attracting the Children

WHEN they learn that a recipe is a command which followed out exactly will bring definite results, they become accurate in measuring, and careful in cooking to the right degree of temperature. It is the kind of discipline which lays a foundation for future chemists, doctors and scientists.

Boys need this training just as much as girls and I find that the lure of the mechanical equipment is keen for them. A boy's hearty appetite is readily translated into enthusiasm about making good food to eat, and even the kitchen rule that order must be restored is easy enough to follow when he has the delight of turning on a faucet, getting the water to the right temperature, adding the proper amount of washing powder and snapping an electric button.

To be able to bring the gang into the kitchen after school and make fudge with a thermometer, cool it on the deep tile window shelf, beat it to a creamy smoothness in the kitchen aid, and slip the dishes into the dishwasher after the pans have been eagerly "licked," and then to share alike in the pieces is a boy's idea of a regular home. The fudge is sure to be good, and the whole bunch are vying with one another as to who can do the work of snapping electric buttons.

To come into the kitchen from a late music lesson or after school work, where mother is busily getting dinner, and for relaxation make doughnuts or spice cakes or something entirely new and alluring is my twelve-year-old daughter's idea of real fun. It is such a chummy way of imparting the news of the day above the quiet whir of the kitchen motor.

If the kitchen has been planned for convenience and decorated for attractiveness, equipped for speed and clean, easy work, if interest and desire to try have been the open sesame, the kitchen will play a vital part in the social life of the children and the happiness of the family circle.

From thousands of "FAVORITE" Chocolate Desserts these THREE were chosen!

THERE are hosts and hosts of wonderful chocolate desserts. Yet the very first time you taste this pie—this pudding—this frozen parfait—you'll know why each was chosen from thousands! For what a world of deliciousness is stored within them! Precious recipes like these are handed down from mother to daughter and jealously guarded as family heirlooms. And how superbly they answer the need for new and original holiday desserts!

CHIFFON CHOCOLATE PIE

For those who have a surpassing fondness for chocolate pie—here is the prince of chocolate pies—the *pièce de résistance* of any meal-time function. Not over-heavy, not over-filling.

Just rich, silky-smooth, lustrous chocolate, snow-capped with a fluff of glistening meringue. Wherever served, it's bound to bring the same response: "Where did you find this marvelous recipe?"

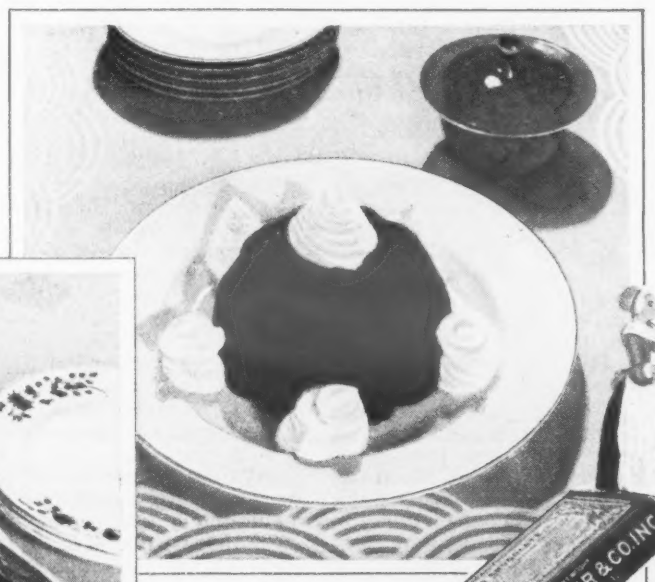
3 squares (3 ounces) Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces . . . 2¼ cups cold milk . . . 1¼ cups sugar . . . ½ cup cornstarch . . . ¼ teaspoon salt . . . 2 tablespoons butter . . . 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla . . . 1 baked 9-inch pie shell . . . 3 egg whites . . . 6 tablespoons sugar.

Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater 1 minute, or until blended. Sift sugar, cornstarch, and salt together, and add a small amount of chocolate mixture, stirring until smooth. Return to double boiler, add butter, and stir constantly until thickened. Cook 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Pour a small amount over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, and cook until thickened. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar, and beat until mixture thickens again. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in moderate oven (325°F.) 20 minutes, or until slightly browned.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT PUDDING

A sparkling mound of chocolate lusciousness enriched with fruit and adorned with rosettes of whipped cream. Rich in flavor—wondrously smooth in texture.

3 squares (3 ounces) Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces . . . 2 cups cold milk . . . 1½ tablespoons gelatin . . . ½ cup cold water . . . 1 cup sugar . . . ⅛ teaspoon salt . . . ½ cup seedless raisins . . . ½ cup dates, seeded and finely cut . . . ¼ cup walnut meats, cut . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla.



Add chocolate to milk, and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater 1 minute, or until blended. Soak gelatin in cold water, add sugar and salt, and mix well. Add to chocolate mixture and stir until gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Strain. Chill until slightly thickened, stirring occasionally. Add fruit, nuts, and vanilla. Beat well and turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 8.

PARFAIT MAZARIN

Delicate chocolate clouds of marvelous velvetiness and flavor—topped with a white fluff of whipped cream. Reminiscent, too, of Cardinal Mazarin, that eminent French statesman, who is said to have introduced *chocolat* to the fastidious palates of Europe. How exquisitely this delectable dessert will grace your choicest holiday function—how completely crown your most festive meal!

1 cup sugar . . . 1 cup water . . . 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten . . . 2 squares (2 ounces) Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled . . . 2 cups cream, whipped . . . 1 tablespoon vanilla.

Cook sugar and water until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (238°F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until mixture is cool. Fold in chocolate, cream, and vanilla. Pour into mold, filling it to overflowing, cover with greased paper, press cover tightly down over paper, and pack in equal parts of ice and salt. Let stand 3 to 4 hours. Or, place in freezing trays of refrigerator and let stand 3 to 4 hours. Serve in parfait glasses and top with whipped cream. Makes 1¼ quarts parfait.

All measurements are level.

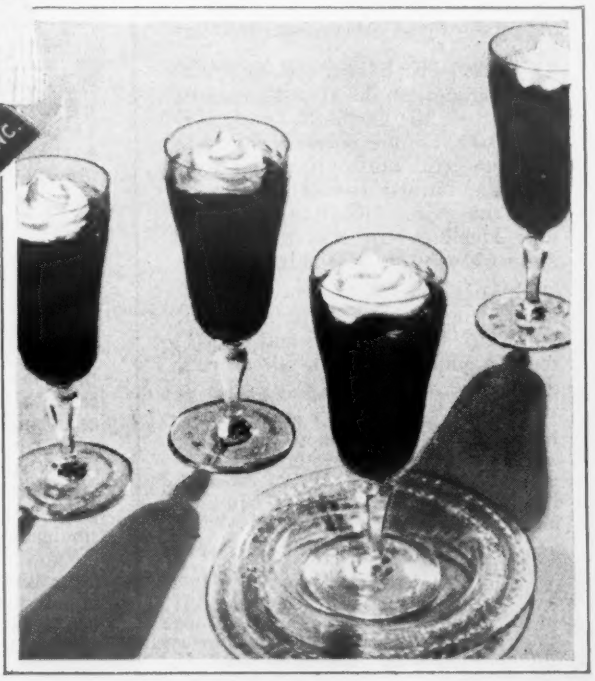
For perfect results there's no substitute for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Such perfect desserts are deserving of the finest ingredients . . . those that stand for the highest degree of purity and perfection of flavor. Walter Baker's Chocolate, rich, creamy-smooth, and with a true chocolate flavor that has never been equalled, certainly meets this standard more than satisfactorily.

Always use Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate . . . made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted, and blended with the skill that 149 years have brought. For this chocolate has a flavor that has set a standard of unapproachable excellence for generations.

Your chocolate desserts are bound to suffer if they lack the full-bodied chocolate flavor that only the finest unsweetened chocolate can give.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



64-page Chocolate and Cocoa Recipe Book—FREE. Over 100 chocolate and cocoa recipes . . . fascinating to make, thrilling to taste. Cakes, candies, cookies, ice creams, puddings, frostings, fillings, sauces, home-made soda fountain drinks . . . The coupon is really precious. *Send it in today.*

FILL IN COMPLETELY—Print name and address

WALTER BAKER & CO., Inc. Dept. C. L. H. J. 11-29
Dorchester-Lower-Mills, Massachusetts
Please send free copy of your 64-page "Famous Recipes."

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY STATE .....

In Canada: Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.
Sterling Tower, 19th Floor, Toronto 2, Ontario

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

"I rushed to save my baby. **The flames caught my hair, my clothing. I was severely burned—but Unguentine mercifully eased the intolerable pain."**

Stops PAIN *of* BURNS

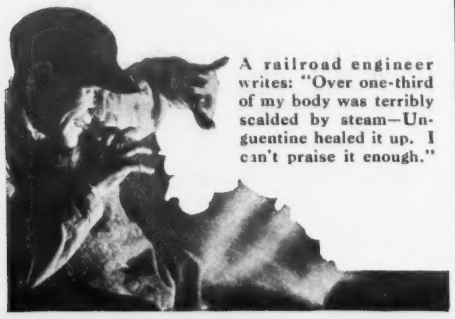
Its oils soothe — its antiseptics promote cleaner healing, ward off scars . . .

Healed without a scar

TREAT every burn instantly with Unguentine, the dressing used by 8 out of 10 hospitals, and over 10,000,000 families. Its soothing oils and powerful antiseptics sink deep into the burned tissues—mercifully stop the pain. Infection is warded off. Healing begins at once. And almost always no scar is left.

Unguentine meets the government's high standard for antiseptic strength. Use it for cuts and bruises, too. A generous tube is 50¢ at your druggist's.

Keep it in every danger zone: in bathroom, kitchen, office or shop, and in your automobile. Send for free first aid booklet by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.



A railroad engineer writes: "Over one-third of my body was terribly scalded by steam—Unguentine healed it up. I can't praise it enough."

Now, *the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins*

Norwich

Unguentine

JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL ASKEW SCHOOL REPRESENTS 287 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL TROOST SCHOOL REPRESENTS 402 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL MARK TWAIN SCHOOL REPRESENTS 626 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL SANFORD B. LABO SCHOOL 835 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL HUMBOLDT SCHOOL 965 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL SWINNEY SCHOOL 458 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL BENJ. HARRISON SCHOOL 689 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL MILTON MOORE SCHOOL 513 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL GRACELAND SCHOOL 242 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL THACHER SCHOOL 728 CHILDREN
JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL CLAY SCHOOL 530 CHILDREN

THIS BOYS' MAY DAY PARADE SHOWS HOW KANSAS CITY IS ATTACKING THE HOME SAFETY PROBLEM

Are We Safe at Home?

***By* ALICE AMES WINTER**

"SAFE at home"—the phrase slips naturally from our lips. It is part of our subconscious thinking. But these are days when explorers into our life take nothing for granted. Things are not necessarily so just because we have always assumed that they were so.

So the investigator asks whether the family rooftree is really the secure protection against danger that we like to think it, and he answers his own question by telling us that one-quarter of all the accidents that cause death in these United States take place inside our homes.

Automobiles roaring along streets, or machines snatching at human bodies in factories, or drownings at sea, or imprisonment deep in mines—all these take no heavier toll than our own mistakes and stupidities and failures in what we regard as the safeguarded intimacy of home.

Homes are more hidden away than shops and streets, and we are just beginning to see their happenings in masses, in statistics.

Ninety thousand people a year are killed by accidents, and of these twenty-four thousand are home accidents. Moreover, for every fatality there are many tragic happenings that do not go so far as death, so that experts figure that there are probably four million accidents in homes that carry more or less suffering and cost more or fewer dollars.

Household Accidents

THE Travelers Insurance Company says that for every accident that is fatal, they pay for two hundred claims on lesser catastrophes. A very large proportion of these might be prevented, *if*——

Whose business is this if not that of the home mothers of America? Employers are held liable for accidents to their employes. Are not householders liable for similar misfortunes that occur in their domain? In fact, they are liable, if not for ordinary damages, then for the expense and anguish that a whole family share.

The tale of the calamities is like a procession of shadows. Each case seems a personal one, but taken together they number something like this: Deaths from home falls, more than eight thousand; from burns and scalds, more than five thousand; from fires and explosions, nearly fifteen hundred; from asphyxiation and suffocation—which includes strangling over something that could not be swallowed—nearly four thousand; from poisons, two thousand; with a big toll left for firearms, electricity, and other causes.

And, of course, the hardest hit are the weak ones—young children under five and old folks over sixty. One begins to wonder, when one faces the appalling facts, how any of us lived to grow up, and how, having attained our majority, we do not all get killed off every day.

These stories are not pleasant reading, but we have to know the ugly conditions in order to appreciate the second act in the drama, which is headed, "What are you going to do about it?"

Of course no one contends that all accidents can be prevented. So long as babies are babies, they are going to investigate the world, and that means putting things in their mouths and climbing where the climbing is not good, and being curious about forbidden things. These are the manifestations of an inborn instinct which, in leash, has made the human race progress. And old people are going to be uncertain of step, and suddenly weak just as they need to gather together their forces.

But now, when we know that a quarter of the accidents that cause death are home accidents, we are obliged to ask ourselves, What is to be done? Then the other side—the energies and the gathering of forces to fight the newly discovered peril.

When Kansas City found out how much it was losing in money and suffering and even in death from fires in homes, the Safety Council came into being, some five years ago—long enough now for it to see results and measure accomplishments.

One more "week" is added to our many weeks—Home Inspection Week. Thousands of children are given an outline of what to look for and started on the still hunt for discovering home conditions that might lead to fire. All the paraphernalia of competition come into play.

But behind the spectacular part is a carefully planned piece of work. Fathers and mothers are brought to time. Are matches kept in a metal container and is that container well away from the stove and five feet at least from the floor? Are there old papers or oily rags or rubbish in the basement or garage? How safe are the conditions under which rubbish is burned? How about inspection of electric wiring by experts? Have we metal pipe connections for gas stoves and heaters? And so on.

Kansas City's Campaign

EVERY year the enthusiasm has grown, so that this past season, almost fifty thousand of these home inspections have been made, and the number of fires has grown less and less, though the population has, in true Western fashion, grown by leaps and bounds. The Safety Council thinks it is saving Kansas City easily a million dollars a year, for fires are very expensive things.

Inevitably, also, inspection has stretched to other things besides fire menace, and the children are looking to see whether stair and porch railings are sound, whether areas are guarded, whether poison bottles are labeled and kept out of reach, whether mops and brooms lie in wait for unwary stumblers on steps, and whether guns and knives are kept out of the way of children.

Cleveland, with an energetic woman, Dr. Bernice Neuberger, on the job, is going at things in a very different way. Its accent is more on women than on school children and its study more on homes than on fire loss. Under her leadership sixty thousand women, headed by their own representatives from every type of women's organization, began mass education on home safety through clubs, parent teachers, churches, social workers. As a result accidents in Cleveland homes have dropped off markedly.

The Foolproof Home

MEANWHILE Erie, Chicago, Providence, Toledo and other places are deep in the game. Providence reports that nearly half its accidents are in homes.

The remedy does not lie in fear. It is the household in which all members are parts of the order and understanding that is least likely to suffer. We mothers may be the guides toward a safe home, but safety is a coöperative product.

It is better to keep a vase from being broken than it is to glue the pieces together, and it is better to give your small child dull-tipped scissors to do his cutting with than to scream and run at him when you see him wielding sharp-pointed dangers to his eyes. And when accidents do occur, it is well to know what to do.

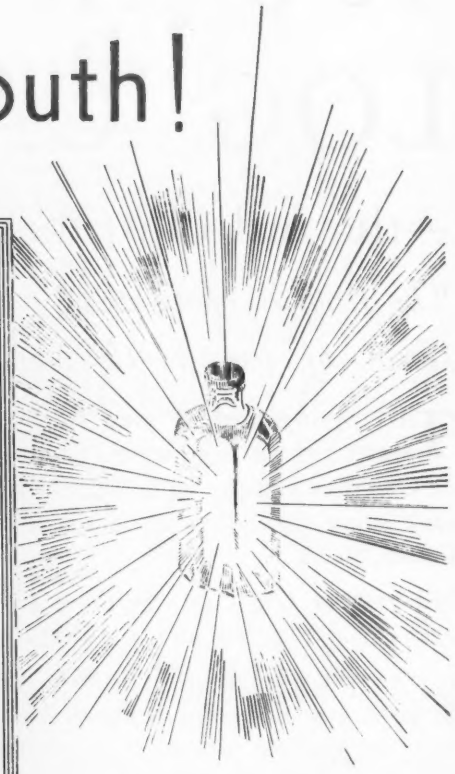
This business of being a homemaker and a mother gets bigger and more vital day by day. It touches every moment and every phase of life, and the problem of being safe at home is not just a thing apart, but one more facet of the whole.

The foolproof home is the one to which all elements contribute to make it as little of a hazard as may be. Knowledge and foresight are the enemies also of folly.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

SAFETY POSTER DRAWN BY A SCHOOL-CHILD OF PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Two sets of teeth
in little two-year-old's mouth!



In Bottled Sunshine—good cod-liver oil—is the element of sunshine that builds good bones and teeth

AT two or three years of age your child has more teeth than at any other time of life.

His baby teeth are mostly cut—are through the gums.

His permanent teeth are formed in the jaws under the gums, all ready to come through as soon as the baby teeth drop out and make room for them.

During these first years, when these two sets of teeth are being built, one thing is of utmost importance:

Calcification or the forming of the hard tooth structure.

If your child is to have, *for life*, sound teeth that come in even and uncrowded ... that will not decay easily ... if he is to have teeth that will add to his appearance and safeguard his health, you must see to it that he has the proper materials to *build* them with.

The same is true of his bones. If you want him to have a well-shaped head, a sturdy framework with a fine full chest, and straight legs, you must provide the elements to make them.

Your baby cannot have strong straight bones and sound teeth unless you provide the materials to build them with

Bones and teeth, you know, are largely made up of the same substance—calcium or lime. Your baby gets this from his milk and vegetables.

But he cannot use this substance and make it into strong bones and teeth unless one special factor is present—*Vitamin D.*

There are two common sources of Vitamin D—sunshine and good cod-liver oil.

If it were possible for your baby to have the rays of the sun shine directly on his bare body every day, he could get enough Vitamin D for his needs.

But in this temperate climate, this is not possible. Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke, and clothing shut out the precious rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

Knowing these facts, physicians turn to the other source of supply—good cod-liver oil. "Bottled Sunshine," it is called.

And because they realize that the kind of cod-liver oil given makes a difference, many of them insist on Squibb's.

This is because Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is guaranteed to be very rich in two essential vitamins—in Vitamin D, which helps to build good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

Your physician will tell you that you can always depend on Squibb's—the vitamin-tested, vitamin-protected cod-liver oil.

Bottled Sunshine for Expectant and Nursing Mothers . . . "A mother's tooth for every child." There is a basis of fact in this old saying, according to physicians. Unless an extra supply of bone and tooth building materials is provided during the prenatal and the nursing periods, the mother's own supply is drawn upon to build the child's teeth and bones—and decay of her own teeth too often results. That is why physicians urge mothers to take Bottled Sunshine at such times, to ensure an adequate supply of Vitamin D to protect the child's teeth and their own as well.

An Appealing New Mint Flavor For grown-ups and older children, Squibb has developed a wonderfully pleasant new mint flavor. It will appeal to even the most sensitive taste. It is refreshing and cool and so easy to take! You can get it at all drug stores; also Squibb's Plain Cod-Liver Oil.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL
PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

A helpful booklet for mothers FREE

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
Dept. L11, 80 Beekman St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free*, "*Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine.*"

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

© E. R. S. & SONS, 1929

It's in this LOG CABIN!

—the real old-time maple flavor!

The famous blend that brings the true syrup savor of the north woods to your table

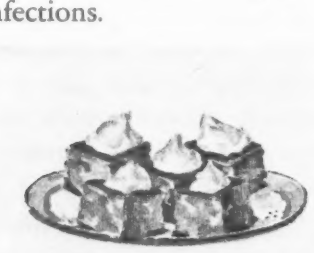
THE Spring flow of New England maple groves—drawn while yet the frost whitens the woods . . . the maple sugar of Canadian camps, from fragrant forests . . . pure, sparkling cane sugar to mellow these two flavorful maples into a delicious blend.

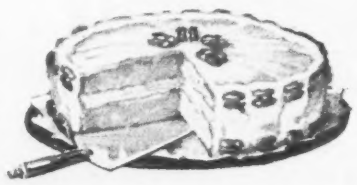
No wonder Log Cabin Syrup is so popular! Get a tin this very day and keep a supply constantly on hand from now on!

It is simply wonderful on waffles. It's great on griddle cakes. Perhaps you have not realized the many delectable desserts that are possible when you tap a tin of Log Cabin. Its mellow maple flavor adds a new and delicious zest to a long list of appetizing maple dishes.

Why not waffles for tonight's supper? Or for breakfast tomorrow?

Fill in the coupon for your copy of "Maple Delicacies," which tells how to make delightful maple desserts and dishes and confections.





MAPLE BUTTER FROSTING
(Vermont Maple Pecan Cake)

1 cup Log Cabin Syrup (about) — Dash of salt
4½ tablespoons butter — 3 cups confectioners' sugar

Cook syrup slowly 3 minutes. Cool. Cream butter until light, add salt, and sugar, alternately with syrup, in small amounts. Add enough syrup to make of right consistency to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

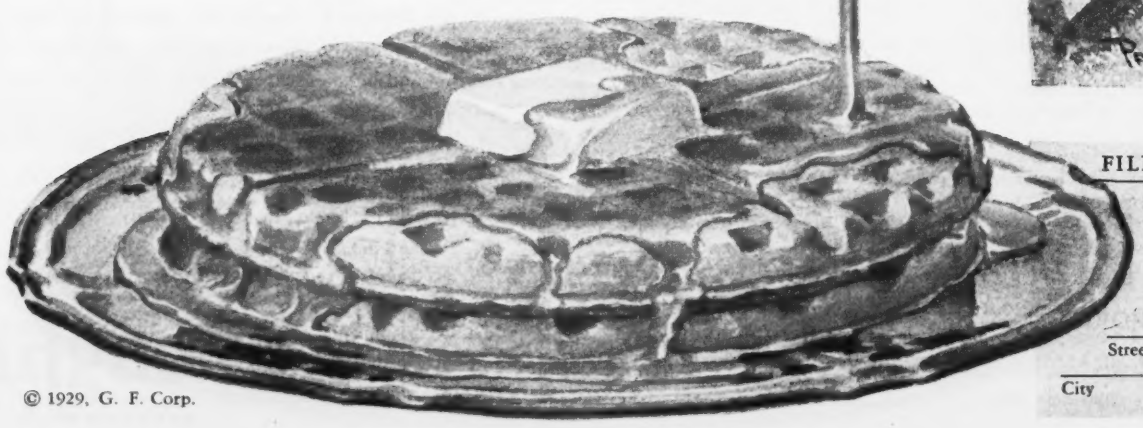
MAPLE CREAM SAUCE
(Hot Gingerbread Squares)

1 cup Log Cabin Syrup — 1 cup cream, whipped

Cook syrup until it forms a short thread when dropped from tip of spoon (224° F.) Chill. Fold in whipped cream.

All measurements are level

LOG CABIN SYRUP



© 1929, G. F. Corp.

FOR YOU —— A BOOK OF MAPLE RECIPES

FILL IN COMPLETELY—PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS CO.
Hoboken, New Jersey
Kindly send me a complimentary copy of "Maple Delicacies."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Dept. L. H. J. 11-29

When Neighbors Get Together

By **RUTH DAVIS STEVENS** *and* **MARGERY OLIVER BEEM**

On the scales.

"HOW can we have a nursery school in our community?" we are asked again and again by mothers visiting the University of Chicago Coöperative Nursery School. "We need it and our children need it. How did you start this one?"

Our main asset in starting our nursery school was not money nor trained directors nor even a roof over our heads, but that invaluable something which most communities have and which few use—the spirit of neighborhood cooperation. We had no idea in the beginning that we were about to help launch one of the most important educational movements of the time. We started our nursery school simply because we were neighbors who wanted to help one another with our children.

We were a group of twelve city mothers living on such modest salaries that none of us could afford to have help. And so we had to take our children with us everywhere we went, to the post box, to market, to the few university lectures we tried to attend.

Finally one woman in the neighborhood suggested that it would be a blessing to both mothers and children if we could find a walled-in yard where several of the mothers could take turns watching all the children at play. We found such a yard on the University of Chicago campus and immediately coöperated to form a blue-sky nursery school. Here we brought every morning the one and five-eighths of a child assigned university parents by statistics, and here began our real education as mothers.

A Coöperative Venture

WE FOUND that it took two weeks of rather continuous observation of a group of children to give a mother any accurate idea of how a normal child should act at a certain age. Often we found we had been expecting too much from our children in some ways and not enough in others.

Little Alice, for example, quite worried her young mother because she tore up every bit of paper she could lay her hands on. It looked as though she were a destructive child. But when we compared notes and found that every other two-year-old in the group loved to tear paper, too, we decided it was a normal instinct. The next morning we brought old newspapers and wastebaskets and enjoyed the spectacle of a group of babies solemnly tearing paper into bits as though they were doing the most important work in the world.

Thus the summer sped by, and we suddenly realized that we had a full-grown nursery school and not a roof to our heads.

We took our troubles to the university and they gave us, rent free, an untenanted building which had formerly been the women's gymnasium. It was a rambling old structure, but it had a long room where the children could scatter and play as comfortably as on a lawn, three other small rooms, toilet facilities, and best of all, a walled-in play yard.

A neighborhood friend gave us most of our yard equipment—swings, slides, sand boxes and a wonderful contraption for human monkeys to hang on, called a jungle gym. We found that the simplest and least expensive equipment is sometimes the most valuable. A ladder lying flat on grass gives a three-year-old excellent walking exercise. Two tin spoons, some soft dirt or sand and an old pan are just right for developing the two-year-old. A little corner where he can dig and plant and watch green things grow, suits the more mature need of the four-year-old.

We soon had a membership of twenty-five mothers and more than thirty children between the ages of two and five. Each mother paid fifty cents a week. Since we were guests of the university, we took the children of faculty members and alumni first. Then, if there was room, we took any child who needed us. We asked no service from mothers two months before and two months after the birth of a child. We allowed mothers engaged in a profession or attending the university to hire an approved substitute to serve for her in the nursery. Or if a mother had some special talent or ability with children, she could substitute that for regular service. One mother, a well-known sculptor, taught modeling to the four-year-olds. Another mother used her gift for story-telling. A third mother taught music and rhythm.

There are always unforeseen extra expenses in running a nursery school. Toys need mending, new equipment may be needed for the yard or perhaps the plumbing needs attention. To meet these extra expenses we donated and auctioned off toys, furniture, clothing and even paintings.

After the gymnasium had sheltered us for more than three years we suddenly found ourselves without a home because the university needed our building for other purposes.

By this time the value of our nursery school had been so demonstrated that contributions came in, small and large, until they totaled a comfortable sum. And so when a For Sale sign appeared that week on a university residence we decided to buy it.

We raised the necessary money. We even "took in roomers" on the third floor to keep up the interest and help pay off the mortgage. We all helped paint furniture and make curtains and finally our new home was ready. Next we incorporated ourselves as The University of Chicago Coöperative Nursery School, and affiliated ourselves with the university's kindergarten primary department—which furnishes us with practicing teachers—and with the university's home-economics department, which cooks and serves luncheons to the children at noon. Each mother still gives a half day's service each week, but in addition we now have two directors, several assistants and a corp of assisting students who are taking work in child care at the university.

The Morning Routine

EVERY morning a procession of go-carts and tricycles converges at the nursery front door. The children are as happy to see each other as old college chums meeting on the campus again in the fall. "Hello Joe, did your father buy you the ball?" calls Johnny, and Joan's query is generally, "Who's going to be mother in the playhouse this morning?"

But before the children go out and play they must first pass throat inspection. Generally the nursery director does this, although we mothers have found it a valuable thing to know for home use. Timid children who are apt to be afraid of doctors soon learn to exhibit the furthermost corners with great pride. If the child shows any signs of illness he must be taken back home.

After being passed by the director the children generally go outdoors to play; the two-year-olds in the back yard, the three-year-olds in front, and the older children for a walk with one of the assisting mothers.

Some of the littlest children need mid-morning rests and refreshment. We have found that orange juice interferes less with luncheon appetites than does a glass of milk or heavier food.

At eleven-thirty the bell rings for wash-up time. Children who fuss about cleaning up at home scrub their faces and lather their hands lavishly at the nursery, because everyone is doing it and perhaps also because the basins are just the right height.

Some thirty of the children eat luncheon at the nursery, after which comes a two-hour nap in a sort of open-air sleeping room.

(Continued on Page 117)

Quiet hour in one of the nursery play rooms. Three Little Pigs and alphabet books are favorites here as everywhere.

RED HANDS

Make them white and soft and smooth and beautiful by daily use of

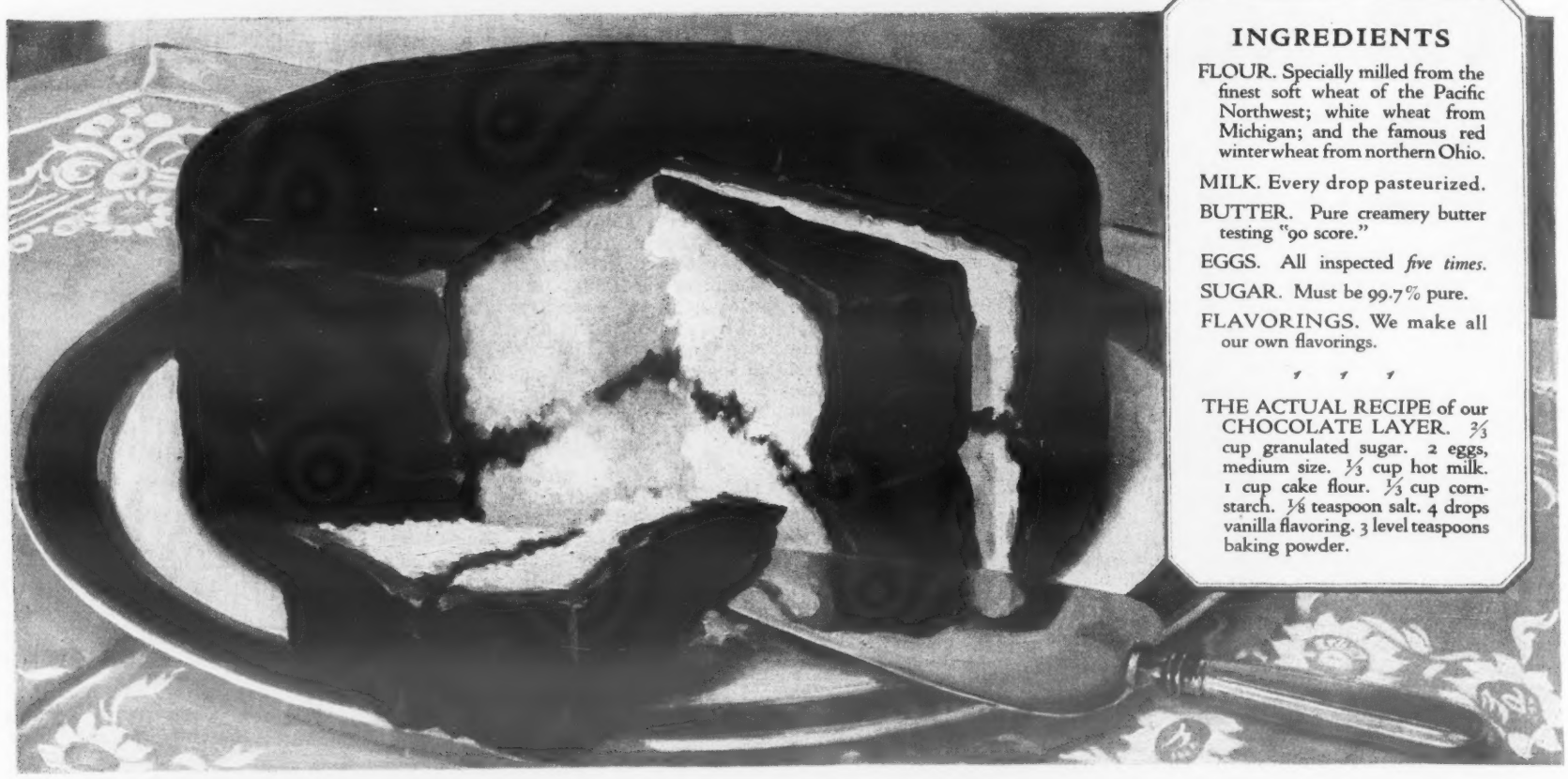
MENTHOLATUM

Keep a tube in the kitchen to use after dishwashing.

TRIAL TUBE

Send your name and address with 4 cents for a trial tube. Dept. B-I, Mentholatum Co., Wichita, Kan.

"If you want good cake *put good things in it*"



INGREDIENTS

FLOUR. Specially milled from the finest soft wheat of the Pacific Northwest; white wheat from Michigan; and the famous red winter wheat from northern Ohio.

MILK. Every drop pasteurized.

BUTTER. Pure creamery butter testing "90 score."

EGGS. All inspected *five times.*

SUGAR. Must be 99.7% pure.

FLAVORINGS. We make all our own flavorings.

* * *

THE ACTUAL RECIPE of our CHOCOLATE LAYER. ⅔ cup granulated sugar. 2 eggs, medium size. ⅓ cup hot milk. 1 cup cake flour. ⅓ cup cornstarch. ⅛ teaspoon salt. 4 drops vanilla flavoring. 3 level teaspoons baking powder.

Here's a Chocolate Layer as delicious as a prize cake! It's ready at your grocer's—fresh today

"Doesn't this cake look good? The icing is so dainty and luscious. Why, it's better than my own!"

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

PERHAPS the best way I can describe the dainty Chocolate Layer Cake pictured here is to say that your knife goes richly, smoothly through the thick "chocolaty" icing.

And you will find the cake itself *so* light and tender. No dryness. No crumbling. Just the very texture and freshness of the finest home-baked cake.

This Hostess Chocolate Layer Cake is baked Colonial style by the old rule, "If you want good cake, put good things in it."

We put the very best materials in Hostess Cake, as you can see from the list given above. Notice the recipe. It is one which many of the best New England cooks use.

And so you can now get a delicious homelike cake without ever risking costly baking failures!

Other Women Tell Experiences

Every month, hundreds of women write me delightful letters, telling how the advertisements or my radio talks lead them to try Hostess Cake. And always they say "Hostess Cake is utterly delicious—down to the last crumb!"

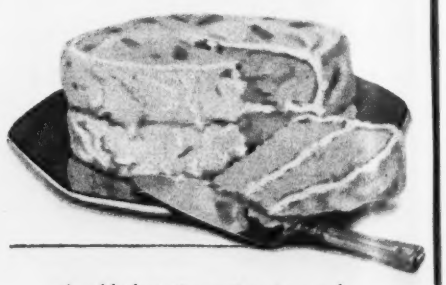
Wouldn't you like to try a Hostess Cake yourself? Start with our Chocolate Layer. Or our Devil's Food. Our famous Cup Cakes (2 for 5¢) are delicious.

Just be sure to tell your grocer that it is Hostess Cake you want. Then you will be sure to get the quality found only in Hostess Cake.

FOR YOUR PLEASURE

The Happy Wonder Bakers—the new sensation of the air—on the radio every Wednesday evening. Also Frank Black and his famous orchestra. Over WEAF and the NBC network.

Alice Adams Proctor



An old plantation recipe gives real Southern style to this luscious Pineapple Layer. Baked fresh for you daily!

MAIL FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co. (L12)
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts."

Name_____

Address_____

Hostess Cake

BAKED BY THE BAKERS OF WONDER BREAD

© 1929, C. B. Co.

(Continued from Page 115)

After nap time the children come downstairs to the locker room to get dressed for out-of-doors play. Each child has his own locker, with his name and a picture of his own choosing pasted on the door, so that even a two-year-old can find his own place. Above each locker is a list of the clothing which that particular child can put on and take off by himself.

Our nursery-school luncheon is now in charge of Lydia Roberts, an authority on child nutrition. But it developed, as did everything else we undertook, from the simplest of beginnings—from a few mothers taking turns each noon in feeding the children.

When the home-economics department of the university became interested in learning how the preschool child eats, it took over the noon feeding of our charges.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that a mother's greatest problem in raising children between the ages of two and five years is getting them to eat heartily and happily as healthy children should.

Perhaps the first thing to do in the case of the child with no appetite is to try to find out why he isn't normally hungry at mealtimes. First, is he in good health? Secondly, are his meals regular, with nothing to eat in between? Does he have enough outdoor play? Does he get enough sleep? And last, but most important, what are the circumstances at home when he eats? Is he continually coaxed to eat?

When children have a positive dislike for food the trouble can often be traced to the attitude of the parent. "I don't eat spinach at home," reported four-year-old Doris one day, "because my father doesn't like it. He just pretends to. I eat it here, though, 'cause everybody likes it."

Dessert follows clean plates at the nursery as inevitably as the day the night. The children are never told, "If you don't eat everything on your plate you can have no dessert." It is taken for granted that a child not hungry enough to eat milk, vegetables and potatoes is not hungry enough for desserts.

Miss Roberts, our nutritionist, whose book, Nutrition Work with Children, has become a stand-by, suggests the following methods of getting children to eat: "Change the child's attitude so that he will think liking foods is the desirable thing to do. Serve the disliked food first, while he is hungriest. Serve only small portions until he gets used to it. Make his whole meal small enough at first so that he can easily have a clean plate and get your commendation. And last of all, don't let his refusal to eat make him the center of attention. If he doesn't want to eat, let him wait till the next meal."

Many a nursery mother who would shrink from such stern measures alone and unaided, follows it through to success with the help of the nursery nutritionists; in fact, the training and help which a cooperative nursery can give a mother in child feeding is justification enough for our retaining our "mother's service" feature, even though we now have two directors and several assistants.

To be able to watch your child play in a group, to study and learn the advantages of a nursery and translate them as far as possible into the child's home life more than makes up for the time the mother's service takes.

Are you giving your child the right kind of food? Are his toys well chosen? Is his play educational and not too stimulating? Are you expecting the things from him that you should expect and not demanding of him things quite beyond him? The nursery helps to answer such questions.

The interest in the child of preschool age has grown so strong among educators that probably the time is near at hand when nursery schools will become a part of the public-school system. Until that time, however, mothers of young children can do much to help each other. A vacant room in a church or clubhouse or a vacant lot can be furnished with swings and slides and sand boxes, and little children can be given a chance to play together under careful and intelligent supervision. There is danger in a carelessly conducted nursery school, and great good in one that represents the best efforts of the neighborhood.

Vital Statistics

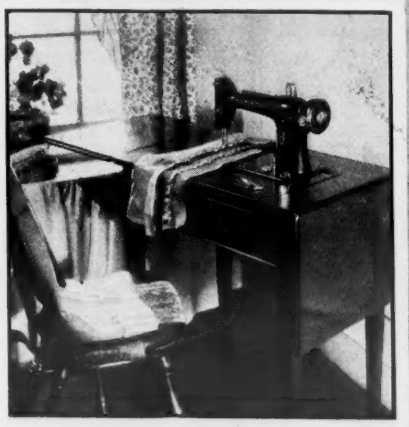
DIANA gains an ounce a day,
She does—I mean it—really;
Diana gains an ounce a day
(Or very nearly).

—F. H. H.

"DARLING, DO YOU LIKE FLUFFKINS WITH ITS BOW ON THIS SIDE OR THAT?"

A NEW DRESS *for the* WINDOWS *too!*

ARE you wishing for cheerful new draperies at your windows, gay new curtains for playroom or kitchen, a whole new dress for your own boudoir? Let a modern Singer come into your home and make them. This new Electric will do them all, each perfect seam, each hem and ruffle, with professional skill and magic ease and pay for itself in the doing. And as for plans and directions, we have had especially prepared a new book that tells and shows just how to make curtains, draperies, pillows and slip covers this modern Singer way. In your community there is an authorized, bonded Singer Representative who will bring a modern Singer to your home to try on your own sewing without the slightest obligation. He will bring you, too, with our compliments, a copy of this book (regular price 25 cents). Or telephone or call at any Singer Shop and ask for "How to Make Draperies" and for a machine to try on the Self Demonstration Plan.



SINGER
ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES

Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy monthly payments on any model. Liberal allowance on your present machine.

Copyright U. S. A. 1929 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries.

Whole Meals that Cook in 20 MINUTES!

The greater evenness of baking in Glass makes this possible

IT is the proven statement of scientists that glass acts in a remarkable way when heated. They say it bakes more evenly than any metal utensil can. This is because it stores up a remarkable amount of heat in itself; and then gives the heat out equally to every part of the food within.

This greater evenness of baking makes possible a wonderful new menu idea. Whole meals that cook all at the same time . . . some in only 20 minutes, others in 30 minutes; the longest takes but 45 minutes. Think of the revolutionary saving of time and trouble!

only $5.15 for these 10 PIECES

Your table looks more attractive when foods are served in this sparkling glass.

This whole meal baked perfectly in 20 minutes . . . roast beef pie in utility dish, oven-grilled potatoes in pie plate, baked tomatoes, cheese and onions in casserole, spice cakes in custard cups. Beautiful pierced metal frames in many designs may be had for the casserole, pie plate and utility dish.

Thirty of these incredibly quick luncheons and dinners have been published in a remarkable menu bulletin, planned for you by a domestic science expert.

Yet the ten dishes of sparkling Pyrex glassware required to cook these quick new menus . . . and to do *all* your every-day baking . . . cost only $5.15.

These glistening Pyrex dishes never discolor foods, or affect the taste. They never wear out, crack or craze. And they save you dishwashing, trouble and money; for you cook and serve in the same dish.

Hardware stores and the housewares or china sections of department stores have this $5.15 Pyrex baking set and many other Pyrex dishes as well.

Guarantee: Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from oven heat.

Take this $5.15 list to your dealer

Covered casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231, medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size	.90
This economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

· FREE ·

All-cooked-at-the-same-time menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Corning Glass Works, Dept. O-67
Corning, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

Name.....
(Please print name)
Address.....
.....

This coupon not good after December 31st, 1929

We Test Our Readers' Recipes

Favorites Gathered from Far and Near

Sorority Salad

1 Pound of Cottage Cheese
1 Quart of Finely Shredded Cabbage
¾ Cupful of Grated Carrot
Mayonnaise

MOLD a little cottage cheese on the center of a salad plate and surround with a border of the shredded cabbage mixed with the carrot and enough mayonnaise to moisten it pleasantly. Garnish the cheese, if desired, with a carrot flower, using wedge-shaped petals cut from a thin slice of carrot, and a slender strip of green pepper for a stem. An equal quantity of small pieces of tomato may be substituted for the carrot, with a poinsettia of tomato used for the garnish. Pineapple titbits are also delicious in combination with the cabbage and may be interestingly served with a few chopped pistachio nuts scattered over the top.

—MRS. G. W. W., *Madison, Wisconsin.*

Mincemeat Pudding

3 Cupfuls of Soft Bread Crumbs
1 Cupful of Cold Water
¾ Cupful of Milk
½ Cupful of Sugar
1 Cupful of Mincemeat
2 Medium Apples, Diced

COVER the bread crumbs with the water and milk and let stand while measuring out the other ingredients. Add the sugar, mincemeat, and apples pared and cored before dicing, and mix well. Place in a buttered baking dish and bake until the apples are done, about forty-five minutes, at a temperature of 350° F. Then serve hot with whipped cream, hard sauce or lemon sauce.

—MISS G. E. H., *Boise, Idaho.*

Universal Sauce

3 Egg Yolks
4 Tablespoonfuls of Oil
¼ Teaspoonful of Sugar
⅛ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire Sauce
1 Tablespoonful of Prepared Mustard
⅔ Cupful of Rich Slightly Soured Cream
3 Tablespoonfuls of Vinegar

THIS is equally good as an accompaniment to a cold-meat course or as a hors d'œuvre with pickled herring. Blend the eggs, oil, sugar and seasonings with vigorous beating for several minutes, then stir in the cream and the vinegar.

—MRS. C. M., *Budapest, Hungary.*

Oyster-and-Egg Rarebit

2 Dozen Oysters
1 Tablespoonful of Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
1 Cupful of Strained Oyster Liquor
1 Cupful of Milk
1½ Tablespoonfuls of Grated Cheese
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Mace
6 Eggs

THIS will be a welcome addition to the homemaker's list of tasty supper dishes for special occasions. Scald the oysters in their own liquor. Then melt the butter in a double boiler, work in the flour, and stir in the oyster liquor and the milk. Add the cheese, salt and mace, continue cooking and stirring, and when the mixture has slightly thickened, put in the oysters. Meanwhile, poach the eggs and lay them on rounds of buttered toast on a baking dish. Pour over them the oysters in the sauce, grate more cheese on top, and brown quickly in a hot oven—450° F.

—MRS. T. E. M. H., *Leeds, England.*

Uncooked Cranberry Relish

2 Cupfuls of Cranberries
1 Small Orange
1½ Cupfuls of Sugar

A FITTING accompaniment to roast fowl, this relish is easy to make but should be used within a few days after preparation, as it will not keep indefinitely. Wash the cranberries carefully and run them through the meat grinder with the orange. Stir in the sugar and let the mixture stand. It can be served as soon as the sugar is dissolved.

—MRS. D. B. L., *Stoughton, Wisconsin.*

Glasgow Pudding

1 Pound of Flour
¾ Pound of Cleaned Currants
¾ Pound of Raisins
½ Pound of Chopped Suet
½ Pound of Brown Sugar
2 Pounds of Mashed Carrots
⅜ Pound of Mashed Potatoes
2 Tablespoonfuls of Sirup
4 Ounces of Candied Orange Peel, Finely Shredded
1 Tablespoonful of Lemon Juice

THIS pudding is a prime favorite throughout Scotland. To make it, mix together thoroughly the flour, currants, raisins, suet, sugar, carrots and potatoes. Then add the sirup and candied orange peel, stir well and sprinkle with the lemon juice. Fill an oiled mold one-third full, cover tightly, and steam for four hours. There is a distinct improvement in the flavor when the pudding is mixed several days before it is steamed.

—MRS. C. A., *Glasgow, Scotland.*

A Really Unusual Cake

½ Cupful of Shortening
1 Cupful of Powdered Sugar
4 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder
1 Cupful of Pastry Flour

THIS is a particularly delicious cake, close and even in texture, but very tender and much like a popular wedding cake, only much less rich. Do not be disturbed by the fact that there is no liquid, for it is this that gives the characteristic texture. Cream the shortening, rub the sugar in gradually, then add the thoroughly beaten eggs, and when well blended beat hard for several minutes. Stir in the mixed and sifted baking powder and flour and beat again hard, then pour into an oiled pan, either layer or loaf, and bake in a moderate oven—350° F. Layers will require twenty to thirty minutes and a loaf about forty-five.

—MRS. H. J. G., *Ocean View, Virginia.*

Do You Know ELIZABETH ARDEN *Herself?*

HER NAME IS THE SYMBOL FOR BEAUTY
HAVE YOU WONDERED WHO SHE IS?

PERHAPS you have actually met her in one of her famous Salons. Or perhaps you have only wondered about the mysterious woman whose name has become a symbol for loveliness—wondered if there was really an Elizabeth Arden. If the slightest doubt of the reality of Elizabeth Arden has ever entered your mind, *dismiss it at once*, for nowhere is there a more truly alive person than the slender sprite-like woman whose enthusiasm and vision have made it possible for millions of women to develop and enhance their natural loveliness. Elizabeth Arden is in constant personal touch with you whenever you use her Preparations and Treatments, every one of which has been directly inspired by her to meet her own exacting standards. Select the Preparations which Miss Arden has perfected for your skin. Use them according to the method carefully evolved by Miss Arden. And as you *cleanse* and *tone* and *nourish* with the correct creams and tonics and lotions, you are secure in the knowledge that every Preparation, every step of the treatment has first been proven successful by Elizabeth Arden herself.

Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. A second book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," describes Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health. Miss Arden's preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.

VENETIAN
ARDENA SKIN TONIC

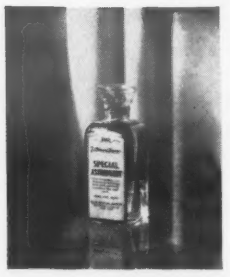
Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.
85c, $2.00, $3.75, $9.

VENETIAN
CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive.
$1, $2, $3, $6.

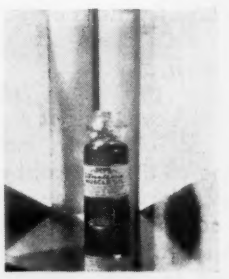
VENETIAN
ORANGE SKIN FOOD

Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows.
$1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.



VENETIAN SPECIAL
ASTRINGENT

For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin.
$2.25, $4.



VENETIAN
MUSCLE OIL

A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles.
$1, $2.50, $4.

POUDRE D'ILLUSION

A pure, vaguely scented powder made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In twelve lovely shades. $3.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street BERLIN W: Lennéstr. 5

CHICAGO: 70 East Walton Place PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue DETROIT: Book Building

BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block

BIARRITZ: Arcades du Grand Hôtel, Place Clémenceau CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries MADRID: Calle Alcalá 71 ROME: Via Condotti 65

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

Now...*subtly tinted*
NATURAL GLEAM
. . . . is the newest, smartest nail fashion!

WELL-GROOMED, fastidious women now avoid frankly artificial-looking nail tints and adopt, instead, the *new* nail beauty—faint-hued *natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

The lovely glimmer given to the nails by Glazo is neither too deeply pink nor too pale—just cleverly in-between—a natural, soft radiance that is subtly sophisticated—that is utterly new and correct.

A silk-thin nail finish—for a week

With a few flicks of the brush, Glazo gives the nails a silk-thin nail finish, mirror-smooth, glinting.

And this silken finish lasts a week. Glazo never peels or dims, never discolors. It goes on evenly, instantly—without a hint of that "varnishy" look. And for seven days its shimmering beauty remains—adorning the nails, giving new eloquence to the whole hand. At all toilet goods counters. Plain Glazo and Remover, 50¢. Perfumed Glazo and Remover, 60¢. Or send six cents for generous sample—use the coupon below.

The Glazo Company, Inc., Dept. 911-9
191 Hudson Street,
New York, N. Y.
I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and polish remover). Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name.....

Street.....

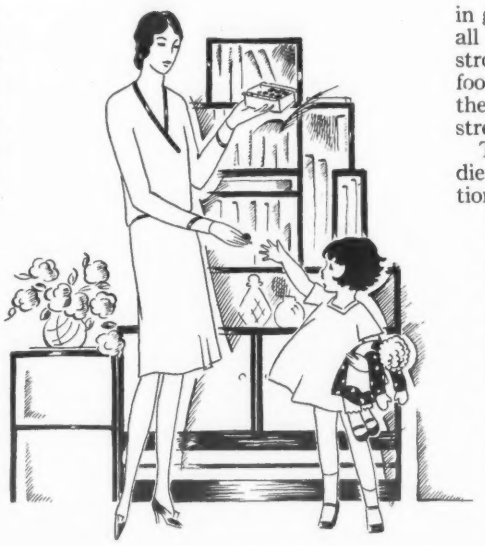
City.....State.....

GLAZO

Children and Candy

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

THERE is a definite danger in discussing one article of food. The very fact that it is being talked about seems to give it undue importance and to overaccent its advantages and its disadvantages. Nowhere else is this more true than when we speak of candy and particularly of its use during childhood. But this is an important subject, for we are fast becoming a nation of candy eaters and our indulgence in this sweet-tooth habit is something to be reckoned with.



Our consumption of sweets has risen and is rising to an unprecedented degree. The amount of sugar used in the United States during the six months ending June 30, 1929, was 6,574,400,000 pounds. This figure represents an increase of approximately 6,000,000 pounds over the amount we used during the first six months of 1928. At this rate of consumption, it is probable that more than 13,000,000,000 pounds of sugar will be used in this country during this one year. It has been estimated that 8 per cent of this sugar, or 1,040,000,000 pounds, is used in candy making. Seventy per cent of the total sugar production—including the 8 per cent used in making candy—was consumed in household use; the remaining 30 per cent was used for manufacturing purposes. These figures are staggering in their extent and import. We do not know what proportion of this vast output of sugar is consumed by our children, but we do know that active children crave sugar and we ought to know how much or how little they should have to meet their body needs and to maintain the balance of health.

We used to think of candy eating as either a luxury or a bad habit. Today we are having brought to our attention the merits of candy and sugar as foods and their essential and habitual use as part of a normal diet. We have thought of sweets as fat-forming foods, and so they are if we indulge in them to excess and fail to use the energy they produce. Now we are told that candy takes its place in the best type of "reducing" diet. That is true also. These seeming paradoxes and the confusion that still besets some of us about this matter of eating sweets is due to the perfectly natural misunderstanding regarding the place of sugar as a food, in itself and when combined with other foods.

Sugar and Energy

WE ADULTS, unfortunately for most of us, are a law unto ourselves in this matter of diet. We must stand or fall by our right decisions or by our errors in judgment. But children are not a law unto themselves; we make their laws for them. We grown people may be reasonably safe even when we make errors that cost us some pain or other indication that our ways are leading in the wrong direction, but we can't afford to take any such chances when our children are in question. Here we must be sure, and only when we are equipped with the sense of strength that surety brings can we be at ease and know that the way we are going is not beset with troublesome, if not impassable, detours.

One of our heretofore debatable problems in child care has been the pros and cons of candy or other sweets as part of the dietary of the little child. That problem is now getting out of the debatable class. We are accumulating scientific knowledge upon which we can act with safety; we are getting an important and needed contribution to our newer knowledge of child care. Not everyone is yet agreed upon the subject, but the points of difference are growing fewer and fewer and the use of sugar during childhood is being recognized as of immense value in its proper place and in the proper amounts.

First of all, we recognize that sugar is an important and necessary part of the diet during childhood; in fact, it is doubtful if proper nutrition can be maintained without the inclusion of sugar in some form in the daily ration. The craving that children have for sweets is an expression of a definite body need. Children expend energy with a prodigal hand. If we are to give them the strength to meet this expenditure, their bodies must have a large reserve supply of energy-producing elements and an additional sufficient amount for immediately available use.

This reserve supply is made possible by the inclusion of sufficient fats and starchy foods in their diet. The starches, by a chemical process within the body, are turned into sugars. The fats provide a substance which can be, in conjunction with the sugars, turned into energy. The production and use of bodily energy can be compared to the process which takes place when coal is burned in a furnace and so produces heat. The fats in our bodies can be likened to the coal; the sugars to the flame which consumes the coal. The resulting energy which is produced is equivalent to the heat which the furnace gives forth when it is well stoked. This steady supply of reserve energy within the body is usually enough to meet the requirements of ordinary life, but it is not enough to provide for the needs of marked physical activity. An additional amount of quick energy-producing food in readily available form is essential or the vast expenditure of energy that is common in childhood will result in such a drain on the body resources that weakness and fatigue will be the result. This quick-energy food is sugar.

But it is necessary to state with all emphasis that children need not only the foods that will produce energy but also the foods that give the material for growth and for the replacement of waste tissue. These must be given in such variety and in such amounts that all the needs of the body will be met. What Doctor McCollum has called, "the protective foods"—milk and green vegetables—must be included in the diet of every child every day. In this way the vitamins are supplied. Then, all children need the proteins which are found in milk, eggs, meats and fish and in other foods, in order to have the material for building up their muscles and body organs. There must be plenty of water to replenish the body fluids. The mineral salts that are found in green vegetables, cereals and in nearly all other foods are necessary to build strong bones and sound teeth. The fatty foods and the carbohydrates, including the starchy foods and sugar, will produce strength and energy.

This question of adding sugar to the diet of children has met with the opposition that comes as a result of a puritanical hang-over in our habit of thought. I can remember the time when any person who had a fever was refused any water to drink; now water is the most potent weapon we have in our fight against fever. Much the same unenlightenment is encountered in this matter of children and sweets. It is a sort of subconscious belief that what we want most cannot be good for us. Happily, we are progressing to the point where we recognize that bodily cravings have a reason. In the case of craving for sugar that reason is a normal physiological need. During childhood it is imperative that this need be met without any disturbance of nutrition, of digestion, or any other bodily harm. Our only question can be: How may we give the right amount of sugar to our children and in what form? What mothers must know is the dividing line between right use and abuse.

Granting therefore, as we must, that sugar is as important an article in the diet of children as any of the other foods, let us see how much of this energy-producing food is a natural part of the balanced diet. Fruits contain sugar; milk contains sugar; all the starchy foods including bread, cereals, potatoes, peas and beans and the other legumes are capable of turning into sugar through the process of digestion. This latter form of sugar is then stored in the liver until it is needed.

A Balanced Diet

WHEN sugar itself is eaten, it has been shown by experiments made at the Minnesota Experiment Station, that 98.9 per cent of the total energy it produces is available for the use of the body almost immediately after it is received into the stomach. That a child must have sugar for his needs is assured. A balanced diet will provide the amount needed for the reserve supply to be called upon when necessary. For the quickly available fuel needed for excess energy, sugar in some form should be added to the diet. Some of this may be given in the form of desserts, in jam or jellies, some for sweetening other foods and some may be properly given as candy.

One of the real arguments against candy for children in the past days was that it was apt to be impure and dirty. This was certainly true as far as it applied to cheap candy. My own childhood holds memories of the awesome amount of candy that might be bought for a penny. Brilliantly colored and shapeless masses of sticky sweetness; a yard of leathery something that looked like a shoestring and that passed for licorice; primitive reproductions of small animals—mainly mice, though why a mouse should be considered alluring as either food or candy passes my adult comprehension—and various other cheap sweets were available for all of us who had the requisite pennies to give in exchange for them. They were probably unwholesome; they were certainly impure; and they were often dirty with much handling.

In those days the wise parent provided a counter lure to the candy shop by combining the fun and satisfaction of making

(Continued on Page 122)

Helen knew

why they whispered . . .

"WHAT an amazing improvement!" they whispered. "How well she looks!" Helen was radiantly happy. All evening she had been showered with compliments. How different from that other occasion just a few weeks ago. Not so kindly had they whispered then. Helen had distinctly heard them say "washed out" . . . . .

When a woman hears an unpleasant truth about herself, she either goes home and cries—or goes out and buys. Helen wasn't the crying kind. But even the expensive hat failed to completely restore her self-confidence. For Helen knew what was back of those pitying whispers. It was no secret that the constant round of household cares had left its trace in her face.

The day before she had done the family washing—the hardest of all her time-taking tasks. And what an ordeal it had been! An aching back; a heavy cold in the head; frazzled nerves; the whole house upset and reeking with the smell of steaming suds. A nightmare that would live in her memory until next washday.

Vaguely she wondered what it would cost to send the clothes to a laundry. Perhaps some day . . . . .

But Helen had not been content to wish and wonder. If there *was* a way to keep from sacrificing Youth and Beauty in the weekly washtub, she certainly intended to know about it! Thus it was that she learned the truth about present-day power laundries and traded drudgery for the priceless gift of Youth.

You, too, will find, at the laundry, a service that exactly meets your family needs; at a cost that will not tax your Family Budget. You will learn too that in this modern age laundries can be relied upon to wash clothes *clean* and make them last *long*.

Naturally your laundry, making a *business* of washday, can do an expert job. Skilled workers are carefully trained to serve you. Special equipment is at your command. Washing formulas are based on scientific research, plus thousands of tests to find the one best method.

FREE: Ask any modern laundry in your city for the delightful journey booklet of "Alice in Launderland." It's the next best thing to visiting the laundry yourself. A telephone call will bring your copy; or write to Dept. A—Laundryowners National Association, Joliet, Ill.

TUNE IN ON LAUNDERLAND

HEAR the lads and lassies of Launderland broadcast for all the family every Saturday Evening at 8:30 o'clock, Eastern Time, and 9:00 o'clock, Pacific Time. Tune in on your favorite station of the National Broadcasting System.

LET THE Laundry DO IT

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Lucky Babies

LUCKY indeed is the baby who has a mother wise enough to follow the doctor's advice—"Bring the baby to me when he is six months old and let me protect him against diphtheria. That is one disease he need never have."

Last year more than 100,000 children who were not inoculated had diphtheria. About 10,000 of them died—an average of more than one every hour of every day in the year.

Will 10,000 innocents be sacrificed next year because some doctors have failed to warn mothers or because mothers have forgotten their doctors' warning? Even when diphtheria is not fatal, it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts, damaged kidneys, ear trouble, or other serious after-effects.

The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

Diphtheria can be prevented by simple, painless inoculation which is lasting in its effect. Call up your doctor now and make an appointment.

Prevention of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with *treatment* of the disease by means of anti-toxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.

This disease has practically disappeared in many cities where the people have backed their health authorities in preventing diphtheria by inoculation with toxin-antitoxin. But diphtheria finds its victims wherever people have been misled by false reports as to the alleged danger of inoculation or have not learned to seek the protection which inoculation gives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly cooperate through its local managers, agents and nurses, with State or city authorities to stamp out diphtheria. Detailed reports showing how various cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria" will be mailed free of charge. Ask for Booklet 119-J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 120)

candy at home. We might well revive the old-time "molasses-candy pull." Molasses ranks third in our iron-content foods and for that reason as well as for its pure sweetness it is a valuable addition to the child's dietary. Many other types of wholesome candy may be made at home.

Such homemade candy is of value in two ways. First, it gives the child a new form of play and, second, it makes possible the guarding of the amount and the purity of the candy that the child may have. It is fair to state, however, that there are very few impure or dirty candies on the market today. Our manufacturers of candy are justly proud of their business and of their reputation, and clean factories and pure ingredients are the rule. Any high-grade candy sold today and marketed by any standard factory or firm may be accepted as pure and clean. Even the very cheap candies have achieved a high standard of purity and cleanliness, though there are, unfortunately, still on the market a few of the old-time "penny dreadfuls."

We have been in danger of losing our sense of balance and of proper food values in our rigid elimination of sweets during early childhood. Nature has provided for this sugar need as part of the normal diet for babies. Breast milk is rather cloyingly sweet; its sugar-of-milk content is a distinct part of its value as a food during infancy. In substitute milk feeding, we add sugar in some form to the formula. It is after the first year that we become stoical in our attitude toward this matter. Why we should assume that babies need sugar and then refuse to give it to active little children, after infancy, is one of those curious twists of mind that are baffling. It is certainly not consistent to starve any part of the child's body needs. Early in the second year the child should be allowed some sugar on his cereal. He may also have simple sweetened desserts such as custards, rennet, bread, rice or milk puddings, and jelly.

Avoiding Excesses

CANDY at this age is neither desirable nor necessary. When active play begins in earnest, at about the third year, we may add more sugar in the preparation of the food or allow a small amount of pure candy as a dessert. If candy is given at all between meals, attention must be paid to its effect upon the appetite at mealtimes. If the latter is disturbed, candy should not be allowed.

Another way of giving the required amount of sugar has the added value of inducing children to drink the required amount of milk. The malted-milk powders and the other concentrated, sweetened foodstuffs that may be added to milk, make a delightful and wholesome drink and one welcomed by the child when plain milk will be refused. Even the addition of a teaspoonful of sugar and a little vanilla or other flavoring to a glassful of milk will make it an ambrosial beverage instead of an unappetizing and dreaded duty. Ice cream not only furnishes the needed sugar but has the added value of including milk and eggs.

There is one dead line for sweets during the child's day. That is the hour before any mealtime. It is also important to see that children do not satisfy their appetites by eating candy between meals. Too often children of school age are given money to spend on additions to their lunch and consequently, too often, these children spend this money on candy instead of on other food. Here we have a balance on the wrong side. Under school age it is comparatively easy to guard children against any such excessive eating of sweets. When the time comes to go to school, the matter may be readily adjusted by seeing that the lunch box contains the right amount of sweetened food in the form of fruit, cake or some simple dessert and that pennies are not provided.

Safe and Requisite

TREAT candy and other forms of sweets as food. Remember that they have a place in any well-balanced diet just as all other varieties of food have. Pure candy is a safe and requisite food for children as well as for adults. It has one advantage over plain sugar in the diet in that it contains not only the sugar but also variable amounts of the other needed food elements, depending upon the type of candy selected. For instance, candies which contain nuts, chocolate or milk are sources of protein. Candies containing nuts, milk, cream, coconut and chocolate are rich in fats. Those that are made with milk, chocolate or molasses afford a supply of mineral salts. All the vitamins are found in candy which contains milk, raw fruits, butter and eggs. Candy is not advised as a source of either the vitamins or of the other food elements I have mentioned, but it is fair to state that such types of candy must not be considered as a sugar food alone but as a food with varied elements and one that, given at the right time and in the right amount, is a valuable and nutritious addition to the dietary.

Finally, I should like to set at rest any apprehension that may exist regarding the harmful effect of candy upon the teeth. There is no scientific basis for any such belief. Candy may collect around the teeth as other foodstuffs will and this may be a factor in decay of the teeth. But the remedy in such a case is to keep the teeth clean rather than to go without food. Sugar has nothing to do with the formation or preservation of the teeth.

The Art of Successful Modern Catering

(Continued from Page 107)

may be decorated as you see fit, and lift the mold carefully off.

This process may be employed with different combinations of fruits, only varying the basic stiffened juice so that it will be in harmony with the fruits that compose the mold. For a mold in which strawberries predominate, use strawberry juice or pineapple juice. These juices, when they require it, should be sweetened to taste, and the fruit, if too acid, may be covered with sugar, and allowed to stand until the sugar is melted.

GOLDEN DRESSING. For the golden dressing take one cupful of pineapple juice, one cupful of orange juice, half a cupful of lemon juice, eight eggs, separated, and one and a half cupfuls of sugar.

Put the liquids into the top of the double boiler. Beat the yolks of the eggs very lightly, adding half the sugar gradually. Stir the yolks into the heated liquid until it is thick and smooth. Fold the rest of the sugar into the whites of the eggs, which have been well beaten, and add this to the contents of the double boiler. Part of this, if it is more than is needed, may be set aside, and a portion used from time to time, by adding whipped cream, two parts custard to one part cream.

Desserts for Dinner

ICE-CREAM MOLD WITH MOLDED ICE-CREAM FRUITS. With a vegetable color, color water green, a slight shade darker than you wish to have the mold, as freezing lightens the shade of these vegetable

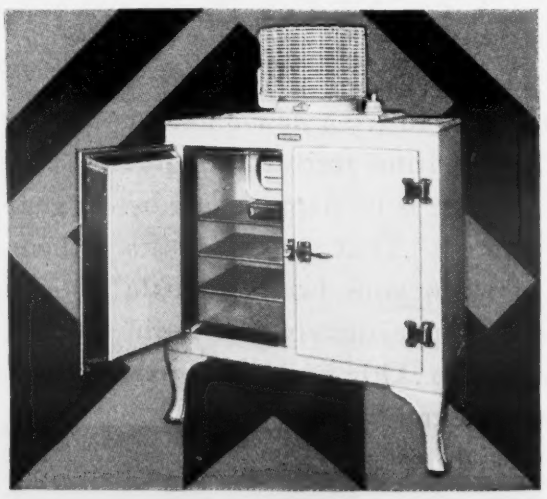
(Continued on Page 125)

It's always summer-time in your kitchen

Do you sit back and sigh with relief—now that summer is over? Do you think that your children's food and milk are no longer open to the hot-weather dangers of contamination? Are you, perhaps, lulled by a false sense of security?

It's *always* summer-time in your kitchen. It's never cool where there is a stove. And the dangers of food contamination are always present—so long as it is possible for the temperature in your refrigerator to rise even a degree or two above fifty.

Physicians agree that 50 degrees is the danger point in food preservation. Above that temperature, the bacteria which inhabit all foods multiply alarmingly. Moisture, too, helps them thrive. But the constant dry cold of the General Electric Refrigerator checks their growth most effectively. Faithfully, quietly, automatically—every hour of the day and night—the General Electric gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It makes plenty of ice cubes, operates without ever needing to be oiled, creates no radio interference. And it has an accessible freezing regulator.



Important, too, is the fact that it is the *only* refrigerator which has an all-steel cabinet. It cannot warp . . . its doors cannot sag. It is the perfect cabinet for the simple mechanism which is safely stowed away in an hermetically sealed steel casing. For complete details write Section J-11, Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for an interesting descriptive booklet.

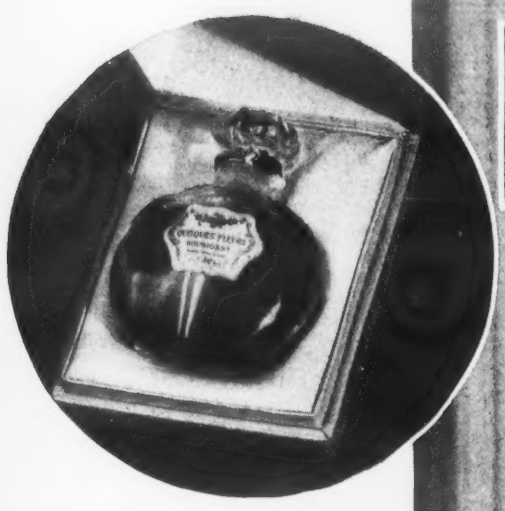
An amazing record

There are now more than 350,000 General Electric Refrigerators in use and no owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. This is an amazing record. Consider it when buying a refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Clean, lustrous teeth—50% of anybody's charm



Saves $3 per year per person

Buy things you want

Buy yourself a bottle of perfume with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

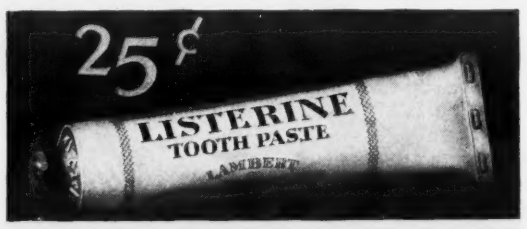
Begin today to make yours beautiful

WILL you risk 25¢ to try a new different dentifrice that beautifies teeth amazingly?

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name, made by the makers of Listerine. That guarantees its quality. A bit of it on your brush, a little gentle brushing—and immediately you begin to see your teeth improve. Others notice it, too.

Those tiny stains and discolorations vanish so quickly. Dull teeth grow white. And teeth already attractive take on a wonderful brilliance and luster—the way nature intended them to be.

These results are due to natural cleansing agents—so gentle in action—which first clean, then polish teeth. They are softer than enamel so cannot harm it. But they are harder than tartar and therefore, quickly, remove it.



And remember this dentifrice costs you not 50¢ but 25¢. Get a tube today and learn its benefits from actual use.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 122)

colors. Put this colored water in a mold and pack it to freeze.

In the meantime with small lead ice-cream molds, mold varied fruits—peaches, pears, bananas and apples. For this purpose use French vanilla ice cream, or a vanilla ice cream without eggs, if you prefer. Fill the two sides of the fruit molds with the ice cream. From one side of each mold scoop out a teaspoonful of the ice cream, and replace it with Bar-le-Duc, or strawberry or raspberry preserve, and close the mold. Preserved ginger is very good for the center of molds, as are medium-sized preserved figs. Any preserves are delicious for this, only perhaps Bar-le-Duc is best.

As you remove these pieces of fruit from the molds, put them away to harden in a cave or tank that has been packed down in salted ice. After they have hardened take them out one by one, and with a brush color them with vegetable colors, to look like the fruit they represent. Chill them again. Then piece by piece dip them for an instant in hot water, as hot as the hand will bear. Replace in the cave.

When ready to serve, use cloves to make the blossom end of the fruit; and also for the stem end, unless you have natural stems.

At serving time place the pieces of fruit in as natural a manner as possible in the large ice mold. Put the mold on a lace doily placed on a handsome dish, and serve.

ICE-CREAM CAKE. Freeze one and one-half quarts of rich cream, sweetened with one and two-thirds cupfuls of powdered sugar and flavored with a teaspoonful of fine vanilla.

Make a measure of delicate cake according to your favorite recipe.

Divide the batter into four parts. Color one part a light pink; one a light green; one yellow; and one chestnut color. For the chestnut color use burnt sugar, called caramel. Bake in very thin layers in round layer-cake pans, eight or nine inches in diameter, in a moderate oven.

Remove from the oven and wait until they are cold. When the layers of cake are entirely cold, take a round mold of the same dimensions. An ice-cream mold may be used for this. Pack a layer of ice cream in the bottom of the mold; and on this place the layer of chestnut-colored cake. Cover this with a thick layer of ice cream. Next put on the yellow layer of cake. Spread again thickly with ice cream. Next the pink cake, and a layer of ice cream; then the green layer of cake, and a layer of ice cream.

Set this in a cave of salted ice to chill.

The success of this cake depends on placing the layers smoothly together, and on making the layers of ice cream thicker than the layers of cake. It should literally be an ice-cream cake.

Serve on a lace doily on a handsome plate.

LARGE MERINGUE FILLED WITH ICE CREAM WITH FRUIT ON TOP. Take eight egg whites, and one pound of powdered sugar—not confectioners' sugar. On a board an inch and a half thick, wet with water, put a sheet of wax paper, on which have been drawn four circles, eight inches in diameter. This will be the size of the meringue.

Beat the egg whites with one-quarter of the sugar. When they are stiff, mix in the rest of the sugar lightly, without beating.

Put the meringue into a pastry bag which has a metal tube at the small end. With this make a meringue mat on one of the circles, beginning at the center, and following around in rows till the edge of the circle is reached. This is for the bottom of the meringue. For the sides of the meringue make three rings, about three-quarters of an inch thick, on the remaining circles of the wax paper. Put the board on which the meringues have been placed into a moderate oven and bake gently till the meringues are a light tan color. Then take them out and let them cool. With a pallet knife lift the first ring and lay it on the mat very evenly, fastening it there with a little of the meringue batter. Then lift another ring, and place it on the first; and then the third, fastening it with a little of the batter. Chill this dish in a cave.

Remove it from the cave and partly fill it with vanilla ice cream. On this place sugared fruit—strawberries, red raspberries or peaches. Then another layer of ice cream.

Decorate the top with sweetened whipped cream, and set the meringue in a cave till you are ready to serve.

Serve on a lace-paper doily, placed on a handsome plate.

Desserts for Receptions and Evening Parties

ORANGE FREEZE. Take small-sized, handsome oranges. Cut off the stem end carefully, and scoop out the pulp and juice from the center, keeping the orange cases entirely uninjured.

Make orange punch from the following ingredients: One quart of orange juice, the juice of one lemon, three and a half cupfuls of sugar, one egg white, three ounces of glacéd cherries, one and a half bananas, one pint of water.

Make a sirup of the water and sugar. Add the juice of the orange and lemon (strained). Add the egg white, unbeaten, when the mixture is nearly frozen; and when it has been stirred into the frozen punch, add the bananas and cherries, sliced and cut in small pieces.

Fill the orange cases with this frozen mixture. Decorate the top with freshly made and very elegant orange straws, and serve on lace doilies, individually, on handsome plates, with a sprig of green under each orange.

INDIVIDUAL MOLDS OF FRUIT ICE WITH FRESH FRUIT AND ICE CREAM. Make individual basket molds of fresh strawberry or raspberry ice cream. In the bottom of the molds place fruit ice of the same kind as the ice cream in the basket, and put vanilla ice cream on top. Decorate, if desired, with some fresh fruit of the same kind as that used in the basket. Serve individually on a plate, with a lace doily.

Thanksgiving Dinners—Old and New

(Continued from Page 105)

Most of the dishes on the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner menu are familiar ones:

CRISPED PAPRIKA CRACKERS. Select any small unsweetened variety of cracker that you like, brush with butter and sprinkle thickly with paprika, and set in a hot oven for five minutes before serving.

MASHED SWEET POTATOES, GRILLED, are prepared by boiling, peeling and then mashing mealy sweet potatoes very thoroughly. Add butter, pepper, salt, paprika and a little sweet cream; beat well, then form in a mound, sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and place in a very hot oven or under the broiler to brown delicately.

PICKLED PEACH SALAD is a typical Thanksgiving dish. Whole pickled peaches

(Continued on Page 127)

Now— their Favorite Cereal

Ask for a Trial Package — and let them taste the difference

Mothers say that children need not be coaxed to eat 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, for they like its new, nut-like flavor and the light, grainy appearance which make it so different from ordinary oats. Send for a trial package and in the morning set a steaming bowl before each member of your family. Let them tell you how different and delicious 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES really is.

Vitamized by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportion that nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked — at the Mill — for 12 Hours

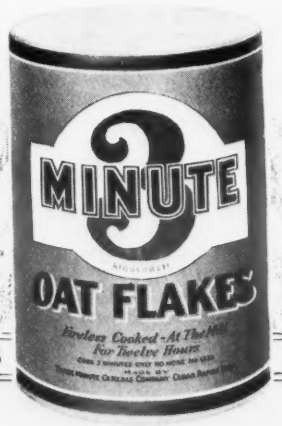
Selected, whole white oats, still in their hulls, are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture. The 3-MINUTE process brings out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor, with none of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

Fireless cooking at the mill for 12 hours dextrinizes the starches to a point where thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 Minutes—no more—no less.

Regular Package, 10¢; Family Size, 25¢

(*Except in Far West and Canada*)



VITAMIZED BY NATURAL PROCESS

3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES

Send the Coupon Now for a Trial Package Free

Served steaming hot on your own table, it will tell you and your family its own delicious story of flavor and wholesomeness.

The coupon will bring you a package and our interesting booklet telling all about 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES and our distinctive process.

Three-Minute Cereals Company, 903 Sixteenth Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

My Name.....

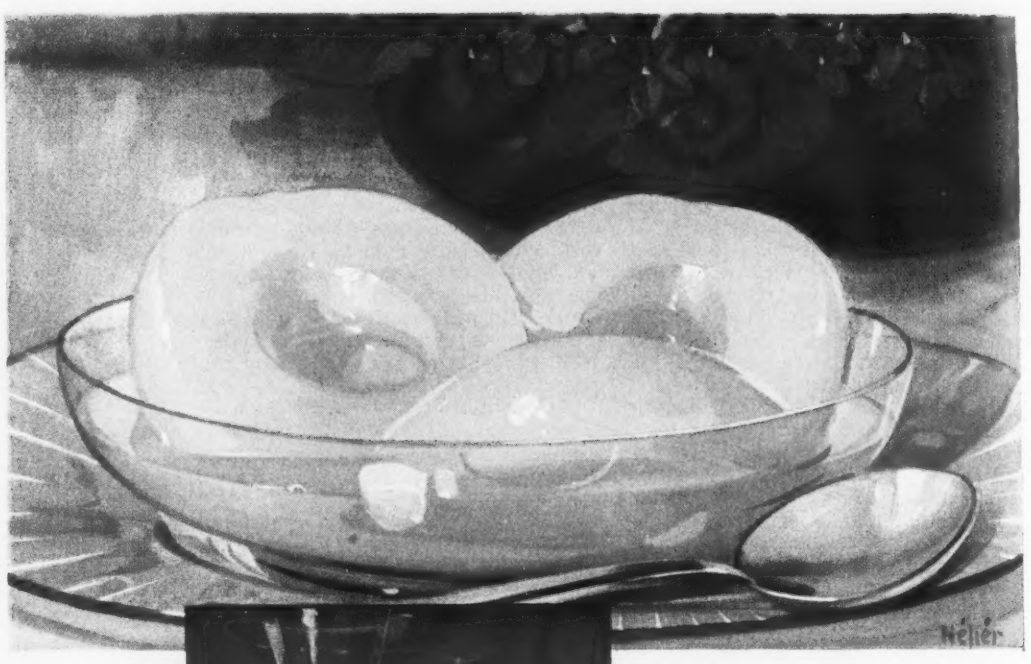
Address.....

My Grocer's Name.....

Address.....

Ten years ago, a dream

— today the world's largest Peach and Apricot orchard



Apricot Pudding. *To make, sift together ½ cup flour and 1 cup sugar; add 2 cups syrup from Del Monte Apricots, heated; ½ cup puree of Del Monte Apricots; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 stiffly beaten egg; cook in double boiler until spoon makes a path. Pour in molds to harden. Garnish with Del Monte Apricots and serve with cream.*

You'll be interested to know how much this great Del Monte garden means to you — in better, more tempting everyday meals

Almost four thousand acres in a single fruit ranch—planted to the finest fruit trees, all in bearing!

A great fruit orchard in which any organization might take pride.

But you'd call its size only incidental—if you knew the real story behind its planting . . .

—a story that goes right back to the quality of fruit we demand for every DEL MONTE can that reaches your table.

—a story—and an ideal—particularly important to you if you still have the slightest thought that the modern canner of quality foods is content with the fruits he finds convenient to his canneries—or depends on surplus stocks not needed for the market!

As a matter of fact, DEL MONTE not only insists on *special types* of fruit, but these fruits must meet requirements far more exacting than those set for ordinary market varieties.

Fruits from a modern paradise

Canning peaches, for example, must be as nearly ideal in size, shape, color and texture as the kindest whims of Nature allow. And most important to your enjoyment—they must have *everything desirable in flavor!*

The Pacific Coast and Hawaii, where most DEL MONTE Fruits are grown, is literally a fruit-grower's paradise.

The wide variations in climate and soil, the abundant sunshine and long growing seasons found in these favored localities, offer almost any combination of growing conditions the orchardist desires.

For many years DEL MONTE has selected for its canneries the best fruit products from every section of this vast empire—bringing the pick of its many crops to your year 'round table.

Ten years ago we decided to go still farther. We not only wanted to increase our dependable sources of supply, but to experiment—to see what carefully controlled plantings, different methods of pruning, various systems of irrigating and fertilizing fruit trees, could do toward producing even *better* fruit than any we had ever had.

As a result, this great DEL MONTE orchard was planned and planted in the years 1920 to 1922. Every one of the 300,000 selected peach and apricot trees in this one orchard was produced from stocks which, experience had proved, were best for canning needs. Different varieties were planted, so that ripening might be continuous and even throughout the entire canning season. Water from the Merced River was brought right into the orchard—so that the growth and development of trees and fruit might be under our full control.

The pick of the crop for Del Monte

Today half of its fruit—the pick of the crop—comes to you under the DEL MONTE label.

Similarly, other great farms, orchards and plantations were developed by DEL MONTE.

Out in the mid-Pacific, thousands of acres of DEL MONTE Pineapples ripen on sunny Hawaiian slopes. In the middle West alone DEL MONTE operates 16,000 acres of corn and pea farms. In California's famous Delta region, DEL MONTE grows over 7,500 acres of the finest asparagus. And with this background of experience—working with its first hand knowledge of what real fruit and vegetable quality should be, DEL MONTE draws from thousands of other fine orchards and gardens.

All of this means that DEL MONTE *starts* with the finest raw materials that can be grown. It means that the entire DEL MONTE canning process can be devoted to just one end—bringing you exactly the ripeness and flavor that Nature can develop at its best.

DEL MONTE canneries are located close by fields and orchards, in every favored growing district. They are equipped with the latest and best devices for shortening canning hours and improving canned food quality. In DEL MONTE canneries, one woman worker out of each sixteen spends *all* her time in supervising and inspecting. The syrup on each DEL MONTE Fruit is chosen for the variety itself—independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup which will best supplement and bring out the fruit's own natural flavor.

And remember—the DEL MONTE label brings you this same high quality in a full assortment of fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods. Back of them all is the experience of over 70 years in the canning of fine foods. Into every one goes the same painstaking care that has made DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables so widely known—so universally preferred.

You already know DEL MONTE Quality! Why not see that you get this label, every time you buy? It's the surest, easiest guide you can find to better, more inviting meals!

267 Tested Recipes for You

Recipes for scores of desserts, salads and main course dishes—all simple and easy to prepare. Recipes you'll *enjoy*. And in such convenient form for filing! May we send these 7 DEL MONTE recipe books and leaflets to you—free of charge? Just drop a line to Dept. 137, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

***Del Monte Berries**—right from the vine, packed in a rich, pure syrup which brings out their full natural goodness. Always welcome—alone or in shortcakes, pies and scores of other fruit dishes.*

***Del Monte Fruits for Salad**—five tasty fruits conveniently packed in one can—cut up and ready to serve in fruit cocktails, salads, etc.*

(Continued from Page 125)

are drained well and served, one to each guest, on beds of crisp lettuce which has been dressed with a French dressing in which the juice from the peaches has been substituted for ordinary vinegar. A cream-cheese ball rolled in paprika makes an effective garnish for this salad.

INDIAN PUDDING is a New England dish seldom omitted from a Thanksgiving dinner. Scald three pints of milk and sift into it gradually one cupful of cornmeal, white or yellow, stirring all the time. Add one cupful of molasses, one cupful of finely chopped suet, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of butter, and powdered cinnamon and ginger to taste. Mix all well, then pour into a buttered baking dish, place in a very moderate oven, 300° F., and bake three and a half hours. After the pudding has been baking half an hour, pour two additional cupfuls of milk over it, but do not stir it. Serve hot with vanilla ice cream.

JELLIED CRANBERRY SAUCE. Run a quart of plump well-washed cranberries through the food chopper and place in a saucepan with one cupful of water. Boil quickly for six minutes, then add two cupfuls of granulated sugar and bring to the boiling point. Boil just three minutes and pour into molds.

For the little dinner for six to eight guests, the dinner that will be prepared in an apartment or small-house kitchen, roast guinea fowl with guava jelly will make a delightful pièce de résistance. Guineas are at their best at this season of the year and because of their resemblance to game in flavor and the fine quality of breast meat which they yield, they are a particularly choice morsel for the Thanksgiving dinner.

In cooking guinea fowl it is well to remember that these birds live largely on green feed and therefore do not accumulate so much fat as grain-fed fowl, but their flesh is delicious and tender, though it requires more fat in cooking.

For a pair of tender young guineas allow three dozen oysters; wash and clean the fowls and dry thoroughly inside and out. Stew the oysters in their own juices five minutes, then drain and dry well, mix with just enough bread crumbs to hold them together, add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and season with salt, pepper and paprika. Stuff the fowls with this dressing, sew up the openings and rub all over with salt and pepper, and a little lemon juice. Cover the breasts with slices of salt pork or bacon, place the birds in the roasting pan and pour one cupful of boiling water about them, cover and roast in a moderately hot oven—350° F.—allowing fifteen minutes to the pound. The bacon or pork may be removed later if the guineas do not brown sufficiently. Make gravy from the liquid in the pan, to which you may add the strained oyster liquor, thickening with flour and water in the usual manner, and season to taste. Garnish the guinea fowl with guava jelly cut in cubes, and sprays of fresh crisp parsley.

DELMONICO CRAB MEAT EN CASSEROLE is a very tempting little entrée. Use a very good quality of canned crab meat for this dish, flaking it into pieces not too small. Make a cupful and a half of rich well-seasoned white sauce in the usual way, remove from the range and stir in the yolks of two eggs well beaten and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Then fold in one cupful of the crab meat and arrange in small buttered casseroles. Sprinkle grated cheese and fine bread crumbs thinly over the tops, and bake a light brown. Garnish with sprays of water cress.

BROCCOLI WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE. Broccoli is a delicate vegetable resembling a green cauliflower. Wash the vegetable and remove all dead leaves, plunge it into boiling salted water and cook without covering the saucepan for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Lift, drain carefully, as it breaks easily, and dress with Hollandaise sauce.

Make the sauce by creaming one-quarter of a cupful of butter with the yolks of two eggs, adding these one at a time, and beating in well. Season with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and just a dash each of pepper and paprika, with a grain or two of Cayenne. Add very carefully and slowly half a cupful of boiling water, stirring constantly. Simmer over hot water till thick. Remove from the fire instantly and add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. If the sauce seems disposed to curdle, beat it thoroughly with a rotary egg beater and it will become smooth again.

FROZEN CRANBERRY FLOAT is a very appropriate Thanksgiving dessert, and a very good one as well. Make it by crushing very fine, enough raw cranberries to make one scant cupful. Beat the whites of two eggs just a little and then begin adding granulated sugar until you have incorporated two cupfuls, alternately with the berries. Beat vigorously until the float becomes very light and airy and puffy, then partially freeze in the electric refrigerator or the freezer. Pile high in tall slender glasses and top with a rosette of whipped cream.

LITTLE THANKSGIVING FRUIT CAKES require the following ingredients:

- ¾ Cupful of Butter
- 1½ Cupfuls of Sugar
- ½ Cupful of Milk
- 1¾ Cupfuls of Flour
- 5 Egg Whites
- ¼ Teaspoonful of Lemon Extract
- ¼ Cupful of Shredded Blanched Almonds
- ¼ Teaspoonful of Vanilla Extract
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder
- ¼ Cupful of Candied Pineapple, Shredded
- ¼ Cupful of Candied Cherries, Shredded

Cream the butter thoroughly, adding the sugar a little at a time, dredge the fruits and nuts with a portion of the flour and sift the rest with the baking powder, add the flour to the sugar-and-butter mixture alternately with the milk, stir in the flavoring, the fruit and nuts, then fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Bake in tiny pans, or in a sheet in a dripping pan in a very moderate oven, 300° F. If baked in the large pan, cut in diamonds, squares or other forms, and ice and decorate with nut meats, cherries, or other candied fruit.

FLUFFY ICING, which may be tinted and flavored as one desires, is made by beating two egg whites with three tablespoonfuls of cold water and a pinch of cream of tartar for two minutes, then adding confectioners' sugar very gradually, beating the mixture all the time, until the icing is smooth and thick and very white and fluffy.

THANKSGIVING DINNER MENUS

FOR THE OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY PARTY

Oyster Soup
Crisped Paprika Crackers
Celery Olives Salted Nuts
Roast Turkey With Chestnut Dressing
and Sausage Garnish
Giblet Gravy
Jellied Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Sweet Potatoes Grilled
Creamed Onions Mashed Turnips
String Beans
Pickled Peach Salad
Cream Cheese Balls With Crackers
Hot Mince Pie or Pumpkin Pie or
Indian Pudding With Vanilla Ice Cream
Nuts Cluster Raisins
Coffee

FOR THE LITTLE DINNER OF SIX OR EIGHT

Minted Grapefruit
Delmonico Crab Meat en Casserole
Roast Guinea Fowl With Oyster Dressing
Guava Jelly Garnish
Celery Olives Salted Nuts
Glacé Sweet Potatoes
Broccoli With Hollandaise Sauce
Romaine Salad With French Dressing
Crisped Paprika Crackers
Individual Pumpkin Pies or
Frozen Cranberry Float and Small Cakes
Nuts Cluster Raisins Mints
Black Coffee

The BEST COOKS *use*
Aluminum

Yes, *beautiful!*

Aluminum *is* beautiful. You learn to love its sparkling lustre as you love the gleam of silver or the mellow glow of polished pewter. It is a fine, true metal—and its beauty goes clear through and lasts forever.

For years the most efficient kitchens have relied upon aluminum. Aluminum is the master heat-conductor. It *spreads* the heat and saves the food from burning. It is immune from action by food acids—approved for *all* cooking by the greatest scientific authorities. For its cooking ability, its economy, its safety, and its beauty—in countless homes and in great hotels and hospitals—*the best cooks use aluminum.*

Clip Here and Mail for Booklet

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

"ALL ENGLAND . . . IN BUT ONE FLEETING GLIMPSE"

"It was in Milan that I first saw her from a stall at La Scala. I had been longing for my England. My eyes unconsciously encircled the boxes, when suddenly they fixed upon this woman, all in softest green. Her clear fresh beauty brought all England to me . . . that is, the England that really counts . . . in just one fleeting glimpse . . . though naturally there were many more to follow."—*from the letters of an Englishman abroad.*

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Yardley's English Lavender . . . traditional guardian of faultless complexions . . . may be yours in many attractive ways

When you first use Yardley's English Lavender Soap you will learn something of the secret of fresh young skin, of radiant beauty, which has belonged to the English gentlewomen through eight generations. You will feel that your skin must be more lovely than before. And to touch its cool new smoothness will convince you.

The "ensemble" by Yardley is ready to preserve your perfect grooming . . . Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder, fresh, gentle, clinging, to protect your new loveliness should you walk in country sunlight or meet with truant breezes on the Avenue . . . Yardley's English Lavender, a fragrance so suitable to the sure, unstudied beauty of a gentlewoman.

It will be a satisfaction to know that there are other Yardley toiletries—the compressed sachet Lavender Blossoms to give lingering fragrance to the linen chest or purse . . . the refreshing Bath Salts . . . the Bath Dusting Powder.

Make the charm of Yardley's English Lavender *your* charm. Yardley's is obtainable anywhere in America at your chosen store. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

Yardley's English Lavender, the perfume of a gentlewoman. In lovely old-world bottles and decanters and in wickered bottles, from $12 to $1.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in the fashionable "SUNTAN," the smart shade of the season. Also four other tints to suit all complexions. Price is $1.*

Yardley's English Lavender Soap to bring new freshness to your skin. Box of 3 cakes $1, or 35c per cake. Guest size, 20c per cake. Bath size, 70c per cake.

Yardley's English Lavender

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Household Buyer

(Continued from Page 102)

facts valuable to the one who buys drugs, medicines and cosmetics for the family.

The American Home Economics Association, representing as it does the interests of the homemaker, has had a committee at work for several years trying to formulate a plan by which more information regarding the things they have to buy can be put into the hands of household buyers as well as encouraging further investigation and testing of commodities used in the household. This committee stated:

"It is believed by the committee that if scientific standards are more generally used in both the production and selection of consumers' goods, uniformity and durability may be obtained where they are most desired, and consumers in general will have more energy—and more money—for those goods which have primarily asthetic values and that these latter goods may be enjoyed for a longer period, once they have been purchased."

The University of Chicago has conducted two conferences devoted to the problems of the household buyer.

If household buying is to be done efficiently the buyer must be given every possible assistance; first, by developing satisfactory standards for household commodities; then, equipping her to recognize the qualities she is seeking, both through acquainting herself with them and having them pointed out to her by the seller. The buyer, on the other hand, can greatly facilitate the transaction if before going into the market she knows exact sizes needed, the amount of money she can reasonably pay, and facts regarding color, design and material which she alone can furnish. One department store reported that half the women coming in to buy rugs did not know the size of the room for which they were to buy the rug.

Wasteful Buying Practices

A GREAT source of waste is the return of goods taken on approval. D. F. Kelly, president of The Fair Department Store in Chicago, has estimated that 15 per cent of the purchases made on State Street are bought with little or no intention of retaining the merchandise. He says:

"This means that at least $37,000,000 of merchandise is packed and delivered, called for, credited, and returned to stock—sometimes in an unsalable condition. The result of this practice is that from nine to twelve million dollars are lost annually. Since salespeople are usually paid a weekly wage, and are allowed additional compensation when they sell more than a predetermined amount of merchandise, they suffer a loss of income when goods are returned. Put it another way, they are thus required to work six days for five days' wages. These figures I am sure will startle those who have not given thought to this phase of merchandising. The amount of merchandise returned is enormous; it varies from 2 per cent to as high as 40 per cent. This wasteful practice would be eliminated to a great extent if customers would be conscientious and select only such merchandise as suits their exact needs."

A New Journal Service

THROUGH the coöperation of buyer and seller the household will be better served and with little danger of too much standardization. Of this Mr. Hudson said:

"Simplified Practice, or the elimination of unnecessary variety, does not interfere with style or freedom of artistic expression. Beds of standard dimensions can be purchased in almost any period of furniture desired. Houses in almost any style of architecture are being built of simplified bricks, or of standard lumber. The consumer need have no fear of irksome restriction in her choice because of simplification. In fact, the savings it produces tend to reduce her cost of living, through reducing prices for the goods that enter into that cost. The consequent increase in the margin between her income and her outgo means greater opportunity to purchase or procure those things which satisfy her requirements and desires outside the list of necessities."

Believing that one of the modern homemaker's chief problems is the wise selection of household supplies and equipment, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is coöperating with these various agencies in collecting, sorting and presenting for the use of its readers the standards and specifications that may better enable the household budget to yield the satisfaction and enjoyments sought by the family. Complete details of this new and exclusive JOURNAL service will be announced to you next month.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CHARLIE CENTIPEDE?"
"HE FELL DOWN YESTERDAY AND SPRAINED SIX ANKLES"

Vital Health Factor *in* Bathroom Paper

Especially Where Children Are Concerned

Health Commissioners in 45 States Recommend New-Type Bathroom Paper . . . A Health Protection That Doctors Everywhere Advise.

Make this simple test yourself

Run a soft, white "Northern Tissue" sheet through your fingers. You can feel the difference between cooked "Northern Tissue" and the harsh "toilet papers" made by merely grinding wood into a mass of tiny slivers.

"USE", say Health Commissioners in 45 states, "a bathroom paper like snow-white 'Northern Tissue' instead of cheap raw ground-wood 'toilet papers'—especially where children must be protected."

Because menacing disorders are traced to the common use of harsh or impure paper. Mostly to irritating raw wood particles found in cheap, yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

Now, at no advance in price, you can get "Northern Tissue"—a white bathroom paper made from a special *cooked* base, utterly unlike that used for cheap, yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers". "Northern Tissue" is white, absorbent and remarkably soft—and absolutely free of raw wood splinters!

Thus it offers health protection far ahead of papers made by the old method of merely grinding wood logs into a harsh mass of raw wood pulp.

Made From Cellulose—"Cooked" at 302°

To make this softer, safer paper, only pure cellulose pulp is used. Pulp which has been cooked for more than 8 hours, at a temperature of 302°. This gives firm texture, high absorbency and linen-like softness. And makes the paper white as snow.

Then 20 Times Sterilized

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized—every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

Only 10c A Roll

The price is but 10c a roll. Ask for "Northern Tissue" at any grocery or drug store. Or accept large size trial roll free. Note coupon below.

ASK FOR
"NORTHERN TISSUE"

242

FREE—TRIAL ROLL

Julia Neidle, Nurse, Dept. 46,
Northern Paper Mills,
Green Bay, Wis.

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the white paper free from raw ground-wood. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage.

Name.....

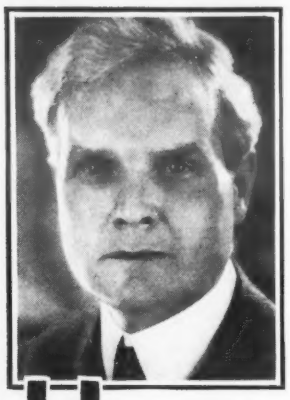
Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© NPM, 1929

U-type dental curves can best be cleaned with the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Here's a perfect V-type dental curve—she needs the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.



The square-type dental curve needs the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.

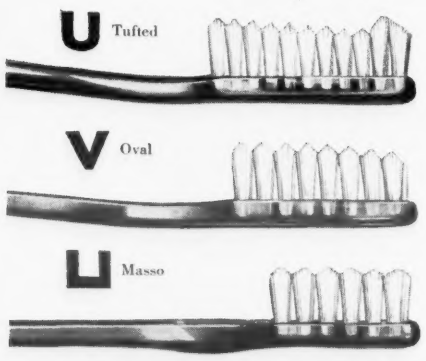
Does your tooth brush fit your *Dental Curve?*

DON'T say "yes," until you've read the next sentence. Do you know that *every* set of teeth is set in *one* of *three* dental curves . . . like a U . . . or a V . . . or more like a Square?

You need a brush scientifically shaped to clean *your* particular dental curve to do a complete job of cleaning your teeth.

That's why *Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers—after many months of research and study—three new brushes—each carefully and scientifically designed to clean *one* of these dental curves . . . U . . . V or Square.

It's a simple matter to decide which is the brush for you. Look in the mirror. If you have a round face, you want the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted. Slender-faced folks belong to the V-type—they need the Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval. Squarish jaws can best be cleaned by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso.



Pick your type . . . then the Pro-phy-lac-tic built for it. It takes only a minute. See your druggist today. He has the Pro-phy-lac-tic that science meant for you. There are six colored handles to choose from. 50¢ in the familiar sanitary yellow carton.

*"Guarding or preserving against disease."
—*Webster's New Standard Dictionary*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

50¢ Tooth Brushes 50¢

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASS.

De Profundis

(Continued from Page 31)

The roll-call bugle sounded. I waited, somewhat taut, for eight minutes, as the guards had instructed me; then strolled, with what I supposed looked like a very casual gait, toward the front entrance.

There was my friendly guard, standing near by. With my head down, trying not to show the pain the rocky gravel was causing my bare feet, I walked straight for the gate. "Another" convict walked just in front, dressed exactly as I was dressed, with a bucket just like mine. I am not sure the guard even saw me, so perfectly did I fit into the habitual picture. New convict faces are seen almost daily in any one of the Guiana prisons, for the prisoners are continually being shifted, or dying and being replaced.

It was only six o'clock, but already the barrack was growing dark. Yet not too dark for me to make a quick survey. The room was about one hundred and twenty feet long and twenty wide. An iron railing ran parallel to each wall, and six feet away from it, the entire length of the building. Between the wall and the railing the canvas-strip beds were stretched, forty on each side. This gave each bed only three feet. Herring are not packed closer than Guiana convicts.

Seventy-seven men were quartered in "my" barrack. That left three vacant beds. I must find one of these without attracting attention. To be sure it didn't matter, now that the door was locked, and the turnkey had departed, whether I was "found out" or not, except that I preferred to have them ignore rather than notice me. I saw several convicts that had rowed me ashore from our seaplane. If they recognized "the American aviator" in their midst there'd be considerable excitement. I'd be favored and fêted. My comrades would put on their party manners. The news of my adventure would be all over town next day, and the Governor would hear of it, and I'd be asked to leave the colony.

No, at any cost, I must remain inconspicuous.

The prisoners did not at once seek each his own bed, as I had hoped. They drifted into groups, or paced up and down the "boulevard" between the railings. I was standing at the end of the aisle, watching. About six beds distant I saw a canvas strip that I judged was unoccupied because of the lack of personal possessions on the shelf above. On either side lay a convict reading, and when I climbed onto the vacant strip one of them—a hard-faced rogue about thirty-five—looked up and asked profanely what I wanted. He had taken off his shirt to use for a pillow, and his bare shoulders, burned black by the sun and covered with tattoos, revealed that he was a military prisoner from some North African army camp.

"I want to sleep here, if it isn't occupied"—in my best French.

Finding a Bed

IN A TONE that was anything but cordial he grumblingly withdrew his objections, and I climbed into the strip.

It is only natural that with such crowded quarters a vacant bed beside one is highly prized and reluctantly surrendered. A new convict coming into the barrack sometimes has difficulty finding a berth—that is, unless he looks as if he might have money. Then he has no difficulty at all; in fact, there is keen competition for his company. The strong and self-assertive take whatever bed they wish, unoccupied or otherwise. But if one is neither young, nor rich, nor strong—only an average wretched convict, a *cave* in the slang of the prison—he must seek the barrack proctor, himself a convict, and have him use his official power to commandeer a canvas strip.

These beds are the only furniture. They are the chairs and the tables. On them one sleeps, eats, writes, gambles. The canvas is not renewed until it rots and falls to pieces. The sweat, the grime, the evil odor of many years, of many convicts who have come and gone, are imbedded deep into the warp and woof.

It was completely dark outside now—night comes swiftly in Guiana. The stars shone through the dozen small grilled windows up near the roof. I sat back on my bed that I might command a view of the entire barrack.

The air had become rather heavy—nearly eighty men packed so close together. I noted that all the prisoners had taken off their blouses, disdainful of the mosquitoes which had swarmed in for their evening feast, and seventy-odd nude torsos caught the faint rays of the kerosene lamps.

These lamps were in keeping with the rest of the prison—made by the prisoners themselves out of condensed-milk tins filled with fuel, into which they had dropped a wick of cotton bandaging. "Africa" owned one of these little flames, and it was by this that he read. The prison does provide a central lamp, but it is so feeble that without the homemade reënforcements either end of the long room would be left in darkness.

A Night in Prison

THE shelf that supports these private lamps runs, one on each wall, the length of the barrack just above the line of beds. Upon it is placed all the property belonging to the prisoner—small boxes, bottles, photographs.

At the far extremity of the room is the latrine, reached via a narrow stone passage. I noted that it was placed as close as possible to the kitchen.

By this time idle visiting had ceased, and everybody was occupying himself with something. A dozen or so of the convicts had spread a blanket on the floor by the door and were seated on it cross-legged playing a card game called Marseillaise. The proctor held the stakes in a tin box which he shook noisily in an effort to entice more players. One man near to me was mending a pair of shoes; another, tattooed even more flamboyantly than "Africa," was carving a coconut; another weaving a crude lace tablecloth out of sisal fiber. In the dim distance a mandolin and a banjo tinkled the popular music of three years ago.

That, briefly, was the setting.

And now, let's look at the men.

Of the seventy-seven prisoners in my barrack I later learned that forty-nine were serving life sentences for murder. The others were there for various lengths for various crimes. Of the seventy-seven only forty-four were French—eight Germans, eight negroes, five Italians, four Spaniards, three Poles, three Annamite Chinese, and two Arabs. Some of them were pitifully thin and emaciated; others, like "Africa," seemed to have thrived on hard labor and deprivations, and looked strong as ever. A dozen were young men around twenty; another dozen, old men incredibly old men, of fifty, who could scarcely remember the crime they had committed. And in between, every age and condition. Some had come out on the last Martinière; some had been here thirty years. It was easy to tell how long each had served by the degree of hopeless wretchedness in his face.

And yet they were not all-dead inside. From time to time the spark of life blazes up in a moment of fury against an enemy. This barrack, filled with what seemed completely whipped spirits, had known many

(Continued on Page 132)

Not even *your* child can have a straight, sturdy body . . . without this precious *sunlight vitamin*

Don't for a moment make any mistake as to the necessity of Vitamin D for *all* growing children.

Vitamin D is that mysterious element that comes to us in the direct rays of the sun and is a vital factor in preventing rickets, building strong bones, sound, well-developed teeth, sturdy, straight-as-an-arrow bodies. Without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in the diet which go to make these strong bones and sound teeth are not efficiently utilized by the body.

And now that the dark days are coming it is even more important to see that your youngsters have enough of this precious sunlight vitamin. The good that they stored up from the sunshine last summer is fast being dissipated.

Now . . . Cocomalt contains the sunlight vitamin • That's why it's so necessary that Cocomalt should be a part of their regular diet —morning, noon and night and for after school lunches.

For extensive research has proved that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet — and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building strong bones and sound teeth when taken under normal every-day conditions.

Cocomalt gives them not only the sunlight vitamin but the milk minerals as well. In fact, it increases these minerals by over 50% and adds 70% more nourishment to milk . . . It is really a completely balanced *natural* food that combines in correct proportions nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

A delicious food drink with a delightful chocolate flavor • And if you've had trouble coaxing your youngsters to take their daily required glasses of milk, you'll find that Cocomalt solves the whole problem. It's such a delicious drink with such a delightful chocolate flavor that children do not say "Must I?" but "May I?"

Cocomalt is as pleasant hot as it is cold . . . and it makes the perfect nourishing hot drink that doctors say is so necessary for children every morning. It may be had from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi).

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY • Hoboken, N. J.

Makers of Davis Baking Powder

FREE: A fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and its Vitamin D content.

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me free booklet B-10, "Children of the Sun."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

City _____ *State*_____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

What mileage do they get per pair of Hose?

Of course, no stockings or socks could withstand indefinitely the wear and tear of those dancing, scampering, tireless little feet. Yet there is really no good reason why you should be "always darning" or why it should be simply impossible for you to keep your darling in stockings.

Because, after all, you need only ask your own dealer for American Baby Hose. Then, whether you pay much or little, you are certain to get for your money the utmost in wear, as well as in looks.

American Baby Hose have been honestly made, honestly sized, honestly marked and honestly advertised for so many years that more mothers now buy them regularly than buy any other kind. So, a nation-wide reputation for highest quality and value in every price class *must* be upheld by every pair of American Baby Hose.

Then, too, American Baby Hose are always kind and gentle to tender, pliant little toes. Made of the best materials, they are *knit* and *shaped* (never stretched) to exact size and half-size. They are all non-acid dyed and peroxide bleached and finished as perfectly inside as outside. They *cannot* bind or irritate.

Made in more than thirty styles—for every need and purse—including the smartest patterns and colors. It will pay you—and insure your little one's foot health and comfort—to *insist* on American Baby Hose.

★

J. H. BLAETZ
Mascher and Allegheny
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN *Baby Hose*

THE STOCKING WITH THE STRETCH

Write for Free Booklet—"The Care of Baby's Feet".

(Continued from Page 130)

a murder. There is a convention that all murders must take place in the latrine. There, left to themselves, the opposing forces fight it out. Nor is there any half murder. It's always done thoroughly, lest the victim squeal on the victor. Nobody else ever knows anything about it. To bear tales against another convict is unpardonably bad form. Half the murderers in prison go unpunished. The dead man is a good riddance—one less convict. The other half get locked up in close confinement for a few months. Any attempt to escape from prison is an infinitely worse crime than murder in it. This may lead you to three years in the bear pits.

So quiet and isolated had I been all this time, that I am sure nobody except my inhospitable neighbor was fully conscious of my presence. I saw him, out of the corner of my eye, scrutinizing me. My broad accent, my uncropped hair—in the exigencies of travel it had not been cut for a month—my intense interest in the life about, all stamped me as being a stranger and a prison novice.

"What nationality are you?" Africa asked. His curiosity had at last displaced his resentment.

"Dutch," I declared. "I've just come from the islands." That much was true.

"What did they ship you out for?"

"Murdered my mistress," I said, echoing the usual phrase. "What was your crime?"

"Same here," he admitted yawning. "Got a cigarette?"

I did have, and gave him one.

He had observed that with the exception of my soup bucket the cigarettes were the only possessions I'd brought with me.

"Where's your blanket?" he asked.

"Haven't any. Exchanged it for the cigarettes."

"You'd better take mine."

"No, thanks."

But he seemed determined now to be sociable.

"Would you like to see my pictures?"

"*Très bien.*"

He reached into his little treasure chest on the shelf behind and grasped a handful of photographs and letters.

"This one is my old lady."

"She's young-looking to be your mother. She's probably given you many a licking."

"Never once. But my old man used to often enough."

"This one—who is this?"

"That's the girl I killed."

"She's very pretty."

"A good pal. I'm sorry sometimes."

La Femme

IN EVERY pocket, in every wallet, on all the walls of every prison in Guiana, there are pictures of women—mothers, mistresses, actresses, queens, fashion plates perhaps in the mode of 1916, nudes from La Vie Parisienne.

Woman to the prisoner in Guiana is always splendid, always provocative. Nine men out of ten are there because of her. All nine blame her for their plight. And all nine yearn for her, and call for her.

The more the memory of the real woman fades, the more the prisoner embellishes her virtues and her loveliness. They forget the unhappy hours. They remember only the tenderness or the intoxication. They have conserved only a gesture, an attitude; but the gesture is beautiful, the attitude divine.

The betrayals, the hurts, the quarrels, the blows—these have all faded. It is the sweetness of their kiss, the gentleness of their glance, the song of their voice, that moves them and warms them still.

La femme! For the prisoner in Guiana she is not the "calamity" of Hesiod, nor the "instrument of the devil" of Saint Bernard. She is the source of all beauty, all happiness, all goodness—the only refuge.

Africa's women had gone back in his box. But they did not stay there. His lamp had been extinguished; all the other lamps as well. And now all the women from all the seventy-seven boxes came invisibly for a rendezvous with the lovers who murdered them, with the sons who had broken their hearts. The dreaming convict sees them reach out to him recovering his love, recapturing his body, which the law believed it had taken away forever. They touch his forehead with their lips, they caress his hair, they take him in their arms. . . .

And then the rain fell violently upon the rotting sheet-iron roof. The flood of water came dripping through. The dreamer stirred and cursed, cursed to realize it was only the old, old dream. There was no pity; there was no tenderness, no lips, no love. There was only the rain and the rats, only the stench of their own wet bodies, only hate and helplessness and despair, only the eternal, tormenting hunger—only, only—prison.

The Blockhaus

FROM Cayenne I traveled by means of a small coastal steamer to St. Laurent, situated, as André had explained to me, some twenty miles up the Maroni River, the river that divides French from Dutch Guiana.

St. Laurent is the real heart of the penal colony. The administration offices are all here, and likewise in the neighborhood over half the convicts. Here, too, reside a thousand *libérés*, who compose a third of the town's population.

It is at St. Laurent that the Martinière discharges the major part of her unhappy cargo, and it is beneath the bamboos at St. Laurent that so many of the convicts find a release from their wretchedness.

Naturally no convict believes that the bamboos will be his fate. There have been escapes from the colony—several hundred in the past thirty years—and what others have done the new convict believes that he, too, will do.

The first year nearly half of them attempt it, urged onward by the sight of the corpses of the other half being carried to the cemetery.

But of every twenty-five that run away, only one succeeds in gaining liberty. The other twenty-four are recaptured by the ocean and the jungle. They are two omniscient, omnipresent *surveillants*. They never sleep. They never relent. They are the savage watchdogs into whose keeping the prison has intrusted its victims. The military guards themselves are only there to receive the defeated convict on his delivery by the jungle, and to impose upon him new torments in punishment for his rebellion against the old.

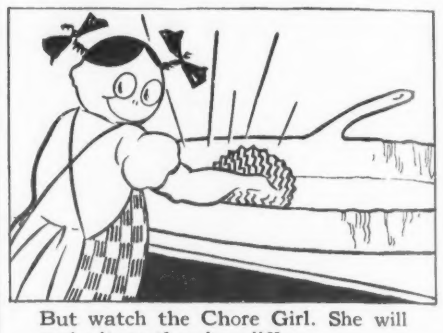
And yet though the escaping prisoners starve in the forest, feed the ravenous insects, go mad, suffer unspeakably, before they stagger back; though the sea devours their hollow log and washes them ashore crazed with thirst and sunstroke into the hands of the Dutch officials; though the penalty for all this sacrifice is a fresh sentence of three years of silence and solitary confinement in a torture chamber on the islands, the desperate struggle for liberty via these two terrible routes is never-ending. What stronger indictment against the penal colony of French Guiana can there be than that the prisoners, to escape from it, are willing to face all these torments I have named, feeling that no matter how great the agony ahead of them may be, it cannot be so bad as that which they have left behind.

Sometimes they do succeed. Sometimes by a miracle they endure the six hundred miles of sea that separates them from Venezuela. (Dutch and English Guiana, the two logical asylums, are not asylums at all, for every convict caught there is sent back ruthlessly to St. Laurent.) Or even more likely they hoard their miserable earnings, winnings, thievings, month after month, until they have the five hundred francs necessary to bribe a fisherman

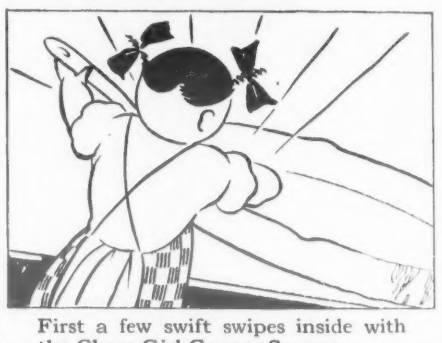
(Continued on Page 135)

CHORE GIRL'S HELPFUL HINTS

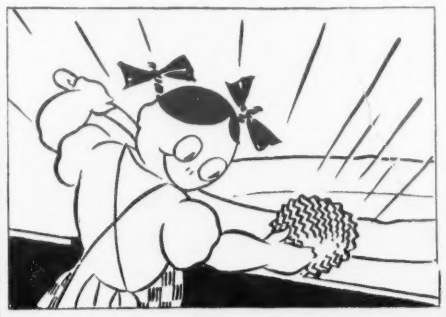
What a skillet! What grease! And particles of food that stick like glue.



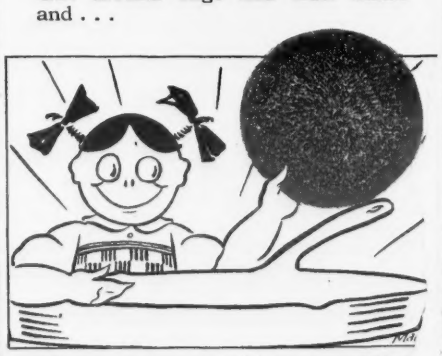
But watch the Chore Girl. She will make it spotless in a jiffy.



First a few swift swipes inside with the Chore Girl Copper Sponge.



A brisk burnishing with the Chore Girl around edge and side. Rinse and . . .



There you have a bright, clean skillet quicker than you can read these lines. Isn't it wonderful? For only a dime

The CHORE GIRL 1(

A KNIT copper sponge ball whic cleans pots and pans like magic Special construction cuts grease ar burned-on black. Soft copper, so car injure hands or pans. Like an ex maid in the kitchen and only c a dime. Easily rinsed, lasts long.

At Woolworth's, Kresge's, K McCrory's, Murphy's and all c 5 and 10's, at Department and H ware Stores.

The **Film** is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster tooth and gum disorders

Please accept FREE... this 10-day way to sparkling teeth

Pepsodent is utterly unlike any other tooth paste on the market. The results it brings cannot be obtained in any other way

Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon

HAVE you ever used Pepsodent? Of those in the United States who brush their teeth 6 people in every 10 have. A dentifrice so widely used, so utterly and entirely different from all others is worth your while to try.

Will you write for some? Your tube will contain a 10 days' supply, which is enough to work a surprising change in teeth and gums. Teeth are whiter, more brilliant, far less subject to decay. Gums are firmer and of better color. Tear out the coupon so you won't forget.

Why teeth are dull

If your teeth are dingy and "off color" they are coated with a slippery, glue-like film. Feel for it with your tongue. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it. Film hardens into tartar—film fosters decay. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious body ills may be indirectly traced to film.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You may employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel.

You marvel at the whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may regain that color. May take on that dazzling brilliance you envy.

Please accept a free tube

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and in business. You cannot delay testing this method another day. Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1111, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

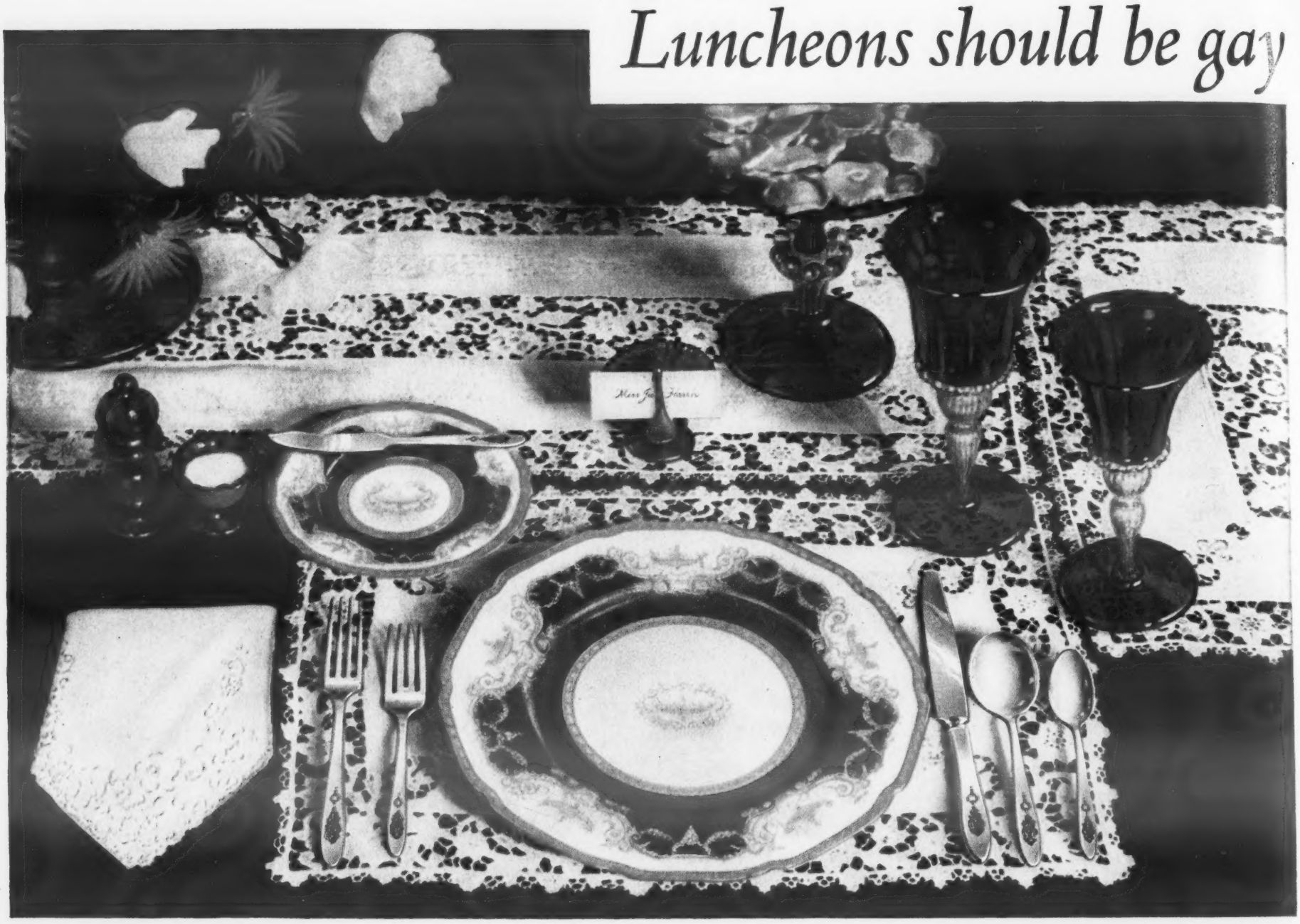
Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India Street, **London,** E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3298

Luncheons should be gay



© 1929 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

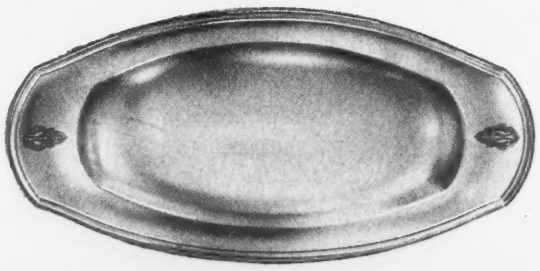
Formal intimacy strikes the keynote of every luncheon. Whether the formality be marked... or merely a background, blending in graciously with the charm and ease that one may enjoy with one's closest friends... never is the note of correctness, of things "just so," neglected or relaxed.

ON THE LEFT of the service plate are placed the forks. On the right, the spoons and knife (or knives) required by the menu. All are in the proper order, so that the guest may automatically begin with the piece of silver farthest away and "work toward the plate." The silver necessary for every course to the dessert is put on at the beginning: teaspoon for fruit cocktail or grapefruit; the soup spoon; luncheon knife and fork; salad fork; and, on the bread and butter plate parallel to the edge of the table, the butter spreader. The spoon for tea (or coffee) is served, of course, on the saucer when the beverage is poured.

Roll Tray $7.50; *Teaspoons* $4.00 *for six; Service for six* $36.50; *for eight* $48.00

ONEIDA COMMUNITY · LTD.

See how richly the Bird of Paradise design adapts itself to the intimate formality of the luncheon table illustrated here ... how it sets off the linens, china, and crystal. Its beautifully proportioned service pieces meet the needs of the most elaborate function... as well as the most simple meal.



The Bird of Paradise Design

COMMUNITY PLATE

Also Makers of TUDOR PLATE

(Continued from Page 132)

to smuggle them away in his sailboat to Cuba or Pará.

This sounds so easy—just save up, till you have five hundred francs, and then book passage on a departing ship. But where is the money coming from? Certainly not in payment for their prison labor. Yet there must be other ways, for the necessary sum from time to time is attained. One way is to get yourself hired out as a *garçon de famille* in the household of a military guard. Here you earn twenty francs a month—eighty cents—and maybe save half of it. In four years you will have the price.

Or you can murder a fellow convict for the money he has stolen from someone else. It's fatal to reveal, even to your best friend, that you've money. The desperate and hardened ones will scheme unceasingly to get it, will threaten you, will garrote you. The weak and the timid convict is afraid to resist. He knows that his attackers have no fear of the consequences of murdering him. . . . only a few weeks in a reclusion cell. He knows that they know that he won't dare squeal. Squealing won't get his money back. It will only bring fresh revenge.

No, escape is not so easy. If it were there would not be four thousand convicts rotting away this instant in a Guiana jail.

The first evening I reached St. Laurent I left my lodging about midnight for a stroll around the little town. There was a moon and the avenues of palm trees formed black-vaulted aisles above the deserted streets. I passed the silent prison—the great prison—and knew that, inside, five hundred men were sleeping on canvas strips, dreaming the same dreams, enduring the same pain, as their fellows in Cayenne. Beyond lay the river, all silver in the moonlight. I found the pier where the Martinière ties up, and aimlessly walked out upon it, avoiding the holes in the rat-eaten and dilapidated planks.

Hope Springs Eternal

AT THE the far edge I noticed the flicker of a small lamp, and on approaching found a man barefooted and in convict clothes, leaning against a piling. The faint light emphasized the deep shadows of one of the most bitter faces I've ever seen—that is, it was as bitter as a young face can be, for the convict was not over twenty-five. The bitterness was in his mouth. In his eyes one might have seen keen sensitiveness. It was a face that rarely spoke, never smiled—only suffered.

"*Bon soir, mon ami.* Do you sleep on the dock?"

"No. I'm the watchman."

"You must get lonesome by yourself here all night."

He shrugged his shoulders in a detached, indifferent way, and remained silent. But his very reserve distinguished him from the other garrulous prisoners I had met and made me all the more curious to know his history.

I handed him a cigarette and a match. He seized them eagerly. This is the key to every *transporté's* good will.

"I say you must get lonesome here. It's so still, and melancholy."

"It's better than the barracks."

More silence. Then presently . . . the cigarettes were thawing him a bit:

"Aren't you a stranger in St. Laurent, monsieur?"

"Yes. I'm an American. I've come to visit your prison."

He looked at me in amazement. I must be mad, coming to this ungodly place when I didn't have to.

"What brought *you* here?" I asked, getting to the point.

It was the old, old story—an eighteen-year-old boy desperately in love with a more worldly and less honest woman. He must have money lest he lose her. He went to rob a restaurant—his first crime; was surprised, and in terror fired his pistol at the gendarme who was about to arrest him.

Travaux forcés en perpétuité.

"Two times I've tried to escape."

He was talking now with more and more willingness. I gave him another cigarette—I gave him the whole package. Escape. That was exactly what I wanted to hear about.

"And you've always failed."

"Yes. The first time I tried to go via Albina."

Albina is the Dutch town on the river directly opposite St. Laurent. Though a mile distant across the water its intensely white houses are conspicuous by day in the tropical sunlight, and by night its dock lights twinkle upon the wide Maroni—we could see them clearly at the moment. When the Martinière first steams up the river with her seven hundred prisoners they notice Albina waiting and beckoning, and the idea that this village will soon be their means of escape becomes fixed in their minds. There is liberty. They need only cross the river. The disastrous failures of other convicts do not discourage them. They must fail for themselves.

The Penalty of Failure

AND so, the first two or three months after arriving in St. Laurent, dozens of convicts cross the Maroni, carried over by the bush negroes in their canoes. From Albina there is a road plunging fifteen miles straight through the jungle to an Indian village where one buys a dugout, and, taking the streams, drifts the hundred miles to Paramaribo. From here there are ships to Europe.

"Sounds so easy," I said, when my convict friend had explained all this to me.

"Well, it isn't," he insisted. "The Dutch have a small army of police at Albina to take care of us. On my first *évasion* they grabbed me an hour after I landed, and shipped me home next morning. I got a month in a dark cell."

"The second time, a year later, I tried again—with three others. We had stolen two revolvers from the military guards, and got across the river easy enough. This time we slipped past the police and found the road. But we didn't know they'd established a guardhouse about ten kilometers out of town, and almost ran into it. We thought it might help to get hold of the soldiers' uniforms—there were four of them, too—so we held up the Dutchmen with our revolvers, and took their own guns and clothes away. Then we put on the uniforms and got to the Indian village unchallenged.

"They recognized us as convicts all right. They're a rather kindly lot though, gave us a grass house to sleep in and some food. But they wanted us to pay, and pay well.

"We shouldn't have gone on to Paramaribo. At least not with our Dutch uniforms on. But we were damned fools—took a canoe and sailed right into the police who were waiting for us. The guards at the sentry box had reached Albina and reported our doings to headquarters. The police put us in irons for two weeks and then back we went, chained together, to St. Laurent."

"What did they do to you when you got back here?" I asked.

"They put us in the *blockhaus*. That's where they put everybody who commits a crime in prison—and next to striking a guard *évasion* is the worst crime of all. In the *blockhaus* we have to wait till the tribunal meets to try our case. It meets only three times a year, so sometimes we have to wait four months."

"It's different from the other barracks?"

"Oh, yes. It's much worse. There are no beds—only two wooden platforms against the walls. You sleep on the planks as best you can, side by side.

"The day I was thrown into the *blockhaus* one of my four companions was with

(Continued on Page 137)

"STEERO" SECRETS

Before you serve
ANOTHER SALAD

PLEASE introduce your mixing bowl to the magic of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. You didn't know they were for salads? You thought they served only as a tasty hot drink? Why, women call them "magical menu-makers"! Some even use these flavorsome cubes to add new zest to sandwich spreads. And as for soups and sauces, meat, fish, and egg dishes, vegetables, cocktails, appetizers—

But wait! Bertha M. Becker, noted food specialist, has put these all down for you, each recipe tested, a bookful of "STEERO" secrets that will help you transform everyday dishes. It's called—and its name is more than a promise—"101 New Dishes." Won't you please let us send it to you together with samples of the cubes? Both are free if you sign and mail the coupon below.

"STEERO" *bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name* "STEERO" *on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores*

"101 new dishes" and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes FREE

L. H. J. 11

American Kitchen Products Co.
281 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE_____

This offer not good in Canada

MRS. J. J. MITCHELL
of the leading Chicago family, who before her marriage was Miss Lolita Armour, expresses her rare individuality and colorful imagination in every phase of her life—from the supervising of her estate at Montecito, where the multiplicity of activities rivals those of a medieval manor, down to her use in decoration of sharp, clear contours, and vivid colors to achieve original effects.

Ever considerate of the comfort and happiness of her guests, Mrs. Mitchell equipped this guest room in "Daisy Cottage" at El Mirador, with Simmons furniture, Simmons twin beds No. 1565, Beautyrest Mattresses and the new Ace Box Springs. For, as she says, "Simmons equipment gives really restful *rest!"*

"I'm glad I can make my guests so comfortable at *Santa Barbara*," *says* MRS. J. J. MITCHELL *the former Miss Lolita Armour*

HIGH IN THE HILLS above Santa Barbara and the sea, blooms "El Mirador," the California estate of Mrs. J. J. Mitchell.

Set in the midst of exquisite gardens, among the most famous in the world, are the main house and guest cottages. Delightfully colorful in themselves, of pink stucco with red tiled roofs and gay Chinese blue shutters, they are surrounded by salmon pink roses, and lavender wistaria clambers everywhere.

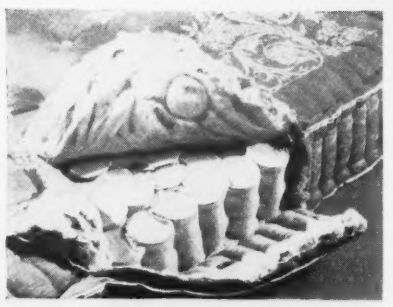
An old Chinese picture was Mrs. Mitchell's inspiration for this delightful room in "Daisy Cottage," which she furnished a year or so ago with Simmons Beds No. 1565 and matching Simmons furniture painted deep magenta, and trimmed with pottery green.

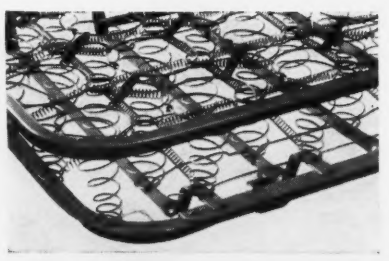
Considerate hostess that she is, Mrs. Mitchell fitted her beds with the wonderfully resilient Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs by Simmons. "I have found," she says, "that Simmons equipment gives really *restful* rest! Besides, the Beautyrests are so trim looking with their firm, uncrushable sides, that I quite naturally take a housewifely pride in them. The damask covers are a delightful idea!"

The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is the choice of discriminating home makers. Already nearly a million people enjoy its repose. Its unique inner construction insures perfect distribution of body weight. The Ace Box Spring by the same maker is as finely built and finished as the famous Beautyrest.

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds $10.00 to $60.00. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. C-1, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and ideas for home decoration.





Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, likewise superbly constructed, is equally resilient and long wearing, with damask cover, stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.

•

What the inside of the Beautyrest is like—the superior inner coil structure which makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of closely packed, finely tempered coils, in separate pockets, insure individual action and keep sides from crushing. Over coils, thick layers of upholstery and damask cover.

•

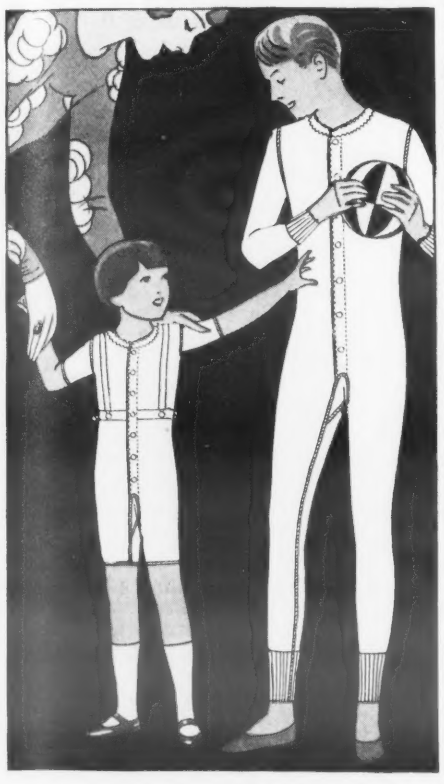
The Ace Open Coil Spring—amazingly resilient because of its extra number of finely tempered coils. Small governor springs prevent sidesway. Light weight and low in price. Banded border protects sheets.

SIMMONS

***World's largest makers of* BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES**

Copyright 1929, the Simmons Company.

HANES
UNDERWEAR
VALUES
CHALLENGE
EVERY MOTHER'S
ATTENTION



Your children's winter underwear is as warm, as snug and as comfortable as their dad's—if it's Hanes! For these popular garments are made from the same fine cotton that goes into the famous Hanes Underwear for men.

You should see the care with which the raw cotton is selected—how painstakingly it is processed and spun right in the Hanes mills. The men and women responsible for every operation must measure up to unusual mental and physical standards.

Another safeguard! These garments are elastic-knit—*and knitted to size, not cut*—thus insuring perfect fit and freedom. Yet for all this quality the boy's union suits, age 2 to 16, are but 75c to $1 for medium, heavy and extra-heavy weights. The Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls age 2 to 12 are only 85c. Guaranteed, every thread, stitch and button. If your regular store can't supply trade-marked Hanes for your children and their dad, too, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES
UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN AND BOYS
TRADE MARK HANES
FOR EVERY SEASON

(Continued from Page 135)

me. The turnkey was an Arab. He pushed us through the door and slammed it.

"The odor—oh, *ya, ya!* It nauseates the poor devil sent there the first time. The place is suffocating. Everybody is completely naked—heat, sweat, latrine stench—but you get used to it; you may as well. . . .

"We began to look around for a berth on the planks and found a vacant space at the end. The planks were rough and uneven. It would be difficult to sleep here, but we knew we'd fare better if we kept together than if we got separated.

"The *gardien* brought us our soup about half-past five. Soon after he came back and cried out '*Pousse!*' and everybody ran through the door to get his *baquet*. Jean and I followed."

"What's a *baquet?*"

"It's a small wooden bucket for sanitary purposes. Everybody is chained to the board all night, so they give us a bucket apiece. There never are enough to go round. Of course Jean and I didn't get one.

"In the *blockhaus* again the turnkey fastens the iron manacles on our feet. A military guard counts the men. The door is locked, and there we lie for twelve hours.

"For the first night neither Jean nor I could sleep. We almost suffocated even though we had taken off our clothes. There's no modesty in the *blockhaus*. The boards bruised us. You can't lie very comfortably with the manacles on your feet. Every time a convict stirred, the chains clanked and scraped. The mosquitoes tormented us. The only thing that brings any comfort to the men in the *blockhaus*—tobacco—we didn't have. If we'd only had that, we could have endured so much better.

"Ten weeks crawled by in this miserable place. The stench became more foul, the meat and bread more revolting. I couldn't eat the bread, so I exchanged it for tobacco.

"Of course I fell sick. The doctor on his weekly visit prescribed quinine without looking at me—and I was dying of starvation.

"But I wanted to die and get it over with. I weighed forty kilos—ninety pounds—when they finally ordered me to the hospital. They saw to it that I lived. They weren't through tormenting me.

"The tribunal met, and Jean and I got six months *en reclusion* on St. Joseph. Jean died there. And I? My soul died there too. My body is night watchman on the dock at St. Laurent du Maroni."

The moon had sunk behind the black jungle tops, and clouds blotted out the light of the stars. I walked home in the darkness, desolate over the inhuman things that man has done to man.

Aux Îles

DEVIL'S ISLAND, and its two companions, had first become visible to me from the air. They now became visible from the sea. I was going back to them, as I promised myself when I first sailed over them in the seaplane Washington.

I had no authority to go there; in fact, I had been denied permission very bluntly. But again luck was with me. I had addressed an envelope to the commandant of the islands, and when we anchored off the quay of Île Royale I jumped into the big lifeboat rowed by the galley slaves and brandished my letter before the military guard, demanding that he take me ashore in order that I might deliver the weighty document to the commandant himself.

Such a favor was very much against the rules. But it was night, and groups of arriving and departing convicts were causing so much confusion that the guard had no time to argue me out of the idea. Along with a dozen prisoners I was rowed to the landing.

The commandant happened to be on the quay. I rushed to greet him with the information that I was the great American aviator who had caused all the excitement over his island some days before. I added that I'd like to visit his domain at closer range.

Napoleon could not have been given a heartier welcome. The commandant escorted me to his own home, invited me to be his house guest, and opened a bottle of his best champagne.

And the next boat back to the mainland was two weeks hence!

Probably no visitor in history, French or foreign, ever saw the Devil's Island group so thoroughly as I saw them, or ever will again. As the visiting aviator, as the commandant's protégé, I was persona grata wherever I chose to go. And I chose to go into the darkest corners and to inquire into the unhappiest hearts that I could find.

First of all, let me explain again that Devil's Island itself has never been used as a prison except for a handful of political *déportés*. It is only because Captain Dreyfus, whose sensational case twenty-five years ago attracted international attention, was confined for his four terrible years on this island that its name has become so familiar, that it has, in fact, given its name to the entire penal colony of French Guiana. The dozen prisoners there now live not uncomfortably, each in his own little two-room house. They have the same food as the soldiers. They have adequate furniture—even mosquito nettings. They have gardens and dense groves of palm trees and complete freedom to wander about.

The Galley Slaves

TRUE, these de luxe living conditions are post-Dreyfus innovations. He suffered barbaric cruelties. The tiny stone hut that was his shelter still stands, a monument to French inhumanities in the past, and a source of hope that the reformations which have come to Devil's Island will spread, as they have already very, very slightly, to the island's two distracted neighbors.

On Île Royale, where I landed, one finds prison barracks similar to those in Cayenne and St. Laurent, containing some three hundred convicts. They are incorrigibles, the irredeemables, who have been sent here for repeated offenses and *évasions* on the mainland. There is no *évasion* from Royale—no Albina, no friendly Indians, no fishing-boat captains to bribe, no money to bribe them with. There's only one deliverance from Royale. . . .

A few days after I landed at the islands I was allowed to go to St. Joseph, the third of the group. Here I knew I was to find the complete depths, nor was I disappointed, for on St. Joseph are the hideous *reclusion* cells that are the wages of insubordination, murder, and, above all, *évasion*. Nothing that the convict has endured before prepares him for this ordeal. This is the rack designed to break his spirit and his body.

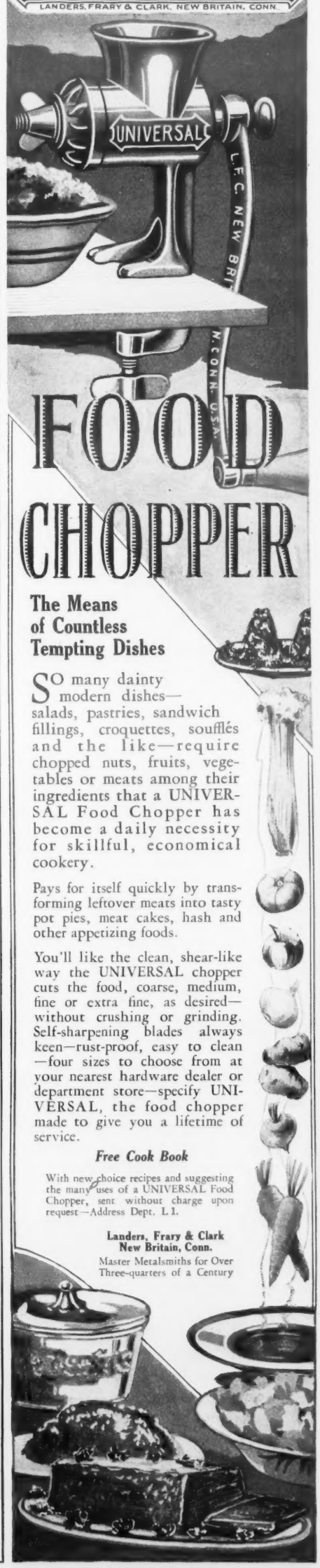
Before arriving in Guiana I had heard stories of brutal floggings of the *transportés*. This is not true. I had heard that they were bound fast in the jungle to be tortured by insects, and that they were eaten by cannibals when they tried to escape. These stories are all the absurdest inventions.

But there is no invention in regard to the agony on St. Joseph.

The same boat that delivered me from my ship, transported me across the channel that separates Royale from its neighbor. It was manned by the same six galley slaves.

These "slaves" number twenty in all. Almost every one is a military murderer convicted in some African post. They are the "huskies" from among the local prisoners and are quartered in a special barrack near the quay. No emaciated bodies here. They are all magnificent physiques. The lifeboat communication must be kept going across the violent currents that race between the islands, and these slaves are

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



FOOD
CHOPPER

The Means of Countless Tempting Dishes

So many dainty modern dishes—salads, pastries, sandwich fillings, croquettes, soufflés and the like—require chopped nuts, fruits, vegetables or meats among their ingredients that a UNIVERSAL Food Chopper has become a daily necessity for skillful, economical cookery.

Pays for itself quickly by transforming leftover meats into tasty pot pies, meat cakes, hash and other appetizing foods.

You'll like the clean, shear-like way the UNIVERSAL chopper cuts the food, coarse, medium, fine or extra fine, as desired—without crushing or grinding. Self-sharpening blades always keen—rust-proof, easy to clean—four sizes to choose from at your nearest hardware dealer or department store—specify UNIVERSAL, the food chopper made to give you a lifetime of service.

Free Cook Book

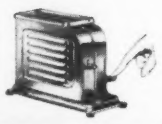
With new choice recipes and suggesting the many uses of a UNIVERSAL Food Chopper, sent without charge upon request—Address Dept. L 1.

Landers, Frary & Clark
New Britain, Conn.
Master Metalsmiths for Over Three-quarters of a Century

What is meant by an "Automatic Toaster"?

1 *Just drop a slice of bread in the slot and press down 2 levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.*

2 *Leave the room, read, do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—*



3 *Pop! and it's done. The exact shade of toast you ordered, perfectly toasted on both sides—and current cuts off automatically.*

Note how the TOASTMASTER Works

The World's Most Completely Automatic Toaster

Delivers perfect Toast every Time

NO WATCHING . . . TURNING OR BURNING

THE three photographs above show the remarkable operation of the Toastmaster; *the world's most completely automatic toaster.* They are published so you will know *exactly what automatic toasting* means.

Protected under U. S. Patent, there is no other toaster like the Toastmaster. It eliminates all *turning of toast*, all watching, all burning of toast. *It does everything automatically*, even to discharging the toast and turning off current when through. That cannot be said of any other toaster made. And, too, it is a revelation in speedy toasting.

All you do is put in a piece of bread, set a lever at exactly the shade of toast you want—and that's all. In a minute *Pop!*—and a piece of toast, just as you ordered it, automatically discharges from the machine at the rate of a slice a minute!

Both sides have been toasted at once. Thus giving you superlative toast—moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside, with all the flavor *sealed in.*

That the Toastmaster *is* an amazing device is proved by the enormous call for it. In thousands of homes, last two years, it has supplanted all other less-modern toasters. In fairness to yourself, buy no toaster for yourself or for giving, without first seeing the automatic Toastmaster work.

On sale, of course, at all stores and electric companies, in the United States and Canada.

WATERS-GENTER CO.
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.
A Division of the McGraw Electric Company 197

All Toastmasters now Chromium plated—No advance in price!

the only power. It takes strong and enduring oarsmen. Therefore the administration sees to it that they are amply fed and considerately treated.

In their company, locked up in their barracks, I spent the second evening of my residence on the islands. They all knew I was "the aviator" and gave me what little hospitality they could.

After supper somebody suggested the inevitable game of *bilote*. They drew up a homemade table between two of their bunks—these, built double-decker similar to the bunks in the foc'sle of cargo ships, were not uncomfortable—lit a kerosene lamp, and sat around stripped to the waist, for they all disdained to wear shirts, day or night—bad form among galley slaves. I took my place in the circle, but, being unfamiliar with the game, was content to watch. Everybody had a little money, and won or lost it like good, though very noisy, sports.

The Bear Pits

AT NINE o'clock I had to go. But I was well-sped on my way. More than half the galley slaves gave me a present—the other half had nothing to give—a hand-carved paper knife, a sisal-fiber tablecloth, a bit of tortoise shell, a jawbone of a shark, a copy book filled with crude crayon pictures of fancy ladies, a post-card greeting from home, a photograph of a twin brother in jail in Lille; and, rarest of all, Lopez, the Spaniard, gave me a small cup made of a steer's horn, on which, while I watched the game of *bilote*, he had engraved a crude picture of an airplane, and my name, and the name of Île Royale, and the date of that extraordinary evening.

These were the men—all old friends now—who rowed me across the channel to St. Joseph Island.

Outwardly the island is like the other two, high and covered with palms, and undeniably beautiful. But on the plateau at its crest there is a grim, silent building that is like nothing else in the world.

The building consists of three very large wrought-iron sheds each three hundred feet long and fifty wide. Inside each shed eighty cages are arranged in two parallel lines of forty. A central wall twenty feet high, reaching halfway to the roof and running the length of the building, separates the two lines. The cages, twelve feet long, twelve high, and seven wide, are solid concrete. There are no windows. The door is solid iron with an aperture a foot square which can be opened and closed by a sliding steel shutter. It is through this aperture that the food and the *baquets* are passed. The cells have no roof—only a grill of heavy bars. Four of the cages once used for special punishment have boards on top of the bars, so that no light whatsoever enters in. But outraged public opinion in France caused these to be abandoned a few years ago. Along the top of the long wall that divides the two lines is a railed runway. Here, superimposed, the guards walk their beat back and forth, looking down on either side through the bars into each bear pit, and upon each of the caged animals. There is no escape from the passing officer's gaze. Nothing can be hidden. Inside each cage there is one wooden bench six feet long, two small wooden buckets, one blanket and one man. That is all.

High over everything arches a vast tin roof that keeps out the sun and the rain—and the light. On very bright days it is dark in the pits. On dark days there is almost no light at all.

With the chief warden I entered one of these great tombs. Beneath this particular roof eighty men were quartered, forty of them mad.

One goes mad in these pits—no vision but the blank cement wall, no thought but the yearning for relief, no smell but the stench of one's own *baquet*, no sound but the beat of one's own pulse . . . slowly, slowly, one's mind, like one's body and one's soul, gives way. Then when the prisoner begins to howl and weep and beat his head against the iron door, he is dragged from the "sane" half of the line of cells and put in the "mad" half. The cells are all alike.

By the time my visit to all three of the barns had ended, I had gazed down upon two hundred of these helpless souls—old men and young men, strong bodies and haggard bodies, Chinese, negroes, Poles, the same cross section of convicts I had passed the night with in Cayenne. One thing they had in common—their sunken expressions of exhaustion and defeat . . . just waiting in chains for a thousand hours every day, for six months, twelve months, five years, waiting to go back to St. Laurent, and try to run away again, and fail again, and again come back to suffer through more æons of this hell.

This cruel state of affairs has promise of reform ahead. At a recent date a new system has been introduced, on trial. For three months the convicts *en reclusion* are kept constantly in their cells as heretofore, and then for three months they are given work as gardeners and road menders about the island. The fifty-year-old system of the bear pits has received its first blow. Others, God willing, will follow, until all three of these cursed barns have been, like the Bastille, razed to the ground, and the wreckage burned, and salt scattered on the spot.

Convicts *en reclusion* have found, after fifty years' experience, that there is only one way of gaining relief from its terrible blight, and that is to get sick enough to be sent to the hospital on Royale. The problem involved is how to mistreat one's self so that the damage will not be obviously self-inflicted, and yet guarantee an illness dangerous enough to insure a removal.

If you can get a horse's hair, and run it through your flesh you might get tetanus.

The bean from the castor plant, forced into a leg sore, will cause a first-class inflammation.

But horse hair and castor beans are not always available to a man in the bear pits. There is, however, a home-grown way.

In Hospital

FIRST you get scurvy. That's easy. All you have to do is eat the food they give you for a month or so and sleep on the damp concrete floor of your cell, which is no harder than the bench. Everybody gets it anyway, sooner or later. Then when your teeth are falling out and your gums filled with pus, you rub a bit of this pus into a self-made wound. Infect yourself three days before the doctor's weekly visit, and your arm will be a proper purple when he calls. One or two days before are unsafe. The wound might not have grown angry enough to arrest his attention, but will kill you from blood poisoning before he comes around again the following week.

In my lifeboat going back to Royale there were two convicts being sent to hospital with scurvy—and infected arms.

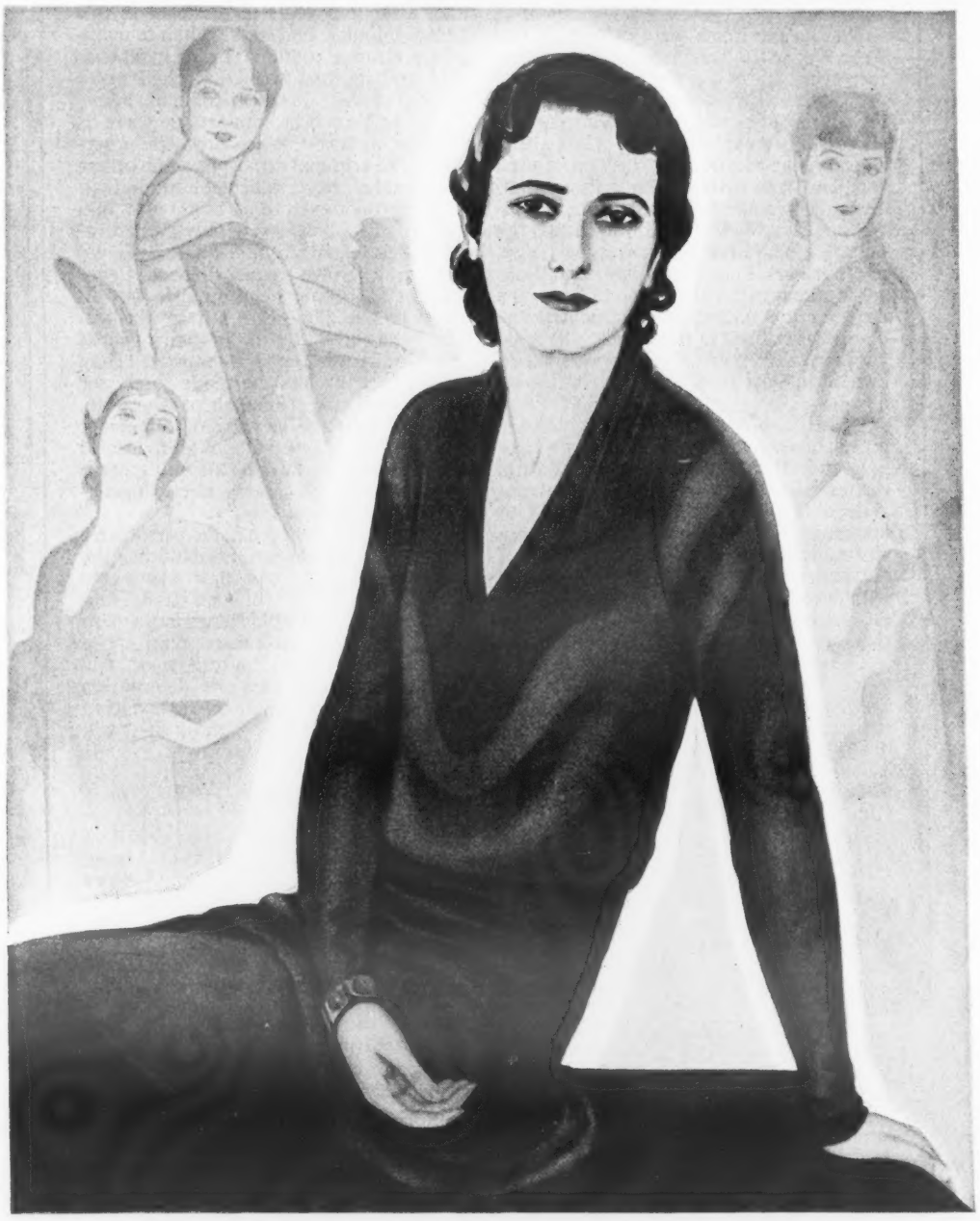
The doctor at the islands was my particular friend. He was responsible for the health of more than eight hundred people, and had only the most antiquated equipment and only convict assistants. His hospital buildings, built in 1870, were being carried off bodily by the rats. When I showed sympathy for this disgraceful state of affairs he conscripted me into his service and every day for a week I worked with him in the convict operating room.

Every morning I made the inspection rounds with the doctor. He had to supervise one hundred patients in an hour, one patient every thirty-six seconds. It was a mad race. Unless the convict was groaning with pain or unconscious, he got little or no attention.

Fully a third of the *malades* had dysentery. This kills off a quarter of each convoy the first year, attacking the younger men particularly. A third had tropical fevers, and a third tuberculosis, typhoid, and infections.

(Continued on Page 140)

LYNN FONTANNE OF THE REALSILK FASHION COMMITTEE



"the best dressed woman on the American stage"

The narrow French heel with its illusion of slenderness is a feature of this exquisitely sheer Realsilk stocking with picot top

Critics praise her acting. But women remember her clothes!

The suave princess line of her creamy satin gown in "The Guardsman"—two years in advance of the princess line as we know it now!

The daring beauty of her frocks with normal waistline in "Caprice"—when the rise of the belt was a matter of conjecture even on the Rue de la Paix!

Lynn Fontanne adopts a new line, a new color—and thereby creates a new fashion.

Her name is a synonym for taste and individuality in dress. So much so, that when she approves certain colors for Realsilk Hosiery, women know them to be correct.

Let us show you these new colors chosen for you by Lynn Fontanne and the other members of the Realsilk Fashion Committee . . . *Lady Egerton*, Paris designer. *Neysa McMein*, celebrated artist. *Elinor Patterson*, the debutante star of "The Miracle." *Katherine Harford*, noted American stylist . . .

All weights, from sheer chiffons to the sturdy service weaves . . A new fineness, new nicety of detail throughout.

* * * *

Realsilk Hosiery is never sold in stores. If your Representative is not calling regularly, telephone him today at your local branch office. Branch offices in 250 cities. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. In Canada, Real Silk Hosiery Mills of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario.

The New REALSILK Hosiery

The WORLD OVER·

BRILLO Cleans

Aluminum·agate wood·glass

Brillo, the *modern* cleanser, saves time, work, hands, money . . . makes old utensils look like new. Brillo is quicker, easier, better, cheaper. It attacks rust, stain or grease with equal vigor. Cleans every substance, polishes every surface. And each Brillo pad can be used again and again.

Brillo—the soft fibre, lubricated pads and pure, free-lathering soap—is harmless to dainty hands. Housewives everywhere acclaim it. 220,000,000 packages sold! And it is sanitary, *guaranteed*. Brillo makes utensils shine . . . *Aluminum*, iron, nickel, copper, windows, woodwork, tiling . . . everything. Try Brillo today!

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10¢ and 25¢ stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package . . . 10¢ . . . write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW— *the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢.*

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap 10¢

(Continued from Page 138)

The hospital cots were delivered from France in 1870. Rust had eaten so deeply into every one of them that it was a wonder they stood at all. The mattresses looked as old as the cots. There were no sheets, only a single blanket. The patient slept on the mattress, and at night used the blanket as covering, for in these wind-and-rain-swept rooms the nights are always cool. When there is a death, the mattress is left in the sun for a few hours, and put back in its place, immediately to serve, along with the reeking blanket, the next victim. Once in four months the blanket is washed in cold water. Nothing happens to the mattress till it rots from its own filth, falls to pieces, and is thrown away.

Upon these evil cots the sick men lie, green, unwashed, unshaven. There may be soap in the hospital. I never saw any. Cotton nightshirts are provided, but nakedness is preferred. They lie so still, so uncomplaining, so hopeless, sunken eyes staring into space—and the battalions of flies and vermin crawling over their faces, with never the slightest gesture to brush them away.

The sanitation system is the inevitable wooden bucket, one for each man. The dormitory door is locked at night, and there is no access to the latrine. The nurses are convicts who have chosen this occupation because it's easier than the lumber camps. The food is in keeping with the other conditions.

It is not to be wondered that the mortality in such a place is appalling.

But death is no cause for lamentations in the hospital on Royale. In this chamber of horrors they mock at it.

Each day added new names to my list of friendships among the *transportés*. I won my way into their confidence with sympathy and cigarettes, and went among them with a fraternal spirit. It wasn't altogether the cigarettes that they were grateful for. It was partly my recognition that they were human beings, who suffered and starved—my recognition that they were not, despite all efforts of the administration to make them so, just beasts with numbers. They responded like children, because, with the exception of the artful or the confirmed criminals who were always in evidence, most of them were children only waiting for a wise and understanding guardian to forgive and redeem.

Leon van Rompaey

OF MY special friends the two that moved me and interested me most were Leon van Rompaey, a Belgian, and Fernand Bayard, from Bordeaux. By a coincidence it happened that Leon was very nearly the youngest convict on the islands, and Fernand very nearly the oldest. Leon was twenty-one, Fernand over sixty. Leon had served four years; Fernand, thirty-four.

Leon at sixteen had been an accomplice to three others in a shop robbery in French territory. His profits from the crime were thirty francs—$1.20. All four had been caught and sent to Guiana. Leon had turned seventeen on the Martinière and, though very young, was one of the rare exceptions who had the physical strength to defend himself against aggression. The initial victory had carried him through, and, after four years of existence in this sink of iniquity, had enabled him to maintain a strange combination of independence and ingenuousness. He had never resisted prison. It had become his home. He made himself as comfortable there as possible, and saw no reason to be miserable. The criminal atmosphere the others breathed had never touched him; in fact, he seemed not even to be aware of it, and though surrounded by depravity had remained the most virginal spirit I've ever seen in a grown man. Nobody ever thought of locking Leon up. He was allowed to live alone in a hut by the sea. There the children of the military guards could always be found in crowds. They adored him, because he made candy for them, could play tunes on a cane flute, and was clean and clear-eyed. Wherever he went they followed after. All the world loved Leon—and he was the only person on the islands who was perfectly unconscious of the reason why.

If Leon was the most naïve personality I met in French Guiana, Fernand was the most experienced. His hair was snow-white, his strong, sun-blackened face a mesh of lines that spoke eloquently of the years of deprivation and pain he had lived through by sheer will power.

Fernand

HE HAD known Guiana days when the convicts were made to work naked in the jungle, drawing, under the lash of the slave-driver, the logs and timbers. Four times he had tried to escape. Four times he had failed. Of his thirty-five years in captivity eight had been spent in the bear pits on St. Joseph, two of these in the "black cell," since discontinued as too barbaric even for a French prison. For two years — seven hundred and thirty days and nights—he had never beheld the light. He had been punished for reporting wanton thefts from the convicts' food supplies by the prison guards and clerks—a custom still notoriously in vogue. (The officials could hardly be expected otherwise to live on the salaries they receive.) He had witnessed thirty-five years of murders, injustices, inhumanities. He had been shot through the stomach while standing at attention at roll call by a negro guard who had become enraged at Fernand's "insolence." A whole year in the Royale "hospital" had followed. Thirty-five thousand convicts had gone to the bamboos and the sharks since he arrived. Of his convoy of seven hundred men, he alone remained.

And there was life in the old man yet. His eyes still burned with rebelliousness. He still mocked the prison and its thieving officers. He was still defiant, still untamed, an unquenchable individualist that thirty-five years of brutalities had not, could not, quench. If God ever made a courageous spirit that deserved to live, it was Fernand Bayard, of Bordeaux.

Late afternoon of my last day on the islands, these two friends and I climbed a wind-swept hilltop on Royale to watch the sunset. This spot had once been the location of the mad house, but it had burned, and only a circle of stately trees remained. We could look down on Devil's Island, hidden under its dense groves; and across to St. Joseph where the

(Continued on Page 143)

This Charming Gift Lasts All Year

REMEMBER your friends this Christmas with a gift that will make them remember you all of the coming year—a subscription for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. In entertainment, in up-to-the-minute news interest, in pleasure for the eye, it is a gift incomparable in charm.

Save yourself the worry and wear of crowded Christmas shopping. We will announce your gifts with a beautiful picture mailed, *in your name*, to arrive Christmas morning. Renewals of subscriptions previously given are, you know, really new gifts.

Helpful Suggestions

FOR THE

Resourceful Hostess

You are constantly searching for temptingly different foods with which to make your menus more appealing. The dishes you want must be dainty and colorful, yet palate-pleasing and satisfying.

For the unusual in appearance and flavor, order an assortment of La Choy products. At very little cost in time, money and effort, you can serve genuine Chop Suey or Chow Mein. Either is exceptionally delicious when freshly made in your own kitchen. For tasty Chow Mein, just follow these simple instructions:

CHOW MEIN RECIPE

(four portions)

Fry one pound of diced meat alone in a deep kettle with 2 tablespoonfuls of cooking oil or lard until well done. Mix 2 cups of sliced onions with meat and sauté for two minutes. Next add 4 cups of celery, 4 tablespoonfuls of La Choy Soy Sauce and 1 level tablespoonful of La Choy Brown Sauce, and 2 cups of soup stock or juice from La Choy Sprouts. Cover and cook over brisk fire until the vegetables are done (about 10 minutes). Add La Choy Sprouts (if soup stock is used, drain the juice from sprouts). Stir and heat for two minutes. Thicken at edges with a thin paste of flour and water. Stir thoroughly and remove from fire at once. Have a large can of La Choy Chow Mein Noodles on hand. Simply warm them in oven a few minutes, then mold on platter or plates and cover with prepared ingredients. Decorate with shredded green onion or lettuce and sliced cold boiled eggs. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and serve while hot, using La Choy Soy Sauce as a condiment.

La Choy products may be used for many other delightful departures from ordinary cooking. Coupon below will bring you the La Choy booklet of suggestions.

La Choy FOOD PRODUCTS

Soy Sauce
Bamboo Shoots - Sprouts
Chow Mein Noodles

Brown Sauce
Water Chestnuts
Kumquats - Sub Gum

La Choy Food Products, Inc.
Detroit, Michigan

☐ Send free La Choy Booklet of Recipes.

☐ I enclose $1 ($1.25 in Canada) for an assortment package containing the four essential ingredients for making Chop Suey, Chow Mein and other tasty dishes.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

A Find in Switzerland

—that may make your child over

A Swiss Discovery in Child Development That Has Spread Over 54 Different Nations. Not a Medicine, but a Super-Delicious Food-Drink.

Accept 3-Day Supply—Watch Your Child's Weight Go Up a Pound or More a Week; See Nervousness Lessen Day by Day

Here is another unique development in child health from Switzerland; the nation which has done so many wonderful things in child health.

The discovery of a scientist of world-note, it has spread over 54 different nations—the delicious food-drink Ovaltine. Now in America, over 20,000 doctors are advising this utterly new-type health beverage.

It will mean much to your child. For it marks one of the most important scientific discoveries of years. Weight *increases*—nervousness *decreases* quickly and noticeably.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh, and thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Others foster richer blood, and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what Ovaltine means to you and yours. Give at breakfast always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shakeup drink.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"We Were Amazed at the Results"

Some weeks ago my children suffered from colds and tonsilitis. They lost considerable weight and were naturally very much run down after their sickness, so we determined to give Ovaltine a trial. We were amazed at the results. The kiddies picked up at once, put on weight and seemed to have once again their old-time pep and energy. Now we give them a cup of Ovaltine each day after school and again at bedtime.—Thomas J. Dunnford, 518 S. 6th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Finding Health Thru Ovaltine

A group of healthy young tobogganers, near Davos, Switzerland. Here a world-famous child's sanitarium employs Ovaltine regularly in building the sturdy vigor that enables children to really enjoy winter snow and winter sports.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. H-24, C
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE

THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK 530

How much *more* flavor . .

SEASONED WITH THIS SALT THAT'S *FLAKED!*

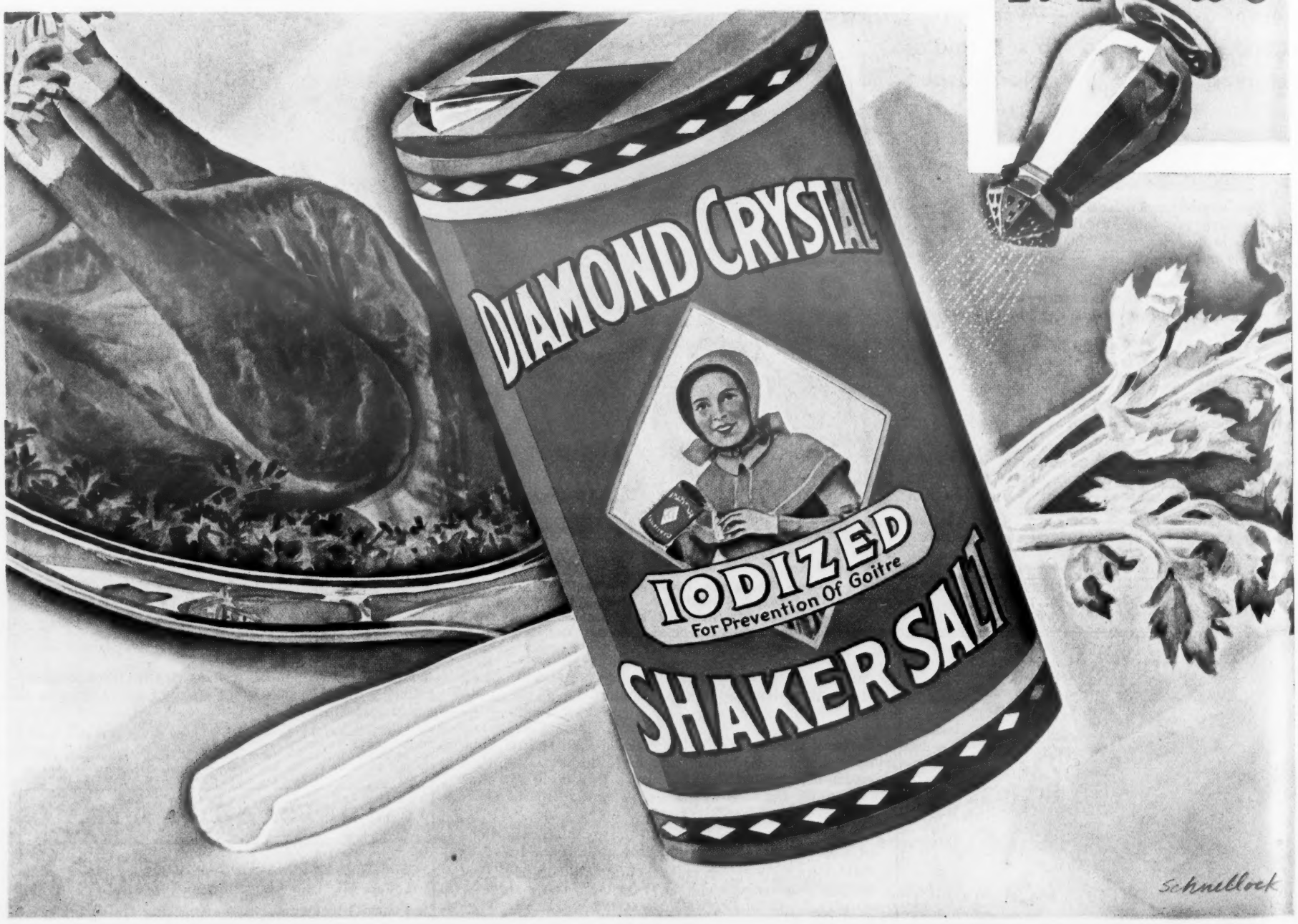
THERE'S a difference in salt. This salt, Diamond Crystal, is *flaked*—that's why it enhances flavor so wonderfully.

Your tongue will tell you instantly the improvement it makes in flavor, but you really need to see a pinch of Diamond Crystal under a microscope to understand why it seasons so much better. Tiny, thin, light flakes that dissolve instantly and completely into delicate brine—permeating the bird or the celery or the soup through and through—bringing out every bit of the delicious, natural food flavor!

And you never catch any salty bitterness—this exclusive flake-process makes Diamond Crystal so wonderfully pure, takes out all the hot, strong taste. Taste a pinch all by itself. So cool and clean and appetizingly salty—wouldn't you expect Diamond Crystal to conserve delicate food flavor?

The next time you buy salt, get Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt (either plain or iodized) in the big, round, red package. Learn for yourself why millions of women prefer this flaked salt for seasoning everything—in cooking as well as on the table.

It Flows



FOR YOU . . . FREE . . .
"THE ART OF SEASONING"

When and how to season with Diamond Crystal so as to conserve flavor, color and texture in fresh vegetables—enhance the juicy savoriness of meats—give the finishing touch of deliciousness to sweet desserts—varied rules for using Diamond Crystal have recently been worked out by nationally-known cooking experts. They are all here in this interesting and authoritative new book, "The Art of Seasoning." Let us send you your *free* copy, together with a sample package of Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Simply clip the coupon and mail it to us.

FILL IN COMPLETELY—PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

The Diamond Crystal Salt Co., St. Clair, Mich.

Yes, please send me free "The Art of Seasoning" and the sample package of Diamond Crystal.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

Dept. L. H. J.—1129

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SHAKER SALT

PLAIN IODIZED

IT'S FLAKED

(Continued from Page 140)

roofs of the *reclusion* barns caught the last red rays of the sun. From the *grande terre* we could see my little steamer approaching, and knew that I had not much longer to remain.

All three of us were very blue. I was the first and only person that had ever spoken a kind word to Fernand Bayard since he came to Guiana . . . and now I was going away.

As we stood there in the gathering darkness Leon made no effort to disguise his dejection:

"Don't you suppose the commandant would let you take me away on the boat if *you* asked him?"

"I've already asked him, Leon. He would like to, for your sake. But he hasn't the power."

"Then have I got to stay here always? Will they never let me leave? They said I was a thief. But I'm not a thief. I don't understand at all. I only want to go home."

Pardons are few and far between in Guiana. But if my efforts through the Paris head-bureau can avail anything, both Leon and Fernand will be home within the year.

At the moment of departure my two friends came to the commandant's house to escort me with a lantern to the quay. Leon carried my duffle bag, Fernand the lunch basket. As I stepped into the lifeboat to be rowed by the galley slaves out to the ship, Leon handed me a box. It was full of small presents—his badge of good behavior, his reed flute, his small crucifix that his mother had given him when he was sent away to prison at sixteen. They were all the things of value he had in this world.

And Fernand, what did Fernand give me?

Fernand who had been exiled from the old country five-and-thirty years, who had suffered such everlasting hell in her national prison, who had been shot and beaten and persecuted by the guardians of her brutal laws, who had reason, above all other men, to feel only hate and shame for his native land—Fernand gave me a small piece of tri-colored silk, a flag—the flag of the Republic of France.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the eighth of Mr. Halliburton's recent adventures in search of New Worlds to Conquer. The ninth and concluding article, Robinson Crusoe's Island, will appear in the December Journal.

Radical Changes in Winter Fashions

(Continued from Page 35)

in the back and boxed in the front. Molyneux designs a charming shoulder-fitted capelet of three-quarters length in black broadtail. Many of the capelets are in the fabric of the frock and edged or banded with fur. Short jackets appear with broadcloth frocks—a point one cannot mention without thinking of Talbot's charming "Chez Sherry," with bands of white lamb repeated in the long over-the-elbow gloves and on the brim of the rather Russian type of hat. White fur on black, in fact, is a striking note seen everywhere in the new mode especially for afternoon wear. Black, or black combined with white, though, is always recherché mode among the *élégantes* in Paris.

Browns continue into the afternoon—in soft tones about the color of the famous *café au lait*, sipped so frequently on the famous terraces of Paris cafés. There are beautiful new greens—Worth's pea-soup shade and Lelong's deep green with blue in it, which is one of his so-called "false" colors.

Deep, rich reds abound, particularly "Chambertin," named for one of France's wines, specified as a new color by Jane Régny and hinted at in many houses where frocks are given the name of the color. And there are some blues, either strikingly the Royal tone, used in a fascinating satin frock by Louiseboulanger, or softer, more elusive tones because of the purple in them.

Elegance for Evening

AFTERNOON coats very often follow the dipped back line of the gown, a theme taken up in the evening mode, otherwise the evening coat or cape is short to permit freedom in the flowing-backed gowns which persist, though the long even hemline has taken a long step forward. Chanel shows many evening gowns with this skirt length, though sometimes she slants it ever so little from the ankle in front to the heels in back. Ruffles from top to bottom are indorsed by her, or ruffles from normal waist to ankle hem. Bows abound everywhere in the evening mode—and for daytime elegance, one might add. Lelong makes a great point of the bow placed at the back of an evening gown at the base of the yoke, with streamer ends forming panels.

Chéruit puts very smart little bows on the bodice back, and catches them at the waist in ribbons with long ends. The princess silhouette stands out with more verity than ever, and goes back to its true self in the supple way which Vionnet presents it. In all, evening gowns are simply a panorama of splendor that would challenge the most vivid assemblies in olden court days.

Fascinating Fabrics

ONE is breathless with fabrics and colors alone. There is "Voiles," a superbly graceful and simple evening dress by Poiret on page 50, cut *en forme* in pale rose chiffon with undertones of orchid showing through the rippling movement of the skirt. There is "Prunelle" by Lelong, a regal evening dress in shimmering satin of a rich prune shade. There are gorgeous deep purples in tones with black mixed in them, such as Patou's dark purple dahlia, which promises great success for day and evening. There are blued violet tones, black faced with some vivid color. Greens have a great deal of importance in pale tints and deep rich shades—the deeper one, may, in fact, replace the popularity of dark blue. Reds of the more brilliant shades are evidenced in tailored tulles and velvets; and there is no end of vocabulary required to tell all there is to say of printed velvets and rich brocades and lamés.

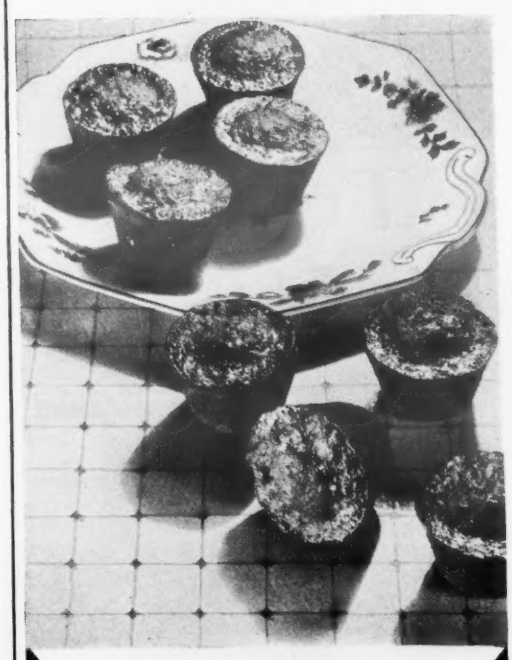
Panne in black or pastel tones is one of the most important evening fabrics of the season and one must not consider being well-groomed without at least one gown in this medium, preferably the new satiny one which the French fabricants have brought out for the winter.

Lafayette Gingerbread

Cream ½ cup butter and ½ cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, ½ cup warm milk, 2 tablespoons ginger, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon, mace, nutmeg. Add 5 tablespoons coffee. Beat 3 eggs. Sift 3 cups flour with ¾ teaspoon salt. Stir alternately with eggs into first mixture. Add juice and grated rind of 1 large orange. Last add 1 level teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 teaspoons warm water. Beat until smooth. Bake in loaf pan in moderate oven 350° F. 45 to 60 minutes.

··Hungry for something good?

TRY THESE



JUST one look at such muffins makes your mouth water . . . and wait until you taste this gingerbread!

No wonder they're extra good . . . they tease your appetite with the luscious old-time flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses—a flavor that makes everybody want *more*. You need never say "no" to a second helping either. For Brer Rabbit Molasses is a wholesome sweet that is actually *good for you* . . . rich in those two health essentials—iron and lime!

And just a touch of the old plantation goodness of Brer Rabbit Molasses gives added flavor to many foods. Baked beans, for instance, taste twice as good if you add two tablespoonfuls of Brer Rabbit to them when you turn them out of the can to heat. And it gives marvelous flavor to candied sweet potatoes! Gold Label is the finest light molasses—Green Label a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

●

Fig Luncheon Muffins

First boil 1 cup cooking figs for 10 minutes. Drain, clip the stems and chop. Cream together 4 tablespoons butter and ¼ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg, ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses and ½ cup water. To this add 2 cups flour sifted with 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ginger, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add the figs and beat well. Lastly stir in ¾ cup bread crumbs. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake from 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.). This recipe makes about 16 muffins.

Keep your Brer Rabbit Labels—get Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set: 3 labels from 3 cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses will bring you this miniature cooky set—6 wee animal cutters . . . doll-size cooky pan! Your youngsters will adore the tiny cookies it makes! Start saving Brer Rabbit Labels *now*. Send them in with or without the coupon.

And ask for your *free* copy of Brer Rabbit's recipe book—94 molasses recipes just as good as the two on this page!

SEND FOR THIS MINIATURE COOKY SET!

3 labels from Brer Rabbit Cans bring it to you . . . and get your free copy of the recipe book, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc.
Dept. L-5, New Orleans, La.

(Check what you want—either or both)

☐ Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set. I enclose 3 Brer Rabbit Molasses Labels.

☐ Free Copy of recipe book "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

Name_____

Address_____

No Throat Troubles or Colds this Winter

SO many people dread the coming of winter because of the colds and throat troubles it brings. But if the passages of nose and throat are kept in healthy condition, your sufferings from colds will be greatly lessened.

Doctors say that lubricating these passages is a great preventive, as it wards off irritation and keeps the germs from getting a foothold.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is ideal for this purpose. It is a pure natural substance that is remarkably healing in its action. A little snuffed up the nose will spread all over the membranes and protect them against damp air, dust particles and germs.

If the voice is husky, the throat sore or rough, a little "Vaseline" Jelly taken internally will be a big help. Thousands of people have found it beneficial. It is so pure that anyone can take it internally.

Lay in a supply of "Vaseline" Jelly for the winter season. It can be bought in jars or tubes for a few cents anywhere in the world. Certainly it is an easy, safe, economical preventive.

And remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consolidated.

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PETROLEUM JELLY

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

The Birdman of Wintergreen Lake

(Continued from Page 7)

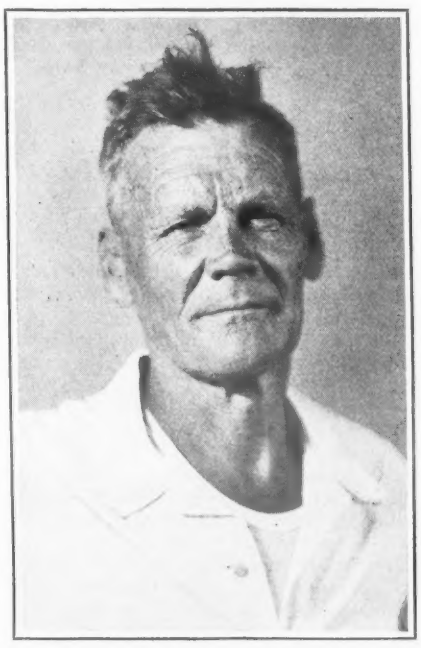
them. They have no other help, but not, strangely enough, because there aren't plenty of funds to hire laboring men, or gardeners, or even ornithological experts. They work alone, doing four times as much work as ordinary folks could accomplish, because Corsan simply has to plant every one of his own nut trees and berry bushes, or because he slogs so terrifically at digging, hoeing, watering, that he wears out even young men.

"I consider it necessary to my health to have three hours or so of exercise before breakfast," says Corsan.

SO, BEFORE sun-up any day you can see him, his lithe swimmer's leg muscles bulging, carrying a couple of pails that must hold at least twenty quarts each, from a little pond in the center of Willow Basin—"to give my trees their morning drink."

Suddenly he stops, sets his pails down, wipes the sweat from his face, and cluck-cluck-clucks raucously—but cheerfully. He's talking to a red-legged partridge hen, lovely with her black-and-gray-barred sides, who comes up to tell him troubles she's having with her just-hatched chicks.

"There are three things absolutely necessary in any bird sanctuary," he declaims, "shelter, food and protection." And from dawn to dark he's busy at giving his hundreds of creatures all three of them—as nearly as possible, naturally.



GEORGE HEBDEN CORSAN, SR.

If there's one thing that Corsan is particularly a crank about it's food, both for his birds and himself. He's always telling me that it's positively poisonous to eat meat along with salt—that this combination is prone to give me this or that kind of ill. Himself he's a vegetarian, eating enormous quantities of raw greens, of grapes, berries and watermelon.

"Cooked milk is a positive poison," he'll shout. "It'll give you tuberculosis, appendicitis!" It all sounds overdrawn, fanatic, nonsensical, but then I look at him, as he gets into his swimming suit, and his body's positively that of a twenty-year-old distance runner, instead of a man near seventy; and in one day's terrific ramble, through the swales and over the hills of the turkey farm, around the lake itself, wheeling three hundred pounds of grain, up and down with scores of pails of water in Willow Basin, he's fagged me completely. And myself hard from heaving sandbags on my beach at Lake Michigan. . . . Maybe he's right, after all.

One thing is certain: George Corsan and his bird-breeding husky wife, and his peafowl, his marvelous pheasants, his geese, ducks, swans, partridges, all are mighty powerful evidence for his fantastic theories of diet. He himself has never been sick in his life, except for a few months when he lay near death from the bite of a copperhead that he thought it would be fun to try to kill with a jacknife.

What he's done has been to experiment on himself incessantly, not follow books or go to physicians who have only the vaguest notions of proper food. What he's done with his birds is simply to watch, for fifty years, with that baleful gray eye of his, what things his birds *forage for themselves*. In short, what this rough-and-tumble scientist has done is to anticipate the modern ultrascientific vitamin craze by thirty years or so.

Free-ranging, most of them, or, if in pens, then in enormously long ones, his birds are in marvelous health, the very opposite of the miserable penned-in creatures in our city zoos. But what will happen if these indefatigable Corsans go?

"We try for breakfast about 9:30 or 10 o'clock," says Mab, the equally energetic wife of our birdman. Already for hours, since the eastern sky first began to grow rosy, and the wood pewee chanted his dawn song, she's been plodding, bent under buckets, all over the breeding pens.

In March there are the pheasant and turkey eggs to collect, to keep warm, to get under steady two-year-old broody hens.

In April she has to see that the sitting hens get off their nests for their feeding, drinking, dusting; she has to be the peace-maker to keep these dames from brawling unduly.

In May she waters the baby pheasants, the peafowl, the new hopeful turkeys, and changes their coops to clean ground every so often, and she's expert at mixing the grains her man Geordie—for that's what she calls her boyish ancient—tells her is good for this chachalaca, or that Chukar partridge.

Their cottage sits charmingly on the shore of Wintergreen Lake. But the only time you'll find either one of them near it is at rare moments when one or the other is herding troops of sightseers from one powerful telescope to another, for a look at this black Australian swan sitting idiotically on his enormous nest while his wife gads about on the lake; or for a peep at that blue gander and his goose tending their new babies.

That's a sight you'll see nowhere else in America short of the Arctic circle.

IV.

BUT it is as a hunter that I'll always remember this curious birdman best. There he's in his element; it's then that his athletic body gathers itself into a bunch of lightning-quick, fiendishly crafty energy. Round Wintergreen Lake he goes, dumping their rations of oats or barley on the far shore for the swans, geese and ducks—all right.

"Ducky-duck!" he'll yell at them—almost perfunctorily.

But now he's got to the swale, and like the super-Indian that he is he's across a slender line of slippery logs in a flash, reaching down under the weed-grown water, and fishing up a six-foot-long cylindrical wire-mesh trap—ah! A snapper! Not as big as the King of Michigan, that old varmint that he shot through the head after a two hours' hunt last year. But

(Continued on Page 146)

Lucien Lelong

(blithe modern spirit among the couturiers of Paris)

Lucien Lelong

says . . . *When giving my creations the unity, harmony, and rhythm essential to smart appearance in this active age, I hope that their wearers will select shoes whose style glorifies the artistic lines of the foot, and whose inner construction assures the freedom of motion necessary to easy, graceful, natural carriage of the body.*

Lucien Lelong

As if made to the command of Monsieur Lelong, the re-created Selby Arch Preserver Shoes!

Clear cut, as with a sculptor's knife, with high heels and narrow shanks and sweeping curve of instep . . . they emphasize every beauty point of the feminine foot. They provide for every occasion and every ensemble, *chic* that is truly Parisian, while their exclusive inbuilt construction energizes the figure with lissome, girlish grace.

The foot responds eagerly to these hidden Arch Preserver stimuli of youthful activity . . . the arch bridge that prevents all awkward strain, the metatarsal support that keeps the step elastic and light, the flat crosswise inner sole that permits complete freedom of action to nerves, muscles and blood-vessels.

And Fashion cannot suggest a fancy that the new Selby Arch Preserver Shoe does not supply. With its modes inspired by the great couturiers of Paris, it offers to smart American women swagger tailleurs for the street; formal footwear in the supple new reptiles and suedes and kidskins, in all the color nuances of the new costume ensembles; brilliant metallic brocades for evening.

They await you at the stores of Selby Arch Preserver dealers, everywhere. See them. Try them on.

They will be fitted by an individualized system of heel-to-ball measuring that achieves perfect unison between shoe and foot.

Smart modes for every occasion, $10. Additional selections up to $18.

Lucien Lelong dramatizes the new molded silhouette in this exquisitely cut evening gown of white satin, with smartly contrasting wrap of sapphire velvet. In foot-flattering harmony with the graceful lines of the Lelong creation, is the slenderizing "Lilith," a new Selby Arch Preserver Shoe in white satin, which may be tinted to match any costume. The drawing is by M. Fromenti, the famous Parisian illustrator of the mode.

The NEW Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

ROXBURY—Prado brown suede oxford. Prado brown kid trim.

DORVILLE—Nautical blue suede, gored tongue. Nautical blue kid trim.

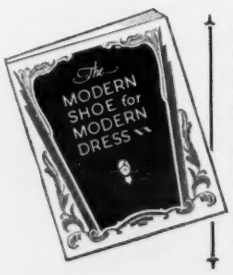
ROMOLA—Trotteur brown kid, genuine brown snakeskin vamp and trim.

Women who desire a smart looking comfortable shoe at a lower price will be interested in the new Selby Styl-Eez footwear which has all the exclusive patented Arch Preserver features. Selby Exclusive Feature Shoes include Arch Preserver, Styl-Eez and Tru-Poise.

Women who wish to attain in their costumes the perfect ensemble effect should send for the new book "The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress." It includes suggestions for the selection of gowns, millinery, hosiery and footwear that every woman should follow.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



The Selby Shoe Co., 114 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send your booklet L-14 on the New Selby Arch Preserver Shoes and pictures of models for all occasions and ensembles.

I usually buy shoes from.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

In grueling tests these sheets *OUTWORE* all others . . .

To prove that Dwight Anchor sheets are still the strongest made, we recently submitted them to the fairest test we could devise. Not in a laboratory, but in the laundry . . . the test that your own sheets must meet every week.

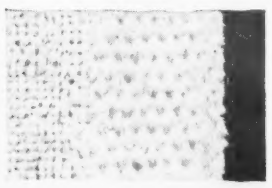
We sent sheets of seven leading brands . . . Dwight Anchor among them . . . to a modern steam laundry. There they were washed and ironed again and again, until they had stood the strain of years of laundering.

First one and then another weakened at the strategic points . . . selvage, hem and center fold. *Only the Dwight Anchors* held firm.

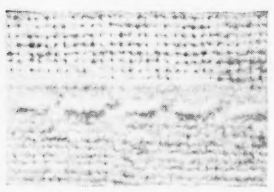
And after the equivalent of "years of wear" the Dwight Anchor sheet was *still* strong and sound, even at the danger points, while every other sheet had cracks and holes, large and small.

If this sounds too good to be true, won't you make your own test? On each Dwight Anchor we've sewn a little label. Date it and wait! After all your other sheets are worn out, your Dwight Anchors will still be whole and sound!

Center fold strong... *Taken under a microscope, this unretouched photograph shows center fold of Dwight Anchor, firm as new after these tests.*



Selvage perfect... *And this shows the perfect condition of the selvage, one of the three points where ordinary sheets first show wear.*



Hem and stitching unbroken... *Washed and ironed equivalent to years of wear, the Dwight Anchor hem and stitching were still perfect, as this magnified photograph shows.*

Dwight Anchor SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES DATE MARK

Make your own test of the wearing qualities of Dwight Anchor sheets. Date this label . . . note how long they last.

Gay Beauty for your Bedroom

Our colored sheets are woven of the same sturdy threads that wore so well in the laundry tests described above. Fast color, unreservedly guaranteed . . . pink, blue, nile, maize, rose, peach and orchid, or white with hems of these tints. And in any tint you may choose a complete bed set, packed in a smart Christmas gift box!

Have your Dwight Anchor sheets 108 inches long . . . to turn far down over the blanket for extra protection and comfort. And Dwight Anchors with equal hems at both ends. Reverse them, equalize their wear, and prolong the life of even a sturdy Dwight Anchor!

Ask your shop for Dwight Anchors, unreservedly guaranteed and laundered, ready for use. Dwight Manufacturing Co., Minot, Hooper & Co., Selling Agents, 11 Thomas St., New York.

Dwight Anchor

SHEETS · PILLOW CASES · SHEETING · TUBING

Manufactured since 1840

(Continued from Page 144)

pretty fair, pretty fair. His hand has reached through the opening; a quick move and he has the dangerous reptile by the tail.

"Why, that fellow? No, he's not so big, but if you don't think he can bite, just stick your finger close to his mouth! Know what he'll do to a full-grown duck, or a goose? Get up under it, still as death, grab a foot, hang on, and hang on, and hang on!" Corsan has a queer trick of repeating everything he's in earnest about. Then he finishes explosively—"Hang on, and then drown that goose, and then eat him under water. Oh—dirty devils, those snappers!"

Two thousand two hundred and twenty-six snappers he's caught from Wintergreen Lake in less than two years. The silver-mirrored surface of that pond is safe now for the goslings of the wavies and the barnacle geese—and for the cygnets of the nearly extinct trumpeters when they shall start their breeding and nesting.

Corsan stands by his little nut tree, that's bravely trying its best to grow on this lean gravelly soil. "Nice snapper," he grunts, with a grin that's positively malignant. Down comes his spade with a mighty smash onto its shell, bisecting the beast completely. There follow a few expert turns of his spade at the foot of the nut tree. "Now you're really a useful citizen." That's his requiem for the turtle. And he points to the tree. "Watch that one grow ——"

BUT he never finishes his sentence, that's interrupted by the subdued bang of his .410 shotgun. "Got *you* ——"

It's a crow blackbird he's talking to, as it flutters dead at his feet. "Why—do you know what those black vermin do to baby Baltimore orioles, and red-winged blackbirds. . . ." And Corsan peers over his spectacles, wrinkles his wrinkled old forehead into still deeper folds, and gives his personal observations on the malevolent, child-murdering traits of the purple grackle. Like an Indian counting his scalps Corsan enters in a book, every day, his defunct grackles—six hundred and four of them he's stopped short in their nest-robbing careers, so far.

He's left me toiling behind now, with my heavy pail, and leaping into the bush has upturned a large square piece of planking. "Jack Miner's great invention—the weasel trap!" he declaims with pride. "In this trap I caught weasel after weasel, weasel after weasel; and skunk after skunk, skunk after skunk; and then I caught a raccoon!"

These predatory fur-bearing rascals, he explains, are gosling, duckling, turkey and pheasant chick destroyers—*par excellence*.

We've come to the pool where I can pour my dogfish from the heavy pail now. "Ah—great bait for *cats!*" says Corsan.

Now if there is one predator that he'll hunt not for his joy in hunting, alone, but for sheer hate, it's that supposedly lovely creature that Corsan calls "the night-rambling wild grimalkin."

HE NEVER tires of recounting his fifty years of observation of the cruel depredations of tomcats. One of these, along with two others, he trapped one time, and this particular giant tomcat had been caught red-handed in the murder of a favorite canvasback duck.

"Then Mr. Tom's turn came," laughed the birdman, "And I wouldn't be telling the truth if I said I didn't enjoy killing him. I told him, first, however, what a nice, good cat he was going to be in one minute and how much good he'd do my favorite nut tree."

Corsan is out to rid the whole Wintergreen Lake region of cats—Toms and ladies. With the campers of a summer conference close by on Gull Lake he carries on an outlandish traffic. He trades them the succulent snappers he traps, for them to make soup of, in exchange for any tabbies they may waylay, or come upon, or wish to get rid of.

"And it's remarkable how the bob-whites are already increasing around Wintergreen Lake," he explains.

But if there's one foe of all gentle, singing, quacking, cooing and honking feathered creatures that he takes most joy in hunting, it's that enormous, silently flying "winged demon of the night"—the great horned owl.

There's a curious mixture of respect and hate in his hunting of this terribly savage bird with the fixed, baleful topaz eyes; and why not, because the owl's an even better hunter than is Corsan himself. The great horned owl he puts in a class with the most malignant, persistent destroyers of song birds; of all the sweeter, peaceable, more helpless feathered beauties it's his job to guard, to protect.

THE great horned owl is like the sharp-shinned hawk, like the slate-gray, long-tailed, ferocious goshawk that works such havoc with the lovely ruffed grouse, killing not for food alone, but for the sheer fun of killing. Great horned owls Corsan has shot at two in the morning on moonlit winter nights, while they were flying away with rabbits that weighed more than they themselves did. Horrible lady great horned owls Corsan has known, and trapped, who, when hungry, devoured their own husbands.

"See those poles?" asks Corsan. "All fall and winter I have them equipped with No. 1 jump traps, set hair trigger." And he points to tall, bare trunks of trees here and there about the lake, trees denuded of their branches. He recites the terrible power in the talons of the great horned owl, how this demon will carry off little pigs, and small dogs—and how one of them attacked a man in the North Woods who was wearing a fur cap, and who died from the blood poisoning that followed his scalp wounds.

Corsan is different from most bird lovers in this: that his affection for feathered creatures is practical. "Start a wild-life sanctuary—so-called," he exclaims. "Don't allow a gun or trap on it, and then listen and find out how few songbirds you'll hear."

HE SHARES Jack Miner's scorn for armchair naturalists, and indoor naturalists, who'll figure out for you that there's as much good in a Cooper's hawk as there is in a baby bluebird; who even will defend that ubiquitous devil, the crow, from his charge of first-degree murder.

"They haven't, as Jack and I have dozens of times, shot crows, and seen them, dying, vomiting up baby robins or song sparrows." Outdoor naturalists to the marrow, both of them, Corsan and Miner speak from experience always.

If this strange, partly civilized missionary in the cause of the increase of wild waterfowl doesn't turn gypsy again, go back to teaching swimming once more, or to giving exhibitions of towing twelve canoes filled with folks across a pond, by a rope tied to his head harness, while both his hands and his feet are tied together ——

If he'll only stay, Corsan, the birdman of Wintergreen Lake, for another twenty-five years, our children can go to some quiet lake on a March morning when the song sparrows are singing their invincibly cheerful spring song. They'll have more chance to be stirred by the sudden "ma-ha-a-ank" of a faithful Canada gander, leading his loving goose and her year-old babies back to the North to raise their next goslings.

Practical? Not a bit of it. But a hundred refuges like the W. K. Kellogg Sanctuary, and a few dozen Corsans might help us to stand a little better the grime, the grease, the stench and the carbon-monoxide of the dominating machines that threaten to turn us all into robots.

MORNING . . . NOON *and* NIGHT

BREAKFAST

When early morning tastes must be catered to, trust the very sight of a bowl of bananas to make appetites keener!

LUNCHEON

Ever lunch on a banana with milk and crackers? Try it. You'll have a nourishing and completely satisfying meal.

EVENING REFRESHMENT

Bananas are as wholesome at night as in the morning. Just be certain the luscious pulp is satin-smooth with ripeness.

Every minute Tempting Palates... Guarding Health

Today, we know that no food is more digestible—at any hour—than the melting tenderness of a

RIPE BANANA

As good to *end* the day with—as to start it! That's what the new knowledge of the banana has taught us. It's all simply a matter of ripeness. Like *all* fruits, bananas must be *ripe* to be easily digested. They'll tell you when they're ready for eating. When all green is gone from the tip, the familiar brown flecks begin to dot the peel. That's when the creamy goodness of bananas is easily assimilated—no matter what the hour.

It's their health-building properties that make bananas so important to the diet. Think of it! A natural food with no less than three vitamins! Carbohydrates and minerals, too, in abundance. Nature has lavished upon the banana those protective elements so essential to both grown-ups and children.

FREE—Interesting Booklet of Recipes

Send the coupon below for our free booklet, containing many tested recipes and menus.

PARTLY RIPE. *Tipped with green. Cook or ripen* before eating.*

YELLOW RIPE. *All yellow. Ready to eat, cooked or uncooked.*

FULLY RIPE. *Yellow, brown-flecked. Best flavor and food value.*

*Ripen bananas at room temperature—not in ice box.

UNIFRUIT BANANAS

UNIFRUIT BANANAS
A United Fruit Company Product Imported and Distributed by
FRUIT DISPATCH CO., 17 Battery Place, N. Y. C.
Please send booklet, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

LHJ-11-29

"*slender youthful*"

Suzanne Talbot

chooses this rayon underwear for autumn

Other great dressmakers select various types . . .

Inspired by the exquisite lines of Greek and Oriental art, Suzanne Talbot's first aim is to preserve in her gowns the contours of the body beneath. To this end, she chooses Carter's rayon underthings over which to model her new interpretation of the mode.

"In the modeling of my new 'Samurai' over Carter's underwear," writes Talbot, ". . . the purity of line and slender youthfulness remained undisturbed." Her satisfaction with Carter rayon underthings arises from the art with which they have been designed and cut.

The great couture houses enthusiastically offered their own tints for Carter's new fall colors. You may have *Rose Flamant* of Premet; Worth's *Venus Pink*; and Poiret's *Peachglow* —and the always-wanted lingerie tints.

Carter's rayon, produced by a special process, has a rich, subdued luster and smooth, luxurious "feel". Just the care given to any fine material will preserve this lovely finish.

The William Carter Company, Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Station.

Talbot chose this bandeau with very low back of elastic ribbon (Style 254) and briefest bloomers having flat yoke-front (Style 300).

Other famous couture houses of Paris endorsing Carter's rayons are: CHÉRUIT . . . JANE RÉGNY . . . JENNY . . . O'ROSSEN . . . LOUISEBOULANGER . . . LANVIN . . . POIRET . . . WORTH . . . PREMET.

"Samurai", by Suzanne Talbot . . . bodice of black chiffon with seed pearl embroidery; looped tassels of seed pearls trim the tiered, pleated skirt.

DEMEYER.

Premet selects a combination with shoulders that won't slip. Smart knitted cuff at the short knee (Style 131).

This combination with bandeau top assures trimness at the bust; opening at right side, elastic knee (Style 150).

This snug bandeau combination has evening or suntan back; smart knitted cuffs on short bloomers (Style 147).

Jenny prefers vest with non-skid shoulder straps and tailored bloomers, elastic at knee and waist (Style 304).

Carter's

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RAYON UNDERWEAR . . it stays new

The Art of Table Conversation

(Continued from Page 33)

the German Foreign Minister with Monsieur Briand. For table conversation can hardly be anything except good-natured. He is an unnatural, bitter fellow who indulges in backbiting at dinner, a cad who makes personal remarks at the expense of his hosts, a boor who is not mollified into gentleness by the lady next him.

But, within the limits I have just drawn, spontaneity and the right to say anything are the law of the table. Formality there would be a contradiction, or it belongs to the past.

A book may talk like a man, but a man should not talk like a book. I knew only one who did it successfully, the late Marquis de Vogüé, the writer, who surprised and annoyed you at first by his vocabulary, but in a few minutes made you wonder how you could have accused him of talking like a book. His apparent affectation was natural, and naturalness redeems everything in table conversation. Whatever we discuss—and it is difficult to imagine an interesting conversation leaving out literature, politics or morals—we have a right to our full freedom, even to fancifulness. Sallies, humorous descriptions of people's characters, even imitations, in short, all the frolics of wit are lawful. A little teasing is not out of place either, and draws out people much more effectually than admiration.

People nowadays talk a great deal about the food they eat. It used to be bad form, and gourmets would only discuss famous dishes and illustrious cooks at private gatherings in clubhouses or restaurants like the Café Anglais. Now the quietly emphatic but decidedly low phrase, "*bien manger*," is tolerated everywhere. You will hear in Pall Mall whole conversations devoted to Burgundies, about which there is nothing the British do not know, while, in Paris, Monsieur le Duc not only gives you a recipe but squints toward the chafing dish, itching to pass from description to action. Quick allusions, winged metaphors, ought to be enough.

The essence of table conversation is naturally that it is a conversation. Now several things go directly against this fundamental character. Music at dinner gives the function something princely, with a dash of Oriental delight, but it kills conversation by its tyrannical charm when it is good, by the irritation it causes when it is poor, by its din when you dine on one of the English boats. Tobacco, the resource of the bored listener, is the enemy of the conversationalist. Lecturers at men's university clubs can measure their success by the length of time during which cigars hold out against their eloquence. As for dancing at dinner, it is a pastime of innocent children, perhaps, but it is death to conversation.

Something to Say

ALL these things go without saying. Others, less obvious, must, however, be pointed out as destructive of conversation. A monologue is talk, no doubt, but it is not conversation, even when it is encouraged by common consent and dinner becomes a more exciting kind of lecture. Famous soliloquists are remembered with rather ironical admiration, and when chronic dyspepsia finally rewards their brilliance people laugh a little cruelly. So, about Sardou, the dramatist, who would demand silence with his left hand while holding his glass to his lips with his right hand. Caro, the Sorbonne philosopher, was even worse, for the women worshiped him, and the grandsons of the men whom this adoration insulted have not yet forgotten it.

A story is still remembered of how Renan happened once to make a timid gesture while his dazzling confrere was holding forth. He was instantly frozen by a glance from the hostess. When Caro stopped to drink, the lady, bursting with delight at being able to pitch two such lions against each other, turned with a ravished: "Now, Monsieur Renan."

"Oh!" Renan said, "I wanted some more potatoes; now they are gone; never mind."

These famous men, and many before them or since, had something to say, but do you not know, will you not name, in an instant, dozens of people who have nothing to say but will say that throughout dinner from a sheer physical impulse? They love to talk, but they have no idea of conversation, and they are incapable of compunction at the idea of boring a whole tableful of people. I have seen them positively proud of their capacity and bragging of their exploits as of athletic performances. Indeed, that is what they are, but the dining room is not a gym.

The Art of Listening

WE NEVER regard a dialogue as a conversation. Somehow the meaning of the Italian *conversazione* still clings to its kindred in different languages and carries its atmosphere with it. We know that most of us are not inspired by the presence of only one person. We all have had some chance of realizing that dinner conversation can only be something of an adventure if there is a slight element of danger in it, if we hear ourselves talking while everybody else is listening, ready to judge or contradict as well as applaud what we say. But we also know that it is worth our while to run the gantlet of mild criticism in this way. If we are sincere and unassuming criticism will be disarmed, and yet we shall feel that we do not speak the same things, or in the same style, before six or seven people as before only one interlocutor. Inspiration is well known to emanate from the magnetism of groups.

So we are brought to the consideration of the art which alone makes an art of conversation possible and that is the art of listening.

Americans, who frequently accuse themselves or accuse one another of being babblers, can listen in the most remarkable manner. Else why should they be the best audience for a lecturer? And why should we see them constantly joining clubs the chief object of which is to provide more after-dinner speeches for them? I doubt if the citizens of any other country enjoy eloquence—that is to say, a good way of expressing oneself—as much as Americans do.

Then why should the art of table conversation be despaired of?

My private opinion is that hostesses are responsible for the state of affairs they now deplore. When, formerly, people gave dinners for the purpose of enjoying their friends' company they seldom invited more than four or six at a time. Then it was almost impossible to escape the combined efforts of the host and hostess to create unity of thought and mood round their table. It was when hostesses, out of sumptuousness or for the sake of convenience, began to invite eighteen or twenty people that table conversation became a mere souvenir of the past. It might have been saved by the device of tables of four or six, which for a time prevailed, but a scarcity of domestics prevented that. Now the habit of carrying on dialogues instead of a conversation is taken, and three conversations at a table of six is not a rare experience.

The whole question seems to be how to apply the art of after-dinner conversation to dinner conversation. What is impossible, or even difficult, in that? But first of all, it will be wise to give the notion of artistic conversation a chance by fearless repetition of the phrase.

NEW
Hair Treatment

Restores original softness and beauty to hair—relieves dandruff

DURING the 35 years that 3-in-One has been on the market, many hundreds of our good friends have written, telling us of the benefits derived from using 3-in-One on the hair.

There are two hair uses for 3-in-One—1st, as a shampoo, the 3-in-One being rubbed liberally into the scalp and into the hair, if short or bobbed. Then it is washed out thoroughly with any free lathering soap. Result: fluffy, lustrous hair and a keen sense of perfect cleanliness.

The 2nd use is a scalp and hair treatment, in which the hair is parted at different places and the scalp massaged with the finger tips slightly moistened with 3-in-One.

This should be done frequently—at least twice weekly. Because of the marvelous penetrating qualities of 3-in-One, a very marked improvement in the live and active condition of scalp and hair will soon be noticed. Excessive dryness will disappear. The hair will become soft and less inclined to split at the ends. Dandruff will be noticeably relieved.

Regular users of 3-in-One, who already know many of its virtues, should try this experiment. 3-in-One is just a blend of pure refined oils—just fine, healthful oils—without any other content. The can or bottle of 3-in-One which you possess is all you need. If out, any good dealer will supply you.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
132HS William St. • New York

free *A generous free sample will be sent to anyone really interested in trying these new uses for 3-in-One.*

3-in-One

M781

The Steinway *ebonized baby grand in a Directoire interior designed by Allen Saalburg. A Steinway of this size and power—at* $1475*—is an extraordinary value. It is the ideal instrument for the home. It harmonizes with any interior, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.*

"Petrouchka," *painted for the Steinway collection by Nicholas Remisoff.—It is the opinion of many critics that Stravinsky has never surpassed his colorful ballet "Petrouchka." To them it expresses completely the striking personality of its famous composer. Certainly the brilliance and originality of its scoring and the keen insight of its characterization set it among his undisputed masterpieces.*

Of the Steinway Stravinsky has written: "To the great house of Steinway & Sons, whose matchless instruments have inspired and aided me by their gorgeously rich and responsive qualities. I leave the United States with an imperishable impression of the tonal splendor of the Steinway pianos."

Money need never stand between your talent and its true expression

TO PURCHASE an inferior piano can never be anything but a false economy. For there will be countless times when passages of particular beauty fall far short of what you expect of them . . . not from any error of your own, but simply from the shortcomings of the instrument itself.

Present-day methods in teaching have brought notable advances in the technique of the piano. There are many musicians today who are able to interpret the most difficult pianoforte music in a manner that would command the wonder and admiration of the composers themselves. Yet without a piano flawless in its tone, such distinguished performance would be impossible.

That the Steinway is the instrument endowed with just such a tone is the opinion of virtually every noted musician from Liszt to Stravinsky. Some have spoken of its human qualities, others of its very soul. And their combined tributes have proclaimed it "The Instrument of the Immortals."

Unfortunately this reputation has caused many people to believe that such an instrument must be too costly for those of moderate means. Matters of money are frequently allowed to come between talent and its true expression. As a matter of fact there is scarcely a family with income so limited that a Steinway is not well within their reach.

With only a 10% first payment you can have a Steinway in your home at once. The balance may be distributed over a period of two years. On such convenient terms you get a piano *built to give a lifetime of perfect service.* And *there* is the true index of its economy. You need never buy another piano!

You may select your Steinway from many different sizes and models, suitable for every need, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway. There is a Steinway representative near you who will be glad to show you any courtesy, without the slightest obligation to yourself.

A new Steinway upright piano can be bought for $875

GRANDS $1475 *and up*

10% down *balance in two years*

Any Steinway piano may be purchased with a cash deposit of 10% and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY *THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

ESSENTIAL TO BEAUTY OF DECORATION AND FURNISHING IS SCALE. THE LIVING ROOM OF MRS. POST'S EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS, HOME

PHOTOS. BY S. H. GOTTSCHO

The Personality of a House

The House of Charm at Least Expense

By EMILY POST

Author of Etiquette: the Blue Book of Social Usage

A LITTLE house can much more easily have personality and charm than a large one—for many reasons. One reason is that the bigger and more imposing a house is, the more surely does it challenge criticism. You pounce instinctively upon whatever shortcomings you discover, because you are on your mettle to prove your own knowledge as a connoisseur. Your impulse, in other words, is to go flaw hunting. Whereas in the simple little house that pretends to nothing, you go praise disbursing instead.

"How sweet! How charming! How convenient! How comfortable! Oh, how you must love it!"

You beam at the owner, and the owner enthuses, "Oh, we do!" And then she shows you all the details that might escape your notice—especially the tricks of comfort of her own devising.

You are surprised at the yawning door that takes in the whole lower half of a corner cupboard—including the normal doors and an apparent shelf of books that is merely a trimming of book backs—in order to make space enough for two bridge tables. You are interested in the "blind" sliding-panel compartment deep enough for a linen pole that pulls out from the dining-room wall at the back of the circular stairway; you approve of the really ingenious day bed that gives no hint of its night utility, and of the long table behind the living-room sofa that is in reality a wood box.

Overcoming Structural Ugliness

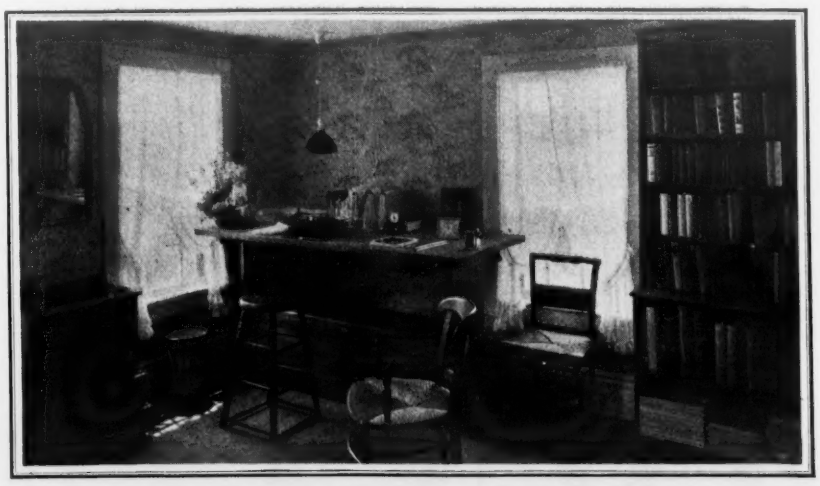
YOU are as enchanted as a child with the unsuspected stairs that let down magically between the open rafters of the study ceiling leading to a bachelor guest room and bath, above. You enthuse and the owner enthuses and the little house loses nothing whatsoever by this double enthusiasm.

And yet in contrast to one example that is genuinely enchanting, we could name other houses whose owners care seemingly nothing for beauty at all. Sometimes they don't. But sometimes they do very much. And it is these latter who helplessly exclaim, "Ugly old house. Ugly old furniture—nothing can be done about it; we can't afford to buy all new." The object of this article is to see what can be done about some of it, at all events.

To begin with, we must consider what is meant by "ugly." Is the house ugly outside, or is it ugly inside, or both? Is its plan inadequate because it is too small, or is it uncomfortable because badly arranged? Are its furnishings hopeless? How hopeless? Let us take each of these problems in detail.

First then, the exterior. Structural defects of the exterior are apt to be expensive to correct—possibly too expensive unless its latent beauty is unusual. Meaning that if a house can be changed from a dwelling of commonplace mediocrity into a gem of beauty, it is worth a good deal of effort—even sacrifice. But to make it undergo a lot of purely facial surgery without assurance of compensating return for the operation is scarcely worth the attempt. For instance, a house of beautiful proportions may be marred by merely a hideous porch and superficial ornamentation. Or it may be so structurally distorted that any remedy short of tearing it down and rebuilding would be useless. An exterior of hopeless variety is any mongrel of assorted rounds and jogs and angles put together like a patchwork quilt of styles—and all of them bad. An especial no-breed mongrel species, to be found in almost every village and town of the United States, is the lop-eared, Neapolitan-striped, strung-bead-columned dwelling. Its vintage began somewhere in the later eighties and continued until the bungalow took its place. Another bad subject for reconstruction is the mansion built of bad-color brick in a bulbously ornate design with solid sheets of concave glass in its globular windows, expensive stone copings, and columns with cushioned capitals of Venetian or French Renaissance ornamentation. On the other hand, the seemingly ugly mid-Victorian clapboard house with heavily jig-sawed trimming is often quite easily transformed into a building of genuine beauty.

However, let us consider the exterior of your own house—that is, if you want to solve the problem yourself, and not turn it over to an architect. Let us say that you know something is wrong with its outline, and that you have long wondered whether it would look better—or worse—were you to make this change, or that. A very simple method—which is a pet one of my own—is to photograph it face on, front, back and each side. Then have a dozen prints made and experiment by cutting away what you think should come off and by drawing on what you think should be changed or added. It is quite extraordinary how accurately an effect can be seen with crudest ink marks. You can see exactly what a raised or lowered roof will do, or how it will look with a new door—drawn and pasted on. You can try cutting off, adding on and remaking to your heart's content; and when the picture is just right, then measure the size of whatever is necessary, by measuring from known point to known point on the picture. Although foreshortened distance must be allowed for, with a few known measurements to go by you can come close enough to decide what can—or cannot—be done.



THE GREAT AID TO CHARM IS COMFORT, WHICH INCLUDES CONVENIENCE. MRS. POST'S WORK CORNER

An Impression of Comfort

FOR instance, in illustration of an especially discouraging example, let us choose a typical mongrel house. Let us take a photograph and by covering up this and that part of it, see what we can do. Let us say that in spite of the variegated stripes of its painting, and the fish-scale bandings of the shingles, the larger half of the façade on the right of the door is simple and straightforward. On the left of the door—which is itself hideous—is a turret about the size of a small boat funnel above a lopped-off corner that refuses it any support. By cutting off this freak feature, straightening out the corner, building up the dog's-eared edge of roof and putting in a good door, the whole house will assume a straightforward and presentable appearance. It is impossible to change the fish-scale shingling, but when the house is repainted white, silver gray or cream, with green or blue shutters and the doorway beautified with a little planting, the whole effect should be surprisingly sweet and ought to be possible at a cost that is not high.

Or supposing that we have photographed the mid-Victorian mansion. If we cut off its lumbering veranda and its hack-sawed trimming, and restore its outline by pasting it on paper and coloring the cut places to look like the plain surface of the photograph, we will see exactly how good—or bad—the structural form of the house may be. A mid-Victorian fault is apt to be the height of the windows in proportion to their width. Sometimes balconies added, like those typical of New Orleans, with flower boxes or pots set behind the tops of the railings, add apparent width by means of horizontal trimming which helps to bring down the height. Or if the house is excellent except that the pulled-off porch shows too high foundations, an admirable treatment is a lovely flat pilastered front door with pediment, with a descending double-curved stair in the manner of many Southern Colonial houses. Or a simpler porch may be replaced two or three steps below the floor of

(Continued on Page 154)

Made in Vermont by Vermonters:

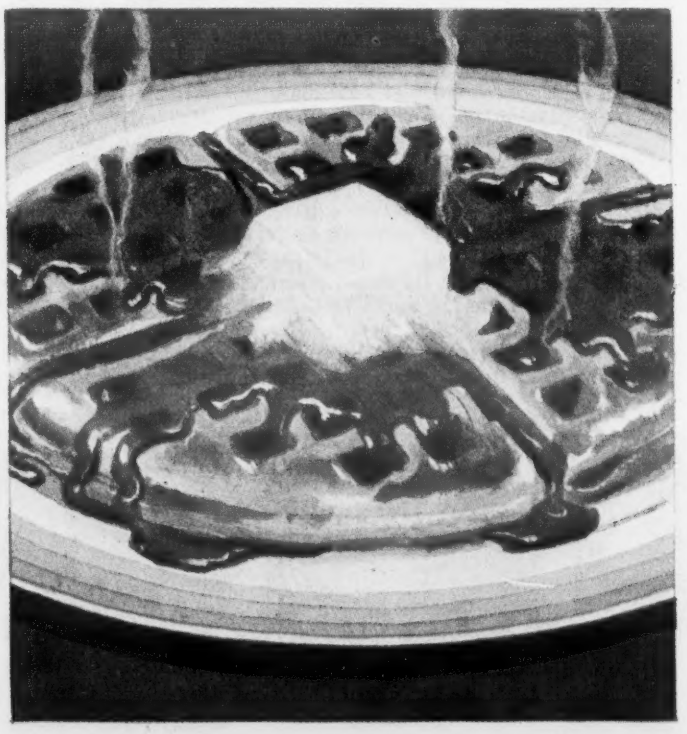
NO other spot on earth produces maple sap of such fine flavor as the maple groves of Vermont. Here . . . in the famous maple centre of the world . . . from a choice selection of the entire maple sugar crop . . . Vermont Maid Syrup is blended for your table.

Pure maple sugar is combined with pure cane sugar to give that smooth, subtle, true maple flavor that makes your pancakes and your waffles a rare delight to eat.

Delicate brown cakes or tender waffles, light as a feather . . . enriched with butter . . . glowing in golden pools of rich, transparent Vermont Maid Syrup . . . what finer treat could you offer your family?

You will like Vermont Maid Syrup over ice cream and custard. You will also enjoy it with biscuit, corn bread and mush. It has a deeper, richer, true maple flavor that makes these familiar foods taste like special delicacies. You will be delighted to find that Vermont Maid Syrup recaptures that good old maple tang you remember so well from your childhood days.

This syrup has that true maple taste that makes both pancakes and waffles a rare delight



Ask your grocer for Vermont Maid Syrup in attractive glass jugs, ready for the table. You can buy no finer syrup. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vt.

As it mingles with the melting butter on your pancakes, the warm, rich transparent color of Vermont Maid Syrup delights your eye and its smoother true maple tang is a treat for your palate. Taste it and judge for yourself. Send ten cents for a generous four-ounce sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup.

VERMONT MAID

Send 10¢ for Generous Sample!

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. K-2
Burlington, Vermont.

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

.....

.....

.....

.....

SYRUP MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

The better the Fabric the smarter the Frock

Ready-to-wear dresses of Skinner's Crepe Satin are on display at smart shops. Ask to see them.

Style is greatly enhanced by the right material. So leading dress manufacturers are now making their smartest models of Skinner's Crepe Satin.

That marvelous combination of softness and richness found in Skinner's Crepe Satin permits draping effects not possible with ordinary fabrics. The new fall colors are delightful and when you buy a frock of Skinner's you can depend upon its *wearing quality.*

Identify these beautiful dresses by the Skinner ticket or label. In buying by the yard, always look for the name woven in the selvage. If you will write us, we will tell you of store near you.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass. *Established 1848*

Skinner's Crepe Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

(Continued from Page 151)

the interior, and a moderate amount of grading done to raise the land.

The color of a house can be tested by having undertimed prints made on a dull-surface white paper, and coloring them in different ways. Very often an ugly house can be made lovely by merely changing its color and adding some decorative planting. An asset, even of the exterior, is the impression of comfort. We all know houses—old-fashioned ones especially—that may perhaps have little architectural merit, and yet because of their air of well-cared-for comfort have an appeal very much like that of certain people whose loveliness of character shines in their faces and makes them seemingly beautiful.

The charm of the interior is, of course, the problem of vital importance.

If genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, talent for creating a home of completely satisfying personality might be called the capacity for observing infinite detail.

In a house of great formality or splendor every detail must be precisely what it pretends to be. "Tricks" that are delightful in a friendly unassuming cottage become falsity in a palace. But if we except establishments that deliberately assume perfection, the ability to endow an average house with beauty and charm depends not so much on expenditure as upon your ability to recognize the potential possibilities not merely in what you buy, but in what you already possess. At all events, ugliness is quite as often the result of unperceived opportunity as of a slim purse. That an entirely empty purse can buy nothing is true, but the contents of a very moderately filled one spent knowingly can produce far greater beauty than a big bank account squandered with little sense and no sensibility.

Under average conditions the outstanding qualification of beauty in every interior is color. The greatest aid to charm is comfort, which includes convenience.

The theory of color harmony was described in the August number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, but the temperament of color—meaning its amiability, its indifference, or its cruelty, to mixed varieties of furnishings—was not included.

Color Considerations

THE house owner who can build or buy or completely remodel, who can start out with everything new or throw out every item that displeases, has no problem but that of her personal decision and taste. The problem that is far more usual—as well as being a far greater test of skill—is how to combine a heterogeneous collection of objects in a series of rooms of no special beauty; and then to select a color that will be kind to all of these objects and induce them to be kind and friendly to one another, and not stand off by itself and shout "Ugly—oh, look how ugly!"

Three walls that do this last exactly are those which have smooth-finished paneling in cream, oyster gray or turquoise blue. Turquoise blue has the tendency more than any other color of making every object placed in front of it as conspicuous as though in the glare of a calcium light—which is why decorators invariably choose it as a background against which to display their wares. A plain white plastered or rough-finished wall accentuates color and defines outline—and yet not too critically. But a cream or pale gray paneled wall of conservative and formal finish exhibits the shortcomings of each object with cold discrimination. Colors that are welcoming and kind to whatever is offered them include sand, light pinkish taupe, creamish fawn—or any of the pastel or twice "grayed" colors indicated in the spokes of the color chart. (See August number of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL).

Walls that are somewhat primitive in effect, such as those covered with monotone papers that simulate textiles, or of rough-finished plaster, or papered with any of the unpretentious diaper or Colonial designs, all make sympathetic backgrounds for odd collections of furniture and possessions.

Especially friendly to furniture that is somewhat overheavy are the colors that range from copper, browns, russets, old reds, soft blues, butter yellow, grayed yellow greens, eggplant purple and creams. These colors are to be had not only in the high-priced chintzes but in many of inexpensive semiglazed percales that are entirely lovely. There are also gay cotton prints of very small designs that are especially beguiling in primitive or cottage or bungalow surroundings, and can be bought for as little as twenty-five cents a yard. Sunfast materials, both plain and in chintz, are to be found for a dollar or less a yard. The thing to do is to find material that is becoming to the majority of the things you have, then remove the few that are jarring or change their color, by painting, dyeing or slip-covering.

Three Magic Gifts

BUT before attempting to say how much can be done for how little money, it is necessary to ask how capable you are? How much can you do yourself? If you turn a room over to a decorator it is necessarily much the same as if you go to an importer for a dress. In both cases the chances are that the result will be smart and satisfactory, but the bill will be long. On the other hand, if you have taste and if you are blessed with what is known as manual dexterity, you can have clothes and rooms at the cost of materials. At all events, whether you are having your house done for you, or whether you are going to do much of it yourself, beautiful color costs not a penny more than ugly color; and color is the miracle worker in all beautification of ugliness. Paint, dye and slip covers are almost like the three magic gifts of the fairy tales.

In the August article of this series I described the inexpensive transformation of an ugly rented cottage by means of wall paper and homemade slip covers. Examples could be given without end because the problem naturally varies with each example, though the procedure be the same. You first of all select the things that must be left as they are, and then see what combination of color is most becoming to them.

For instance, let us say that you have an old rosewood sofa and four chairs covered in somewhat faded but nice, grayed green rep or wool damask; that you have a rather clumsy but comfortable mahogany secretary desk, a morris chair in golden oak, a jig-saw walnut spring rocker upholstered in peacock-blue plush, two rush-seat chairs stained mahogany, and a gateleg table, good in design but "highlighted" in finish, a genuine Turkish rug but crude in color. The living room is high-studded with a Victorian but good mantle, and tiles set around the fireplace.

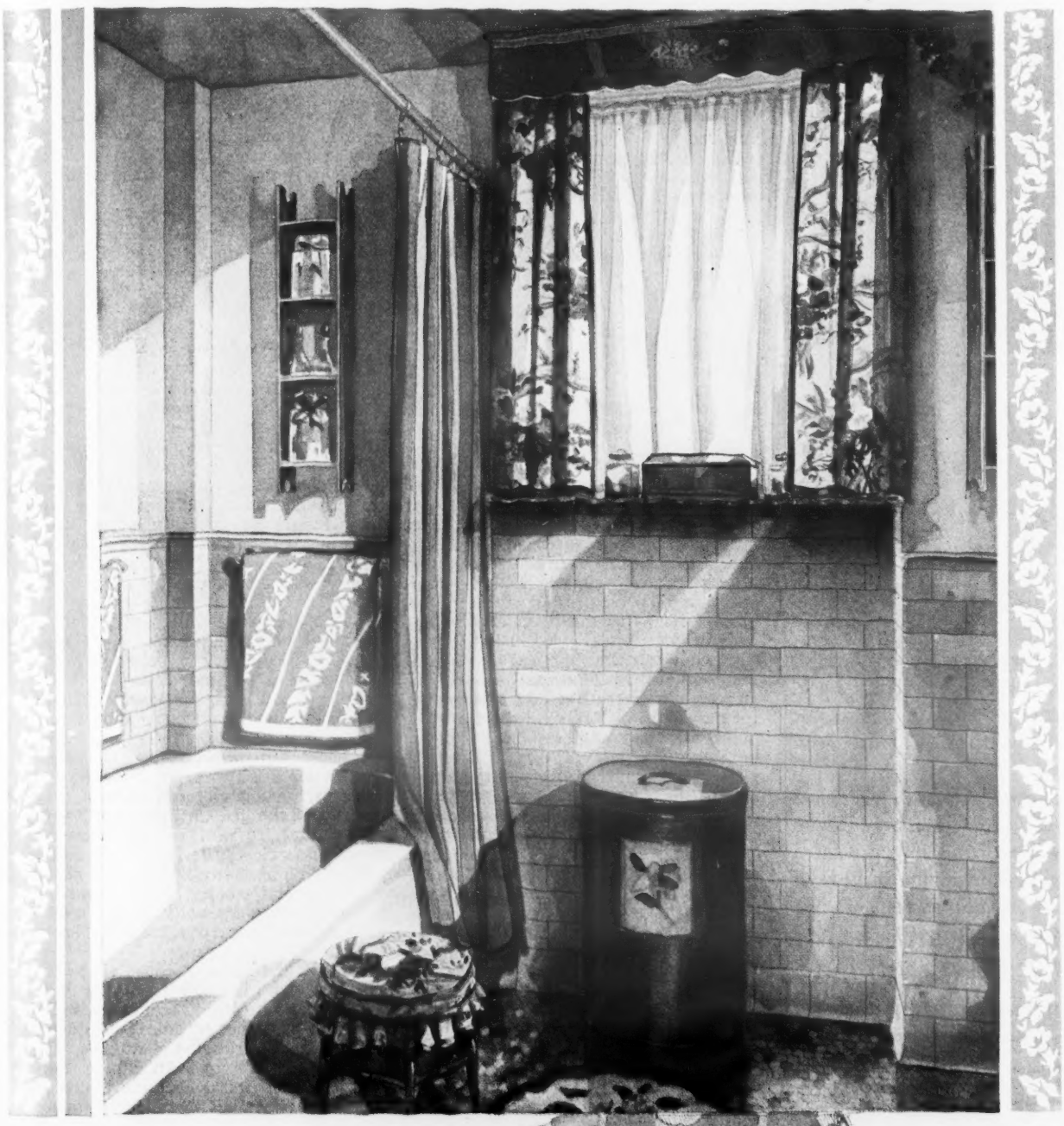
Let us begin with the tiles. Do you like them? Are they good or horrible? If they are good Dutch or Italian, then you will have to attune your room to them, which may allow you to keep the olive upholstery, or may not. If they are majolica, perhaps you can take their coloring and with the olive of your present covering as a background work out a very good color scheme in olives, browns and yellows, with an accent of russet red. If the tiles are blue delft, the olive green would be pretty bad—rose and cream would be best. If the tiles are bad colored they might have their surface hammered off and cemented over—unless you like them. Because I, for instance, prefer plain cement to wrong-colored tiles and would deface the latter rather than keep them is no reason why you should do the same—unless you agree.

However, let us say that the tiles are majolica and very nice, and that the olive-green upholstery makes a very good background. It would be suitable to paper the

(Continued on Page 156)

"MORNING GLORY"

Beautiful new towel designed by ETHEL DAVIS SEAL *for the New York bathroom of* MRS. JOHN HARRIMAN



MRS. JOHN HARRIMAN'S *bathroom is jewel-like in its perfection, from the gay rug on the glistening tile floor to the tiny ivy plant atop the green-blue hanging shelves.*

The beautiful towel, especially designed for it, repeats the morning-glory note of the chintz curtains.

Like all Martex towels it is superlatively soft and absorbent, and will last far longer than most towels. Its beautiful colors are absolutely fast.

Young, vivacious, very feminine, with curly blond hair framing sparkling blue eyes, Nancy Harriman, who married into one of America's leading families, is an utterly charming person. She is keenly interested in decorating and every detail of her New York apartment is exquisitely correct.

MORNING GLORIES—sky-blue, purple, red, and white, misty-fresh with dew, trembling in the soft morning air . . .

Ethel Davis Seal has used them charmingly in her beautiful new towel design—planned especially to complement the gay morning-glory chintz in Mrs. Harriman's New York bathroom. The soft green background of the towel blends with the many unusual greens used in the room, and the diagonal pattern has a smart modern air.

Miss Seal is the author of several books on decoration, contributor of scores of articles on decorative problems to the women's magazines, and for years has been known to American women as a decorator of superlative taste—infallible judgment.

★ ★ ★

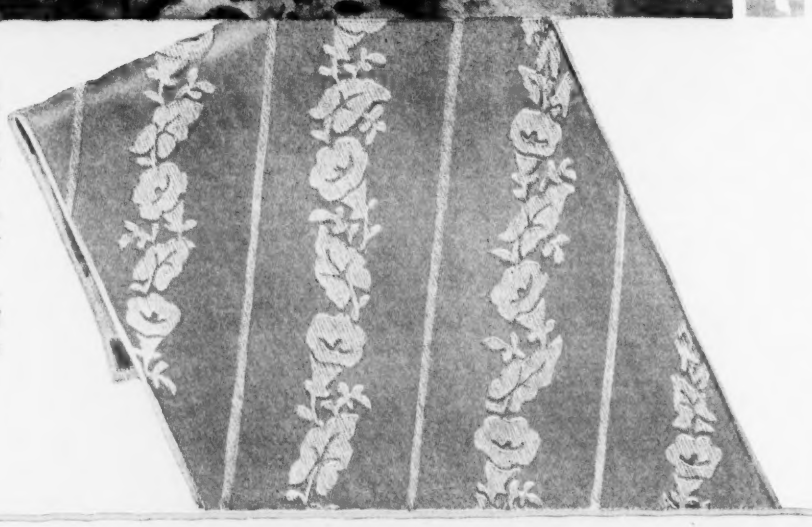
All Martex towels are individual and beautiful. Caressingly soft and fine, they are a delight to use, and yet they last and last—far longer than other towels. They are never flimsy and thin. The famous Martex underweave illustrated on this page tells you why. It is closer, firmer than in ordinary towels. It holds every tiny loop of the soft, luxurious towel firmly in place no matter how hard you rub.

And yet Martex towels cost no more than quite undistinguished towels.

You can make your bathroom colorful and gay with this towel at comparatively slight cost. There are beautiful solid color reversible styles and striking designs by eleven other famous artists and decorators.

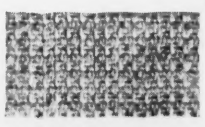
You will find Martex towels, wash cloths, bath sheets and bath mats, separately or in sets, at linen shops and department stores, in all your favorite colors.

Write for a free booklet, "Famous Artists Designed these Martex towels." Wellington, Sears & Co., Dept. 380, 77 Franklin St., New York.



MARTEX TOWELS · BATH MATS · WASH CLOTHS

LEFT
The underweave of an ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak



RIGHT
The underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and very durable

"MORNING GLORY" *will add the brightest, gayest touch to your bathroom. Its solid color background and striking diagonal design give it a smart distinction . . . In pastel shades of green, lavender, gold, blue, or pink with white . . . Morning Glory bath mats and wash cloths, too.*

The PACKAGE that makes FOUR different DESSERTS or SALADS

six generous servings each

Knox Gelatine is *real* gelatine, unmixed with flavoring, coloring or sweetening. You can combine it with fruits, vegetables, fish, meats, eggs—almost any food you have in the house. And whether you make a dessert, salad, loaf, aspic, candy or pie—you are making something whose flavor and appearance is *different—real!* You are making something home-made and wholesome, and it doesn't take much time or trouble, either. Nor is it more expensive. *Actually*—there is enough gelatine in a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to make *four* different desserts or salads, *six* generous servings of each.

Just try *real* gelatine. Order a package of Knox and try these original recipes. And if you want a complete education in the making of dainty dishes, mail the coupon—we will send you a real surprise for your kitchen library.

ORANGE-BANANA CREAM *(6 Servings)*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — 1 cup cream, whipped
4 bananas — 1 orange — Few grains salt
1 tablespoonful lemon juice — ¾ cup powdered sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve over boiling water. Mash bananas, add fruit juice and a little of the grated rind of the orange. Beat in dissolved gelatine and sugar, and fold in cream whipped very stiff. Turn into wet mold. Unmold and garnish with orange slices.

TUNA FISH, SALMON or CRABMEAT SALAD *(6 Servings)*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¾ cup boiled salad dressing — ¼ teaspoonful paprika
½ cup celery, chopped — 2 teaspoonfuls vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls chopped olives — ¼ cup cold water
½ green pepper, finely chopped — ½ teaspoonful salt
1 cup tuna fish — Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool and add tuna fish, separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar, and cayenne. Turn into wet individual molds, and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimolas, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips and watercress.

THANKSGIVING PUDDING *(6 Servings)*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ¾ cup prunes
1¼ cups prune juice — ½ cup pecans
½ cup sugar — 1 cup cream or evaporated milk
1 square chocolate — Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Drain juice from cooked prunes. Heat with sugar, chocolate, six cloves and three-inch stick cinnamon. Strain, add soaked gelatine and cool. As it thickens, beat well and add cream whipped very stiff, chopped prunes and nuts. Turn into wet mold. Unmold, garnish with whole nut meats and stuffed prunes and serve with whipped cream or evaporated milk.

TURKISH DELIGHT

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water — Juice of one orange
½ cup boiling water — Juice of one lemon
2 cups granulated sugar — ½ cup chopped nut meats
Grated rind of one orange — Red coloring

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put sugar and boiling water in saucepan, bring to the boiling point, add soaked gelatine and let boil twenty minutes. Add flavorings and coloring, strain, add nut meats and turn into a bread pan (first dipped in cold water) to one inch in depth. Let stand until firm, remove to board, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar. The nut meats may be omitted.

KNOX *is the* *real* GELATINE

A NEW SURPRISE FOR YOUR KITCHEN LIBRARY

Please send me a copy of your new recipe book. (Write your name and address in the margin, giving grocer's name, and mail to Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 113 Knox Ave... Johnstown, N. Y.)

(Continued from Page 154)

walls light greenish sand color, or an equally neutral but light tint of taupe. You might paint the morris chair olive green; sandpaper the shadings off the gateleg table, refinish with an even stain and wax; have the rug dyed as soft a brownish olive as it will take. Hide the jig-saw rocker under a slip cover of chintz or percale, printed on light olivish green, in flame cream and tan. Ideal coloring would be a light grayed yellow-green background with roses and tulips in gray orange, orange salmon and an occasional big cream-colored rose or peony.

Essential to beauty of decoration and furnishing, as well as to architecture, is scale. In a house of great importance every object must be in perfect adjustment with every other object, but the owner of an unpretentious cottage can resort to any number of effective tricks of scale.

The accompanying illustration showing my living room in Edgartown illustrates a number of pet tricks of my own. First of all, the ceiling is only seven feet three inches high and the room fifteen feet by twenty-three feet; the mantel is six feet nine inches wide by four feet six inches high; the sofa is seven feet long; two armchairs are enormous, and all other furniture is full size, and yet the room looks in scale because of certain tricks.

In other words, the furniture would look much too big for the size of the room were it not for the trick of cutting off its legs; in a low-ceilinged room all big pieces of furniture lose their effect of size if cut down. In this same room the windows are actually set very low, which unless disguised would bring the ceiling lower. The windows were therefore heightened by the trick of putting a five-inch board above each window frame, with lambrequin fastened on the top of it, and shades and glass curtains fastened several inches above the actual trim. The shades are always pulled down far enough seemingly to cover an imaginary row of upper panes of glass. The extreme lightness of the mantel detail reduces the effect of weight, which counteracts the effect of size. Moreover, in old Colonial houses the mantels used to be enormous, so that a very big fireplace opening is suitable to the type of house. Building the chimney on the outside of the house was a device to increase the size of the room, but it was not a trick.

A trick that adds height to a low room of more elaborate type is a cove cornice painted the color of the wall. The reverse trick of carrying the ceiling color down to the picture molding is used to lower height.

Items of Comfort

THE greatest effect of size is of course produced by mirrors, and in houses of no period a very effective and inexpensive use of them is to cover the ordinary wooden doors with mirrors bound at the edge and held in place with latticed strips of half-inch half-round molding. In a cottage type of house poor-quality glass gives an effect that is much quainter than that which is good. The cost of a door of this sort varies according to cost of labor, from about fifteen to thirty dollars a door.

Another deception of size is the panoramic one of a scenic paper such as Eldorado, Scenic America—or any other one that has a deep perspective in its drawing. A flat design such as *décor chinois*, on the other hand, which depicts bamboo stalks and leaves and flowers without any perspective, neither increases nor diminishes the space. Mirrors and all types of perspective decoration, including painted niches, are tricks, since they create an illusion of space which does not exist. Real niches and set-in bookcases add space that is actual.

Although certain items of comfort are included in the needs of all of us, a complete list of requirements would rarely if ever be the same for any two of us. Even in such essentials as light, air, temperature, food, beds, chairs—preference varies endlessly. Your idea of comfort may be a blaze of sunlight, windows facing south and no interfering shades or subduing curtains; or it may be north light to read or to work in.

Other questions of comfort are such as these: Do you like almost heatless rooms, or do you just begin to feel thawed out at seventy degrees? Do you sleep best in a draftless room with a distant scarcely opened window? Or do you like to sleep on a porch in all weathers, and have the bedclothes anchored to keep them from blowing away? Is your idea of a comfortable bed scooped like a hammock, or hard and flat, or deeply soft? Will narrow width and medium length do? Or must it be made-to-order long, or made-to-order wide? Does the comfort of your house depend on a large staff of expert servants, or is one maid's room sufficient—or none at all? How much closet room must you have? As this is very important, the following list is intended as a suggestion merely, by which to check the size necessary of each.

The Importance of Closets

BEGINNING at the back of the house. Kitchen: Ice box, screened larder, pot closet, china closet, glass closet, kitchen cabinet, linen closets for kitchen cloths, roller towels and servants' dining-room table linen and napkins. Pantry: Dressers for dining-room china and glass, safe for silver, closet for dining-room linen, space for dish and glass towels—and place to dry them. A drawer for all items necessary for silver and brass cleaning; brush and broom closets. Place for a house ladder, breakfast trays. In a big house there must be a valet's pressing room; in a small house, a space somewhere convenient for shoe polishes. Cellar: Bins for coal, wood, firewood, closet for preserves, closet for mineral waters. Root compartment for storage of vegetables and garden bulbs.

A house of importance must have ample housemaids' closet on each floor for brooms, sweepers, vacuum cleaners, brushes, dust cloths, and the like. A housemaid's sink on each upstairs floor. In back entrance, drained-floor closet for servants' rain coats, rubbers and umbrellas. An ample closet in each servant's room. Storage space for summer clothes, especially for men's fishing and shooting, and equipment and boots in winter.

Front of the house: Coat closet in the entrance hall. Dressing rooms for visitors, or at least a family coat closet in the entrance hall. A side entrance for children, a drain-floored closet for rubbers and raincoats. Space for card tables, cupboards for firewood, shelves or drawers for supplies of paper, ink, mucilage, wrapping paper, and for keys, tools, twine, and the like. Linen closet big enough for needs.

An ample personal closet for each member of the family. The size of this last varies endlessly from that which barely holds half a dozen dresses, a hat or two, and two or three pairs of shoes, to the 10,000 cubic feet of space occupied by the clothes room of a certain social leader of Philadelphia and Palm Beach.

The clothes space necessary for the average woman is somewhere between the cupboard for six hangers and a space of room size. But the only way to determine the size of your own closet or clothes room is to count your possessions. In other words, don't imagine that you have about ten pairs of shoes and then find you have forty and nowhere to put them. Nor needlessly waste space for forty in a small house where every inch is valuable—when you need space for ten or less.

The average fitting of the average closet, whether it is sixty inches deep or the regulation twenty-two, is to put a pole five feet three inches from the floor and a shelf three inches above that. In big houses where closets are enormous, ingenuity in the use of space is not essential. But the comfort of a small house depends upon

(Continued on Page 159)

WASH

Smooth it on . . . . . Wash it off . . . . . Now — Powder!

TO PERFECT A NEW POWDER FOR A PRINCESS . . . TO INVENT A PERFUME AT A QUEEN'S COMMAND . . . FOR A CENTURY AND A HALF, THESE HAVE BEEN EVERYDAY EXPERIENCES FOR PINAUD. NOW AFTER 15 YEARS OF RESEARCH, THE LABORATORY DOORS FLY OPEN ON THE MOST AMAZING ACHIEVEMENT OF ALL . . . KEYED TO THE RUSH OF OUR MODERN LIFE . . . THE MIRACLE OF CLEAR, RADIANT, YOUTHFUL SKIN ON 30 SECONDS A DAY!

_the years away!

Bits of dirt and grime, sinking in your pores unceasingly . . . extremes of heat and cold drying up the natural oils . . . strains of our whirling modern life, endlessly overtiring facial nerves and muscles . . . these are the enemies that age you years too soon. Now—in one wonderful daily half-minute—Science can sweep those needless years away!

For this amazing new preparation by Pinaud performs, in a single swift operation, the three vital functions your skin needs to keep it young! . . . It *cleanses*—perfectly, scientifically—because its magnetic attraction for dirt is many times as great as the attraction exerted by the skin itself . . . It *supples*—exquisitely, naturally—because its delicate oils resemble the fine natural oils of the skin more closely than any that have ever been prepared for a cream before . . . It *tones*—till the fretwork of tiny blood-vessels and glands under the surface is stirred to normal activity again . . . Then, its triple task accomplished, Pinaud's Cream simply *washes away* in clear fresh water! *Washes* away with all its load of aging accumulations from deep in the pores—the dust and dirt, the traces of make-up, the waxy, fatty bits of ordinary preparations that no amount of surface rubbing can remove from deep in your skin. *Washes* the needless years themselves away—till with your own eyes you see the first lovely sparkle of reviving Youth! Now—*without* astringent, *without* additional powder-base—a touch of Pinaud's New Powder—that almost incredible powder blended *for your individual type of skin* . . . Fifteen years the famous French House of Pinaud has spent perfecting these two preparations. Is it any wonder that they are revolutionizing skin care? . . . that women are discarding their shelves-full of complex, time-consuming treatments for this simple, delightful, 30 seconds a day?

FREE—Check either offer below, and you will receive in addition a special free packet of Pinaud's New Powder:

..... Send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 Treatments.

..... For 25c enclosed send 2 weeks' supply of Pinaud's Cream.

Your Name

(Underline your *type* of skin and the *color* of Powder you wish—NORMAL: OILY: DRY: WHITE: FLESH: FLESH-RACHEL: RACHEL: INDIAN TAN: MOORISH TAN:—and mail this entire coupon to PINAUD, Dept. L-11, 220 East 21st Street, New York, or in Canada to 560 King Street W, Toronto, Ontario.)

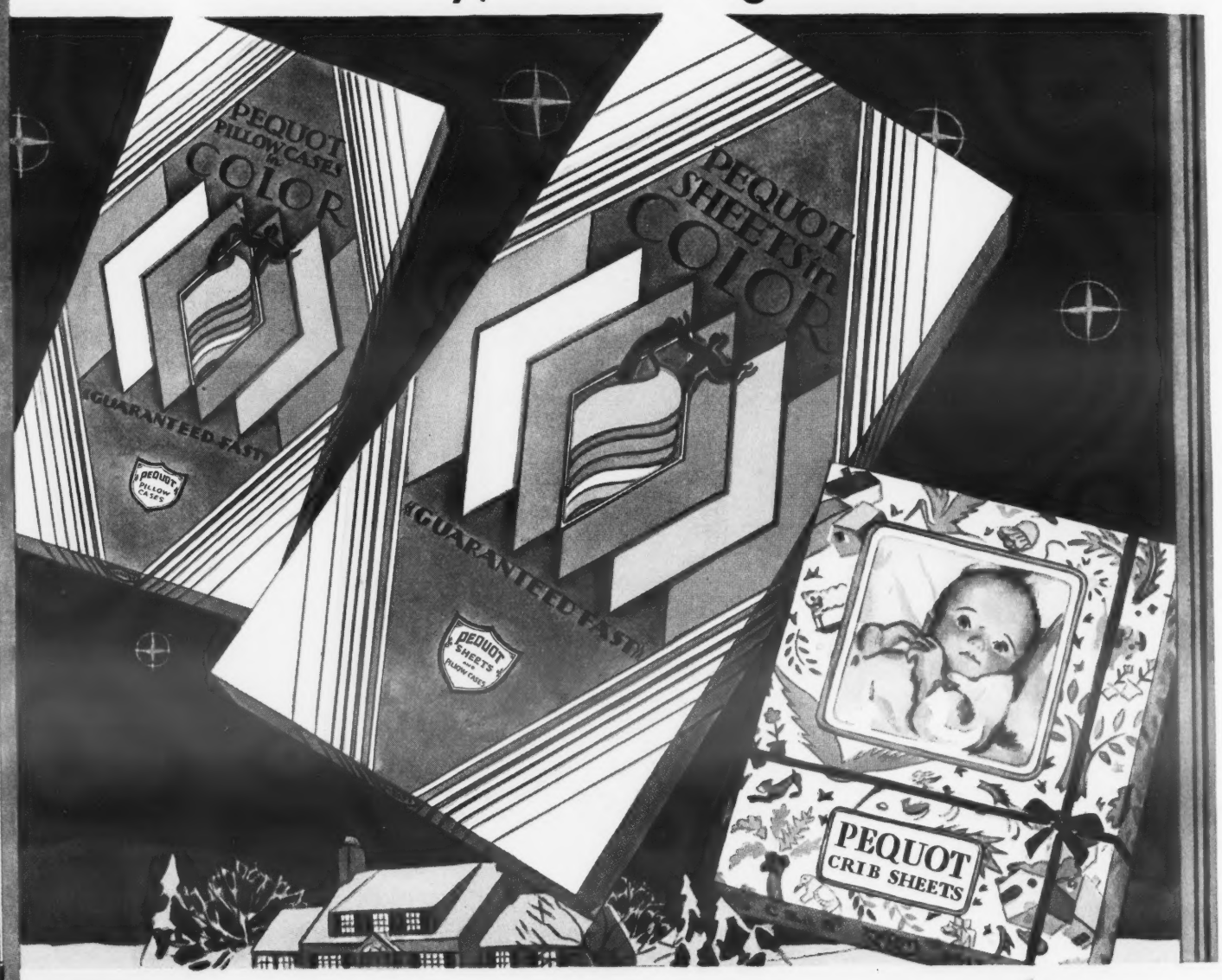
© Pinaud, 1929

Your Address

MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM • PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL • PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE • PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE • PINAUD'S SHAMPOO • PINAUD'S POWDERS.

PEQUOT SHEETS IN COLOR!

Gay Christmas gifts, for many New Years of sturdy, charming service



FOR two very good reasons, do see these exquisite Pequot sheets in *color!* The first is a selfish reason: they fill, beautifully and with distinction, the most exacting places on your Christmas list. The second is a practical reason: they're truly *inexpensive*. There's really a third reason, too: it's so delightful just to see and touch these smooth, enduring fabrics in such lovely pastel hues!

What exquisite colors they are! Peach, blue, pink, green, rose, maize, orchid—every one harmonizing—and every one guaranteed fast!

Each of the seven colors is available in *two* distinct Pequot styles. The first: snowy white sheets and pillow cases with colored *hems*—deep, generous hems, hemstitched. The second: full color—a single radiant tint from end to end! The first style is shown above at the left; the second below.

Don't forget, as you shop among this fascinating variety of colors and styles, to look for the distinctive Pequot shield label. It assures you that your gift is genuine Pequot, with all the sturdy durability that has made Pequot the most popular brand of sheets in America!

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Boston: Selling Agents.

Shown at top of picture:

PILLOW CASE SETS. Each contains 2 pillow cases; either white with colored hems, or solid color. 7 fast colors, as shown at the left. Hemstitched—threads drawn by hand. A dainty gift at low cost. For most popular size (other sizes in proportion) price is about..... $1.95

Shown in center:

SHEET AND PILLOW CASE SETS IN COLOR. (1) *White with colored hems*. Same colors and hemstitching as above. Packed two ways: the first (2 sheets, 2 pillow cases) in most popular size (other sizes in proportion) is priced at about $7.85

The second (1 sheet, 2 pillow cases) most popular size about..... $4.75

(2) *Solid color*. Colors, hemstitching and packing as in (1). 2 sheets, 2 pillow cases, most popular size, priced at about..... $9.85

1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, most popular size, about..... $5.95

Shown at bottom:

CRIB SHEETS. Each set contains 2 sheets and 2 pillow cases—with pink or blue hems—hemstitched. Price about..... $4.35

All prices slightly higher in the West

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

(Continued from Page 156)

utilizing every inch to its utmost. If the closet is of coat-hanger depth the only variation from the usual clothes pole and one or two shelves over it is to hang the pole three inches from the ceiling; use a long-handled coat hanger and fill all the space beneath your dresses—or your children's clothes or your husband's coats—with shelves. Lower shelves are much more practical and space saving than the unreachable space above the door frame. There are also numerous door devices suggestive of a "fitted" bag. Bathroom towel bars are perfect on the inside of a man's closet door for ties. Shoe racks go fairly well on a woman's closet door if not too steep, and if there are little fences at the edges to keep shoes from falling sideways when door is opened or shut. Or if the closet is wide so that the pole is longer than necessary shoe racks are excellent against the wall of one side. In a man's closet there is always room under his ordinary suits for a number of shelves for shirts and shoes and underwear, built in as a section with hanging space left for tail coat, dressing gowns and ulsters.

When the closet to be fitted is so deep that you can walk into it, its possibilities are endless. In the first place, if you are building or remodeling, you can usually have space adjusted to your needs. My personal preference is always for a somewhat smaller bedroom and big closets, rather than the other way around.

Tablecloth Storage

THE discomfort of small quarters is that they usually have equally small put-away place. In a woman's closet that is deep enough to go into, a pole put seven feet from the floor which allows four long flat trays for evening dresses under it is very comfortable. For a woman—or her maid—who cannot reach so high as seven feet, a broad stepping stool with slightly spraddled legs, so that it can't possibly tip, and a hand hole in the top of it, is entirely practical. Up over the pole is a very good place for put-away cupboards including the space over the door of entrance, which most people leave unused. Shoe racks or shelves can be fitted a dozen ways—depending upon the type of the closet.

The waste of using the entire coat-hanger width for a row of hats or shoes is bad planning where space is of value, because a second row of hats at the back of a first is either a waste of width for one row of hats, or for two rows necessitates taking off the hats at the front to find one at the back. If it is impossible to utilize a narrower space for hat shelves, a contraption can be devised that pulls forward and lets down in the manner of old coach steps.

In a man's closet shelves or trays should be measured to hold exactly stacks of shirts, shoe racks to fit the length and width of shoes. Because of their stable smell, riding clothes even after being aired, should be hung by themselves. The same is necessary for fishing, tennis and other exercising clothes that are not put into the tub.

A closet that is essential in a Spanish or Italian style of house—and practical anywhere that there is room for it—is a special hanging closet for tea and tablecloths. A few small center pieces are easily rolled around cylinders of cardboard and kept in a drawer or on a shelf. But the various embroidered and cutwork tablecloths for refectory tables should be hung if possible on poles—or slats—fitted so that they can be easily lifted out of U-shaped wooden blocks at either end. The poles must be as long as your widest refectory cloth, but for damask cloths, half their width will do, because tradition accepts a fold down the center of the table's length. Embroidered refectory cloths should have no crease.

Thought and Imagination

A SEWING-ROOM convenience is a waist-high electric-iron outlet and outlet for sewing machine, a drop light at window side where the maid, seamstress or owner habitually sits. Light must be bright, have a wide-flaring opaque reflector-lined shade, and be fastened with a pulley so that it can be lowered at will. Light to see by is always essential to the comfort of every house. The designers of "modern" lighting may be able to "sell" novelty, but from the point of comfort, entrapped glowworm effects do not make good light to see by. Of course, if you want to sit and look at the lights—as you may sit and look at the moon—that is for you to decide.

Be sure, first of all, that color is harmonious, that chairs are restful to sit on, that writing tables are well equipped, that lighting is perfection for whatever purpose it is intended. Upstairs, be sure that dressing mirrors are perfect for a woman to dress by, or for a man to shave by; that beds are delicious to sleep in, that the sheets are long—even if lengthened at the foot with unbleached muslin so that they can be tucked half a yard under the mattress—and not pull up the moment you get into bed.

In other words, you must use thought, ingenuity and imagination rather than rely solely on money, for results to be obtained.

Of course, a house of mere beauty may impel you to look at it, but when all is said and done a house of great comfort impels you to make yourself at home in it—a quality that perhaps more than any other is the essence of personality.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mrs. Post on The Personality of a House.

"WILL YUH DO IT AG'IN, MISTER? BRUDDER DIDN'T SEE IT"

Look for the De Luxe label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring

The COMFORT *of De Luxe bedsprings plus the* BEAUTY *of smartly tailored slip covers*

ROME "DeLuxe" – the Bedspring Luxurious

ALREADY famed for *greater comfort, greater luxury,* the Rome De Luxe now offers *greater beauty,* too... For this better bedspring today appears in a colorful, tailored-to-fit Slip Cover.

The new De Luxe Slip Cover—made in many attractive colors exclusively for the Rome De Luxe bedspring—encloses all visible parts of the spring, yet leaves unhampered the famous De Luxe coils under the mattress—*a comfort feature impossible if the spring were completely enclosed.* A special Talon "Hookless Fastener" ensures snug fit and easy handling. One zip . . . it's on!

The exclusive free coil construction of the Rome De Luxe bedspring supports the body *naturally.* Every coil moves independently—yielding here to pressure of hips and shoulders, rising here to support those vital organs between. Your body lies straight, relaxed.

Arrange with your furniture or department store for a trial. Demand Rome De Luxe, and ask to see the new De Luxe Slip Cover, available at slight additional cost.

THE ROME COMPANY, Inc.
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y. SAN FRANCISCO
Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

Note the special Talon "Hookless Fastener" that makes the De Luxe Slip Cover fit better and handle easier. It is an exclusive Rome De Luxe feature.

The ROME Company

BEDSPRINGS · ROME METAL BEDS · DAY BEDS · COUCH HAMMOCKS

MOTHER, SEE HOW MUCH I'VE CLEANED!

MOTHER was gone for only a moment but what a happy surprise was in store for her when she returned. Little Betty had almost finished polishing the mirror!

Cleaning mirrors and windows with the handy Bon Ami *Cake* is the simplest thing in the world. A thin coating of the Bon Ami lather all over the glass. A moment's wait till it dries. Then a few rubs with a clean, dry cloth . . . and gone are all the smudges, fingermarks and dust . . . the glass is so clean it sparkles!

In most households, Bon Ami *Powder* shares honors with Bon Ami *Cake*. It's so convenient for cleaning bathtubs, refrigerators, kitchen utensils, floors of tile, marble, Congoleum, etc., and many other things about the house.

Bon Ami *Cake* and Bon Ami *Powder* are gentle to the surfaces they clean so thoroughly—gentle to the hands that do the work. They blot up dirt *without scratching*. To simplify your cleaning tasks, keep both *Powder* and *Cake* on hand all the time.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Powder & Cake

EVERY HOME NEEDS BOTH

Bon Ami

A Fairy Tale for the Children

The adventures of the Bunny Knights and the beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which are sure to be enjoyed by any youngster. Send 4 cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy of this interesting booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

Do you use Bon Ami? (*Cake* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Both* ☐)

© 1929, The Bon Ami Co.

Furnishing the Small Apartment Attractively

(Continued from Page 27)

its marble top, yellowed and without glass, provides an absolutely safe place for mixing salad dressings and for preparing table suppers. The mirror, an old parlor full-length one, was cut down, at very small cost and trouble, the bottom part of the frame being mitered into the sides at the desired length. All the high finish was removed from the inexpensive draw-out table and it immediately took on a different air. Now with its waxed top, no protection from hot dishes is required and a greater freedom of table service and linen is possible.

For the main bedroom, furnished completely in early nineteenth-century American mahogany, a Colonial wall paper of white-with-green-and-gray pattern was selected; gray woodwork and a dark-gray large rug made up the background. Ordinarily patterned wall paper tends to decrease the size of a room, and this was to be avoided as much as possible, since the furniture was larger-than-average pieces. Here again, only the most essential furnishings were used, even omitting overdraperies. The bed canopy of natural-colored linen was trimmed in bands of green, and for a spread was used a brilliantly embroidered Bokhara linen hanging. This supplied all the necessary color to the room. Green organdie curtains and green satiné on the small chaise longue complemented the wall color. A small sewing table supplied the need of a dressing table and in its drawers are kept the necessary toilet articles. The two small rush-seated chairs were painted red, the same shade as the hall doors, thereby tying the two rooms and repeating the color found in the embroidery of the spread. There is no lack of drawer space; the highboy and large chest provide the necessary "place for everything."

A tiny guest room made the home complete. The color scheme here was banana yellow and turquoise blue, against gray-and-white walls relieved with overdraperies and bedspread of multicolored toile de Jouy. The valance, ruffles of the curtains and day pillows were all of the blue rayon taffeta, and the glass curtains of bright yellow organdie forced artificial sunlight. In this room was used the repainted furniture before mentioned. In addition to the bed a chest of drawers, two chairs and a bookshelf were all painted the yellow and relieved with strip-ings of blue. Again red was introduced, since this room, too, led from the entrance hall, but its use was confined merely to the interior of the bookshelves and one small stripe on each chair. To relieve this the two unpainted pieces were added, namely the small desk and bedside table oiled and waxed. For the overstuffed chair, small but comfortable, was chosen a slip cover of turquoise-blue cotton damask, with a box-pleated ruffle to the floor. This small added expense made an otherwise inexpensive chair appear much more suitable and important. The dresser and table covers were also made of the toile de Jouy all piped in the blue used for the other trimmings. Not by choice were selected the two Oriental rugs used here. They, too, were gifts, and since they are of small subdued pattern, they do not offend. The wall type of bed lamp was again used, and for it was selected a paper shade with a sprinkling of tiny red stars.

As the plans for the little home progressed, almost every piece of furniture was scaled in its exact place on the blue prints, the pictures and mirrors mentally placed, and with a different background they will all take on an entirely new and interesting effect.

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following from the Service Bureau, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

ANNUAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PERENNIAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PLANNING YOUR GROUNDS. Price, 5 cents.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS. Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL HOUSES (completely revised). Price, 25 cents.

NEW GARDEN HOMES (containing working details). Designed by Ernest Flagg. Price, 25 cents.

WHAT IS AN EFFICIENT KITCHEN? (With complete list of equipment.) Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUILD THE FIREPLACE. Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUY YOUR HOME. Price, 15 cents.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN BUILDING A LITTLE HOUSE. Price, 10 cents.

THE HOLIDAYS ON YOUR CALENDAR. (Special parties for all the holidays.) Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL PARTIES. Our new booklet of good times. Price, 20 cents.

WEAVING THE NEW BASKETS (new, enlarged edition, 1929). Price, 25 cents.

PRENATAL LETTERS. ***By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.*** **A series of nine letters to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparations. Letters will be mailed monthly. State when the baby is expected. Price for series, 25 cents.**

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for the feeding of children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

PROFESSIONAL FINISHING METHODS. Price, 2 cents.

DRAPING. Price, 2 cents.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER'S BEST FRIEND. Price, 2 cents.

THE BRIDE'S BOOKLET. Complete information for the wedding. Price, 5 cents.

Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. All patterns 65 cents each. Canada, 65 cents.

You must order the following booklets directly from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York:

THE NEW FASHION BOOK. A fashion magazine containing all the latest American and French designs. Price, 25 cents.

SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Teaches the one-process method of smocking, and shows forty designs, with many delightful suggestions for their application. Price, 25 cents.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES. A twenty-four-page booklet of novel designs for party, play or pageant. Price, 15 cents.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York, at the following prices (refund if excess is sent):

	CENTS
Dresses	35, 45
Topcoats	45
Jackets	40
Blouses and Skirts	30, 35
Juniors' Patterns (12 to 14 Years)	35
Children's Sets	35
Children's Clothes	25, 30
Lingerie	30
Transfers	25, up

THE DRAMATIC BEAUTY OF ORINOKA DRAPERIES

SUPERB DESIGNS—INTRIGUING WEAVES—AND THE RICHNESS OF COLORS THAT ARE GUARANTEED FADELESS

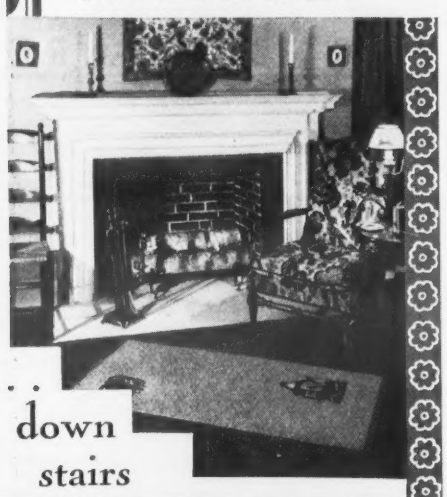
IT IS A COMFORT to know that whether one is decorating a country house, or merely furnishing a room in a city apartment—there are Orinoka draperies to achieve any decorative scheme. For in Orinoka draperies style and beauty are combined with color permanence, assuring good taste as well as true economy ■ Whether the designs of the Orinoka draperies express our own new art or that of ancient civilizations; whether the fabrics are of deep chenille in a gorgeous fantasy of scarlets and golds or sensitively sheer in mysterious mellow tones—the arresting colors of these Orinoka fabrics are guaranteed fadeless ■ The threads in Orinoka draperies are hand-dyed by a special process that makes them fast. If the color changes from washing or exposure to the sun, merchants are authorized to replace with new materials or refund the purchase price. Assurance of the color fastness of Orinoka draperies is

given by the guarantee tag attached to every bolt. It pays to look for it ■ We have just issued a new and interesting Orinoka booklet, "Draperies and Color Harmony." It is illustrated with full color drawings of smart interiors and reproductions of the materials used. It is filled with practical suggestions. A copy will be sent on receipt of 20c in coin. The Orinoka Mills, Department G, 215 Fourth Ave., New York.

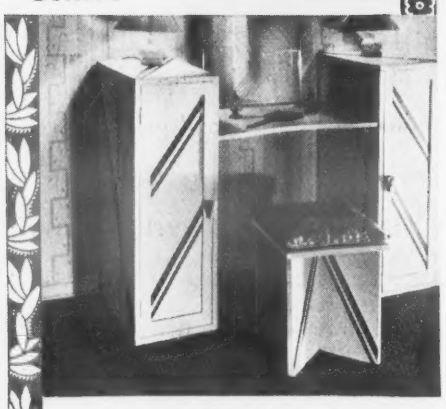
ORINOKA

DRAPERIES—SUN AND TUB FAST

..UPSTAIRS



..
down
stairs



. . in milady's chamber

YOU'LL find Klearflax equally becoming for period styles, "moderne," or those in-between. Easy to use effectively, as interior decorators do.

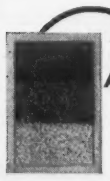
Like all pure linen, of course, this heavy covering is rough when new, but softens and becomes even more beautiful with use. And Klearflax wears and wears!

Takes color, of course, as nothing but pure linen can—soft pastels or brilliant tones.

And because of the firm "body," dirt stays on the surface where it is easily whisked up by your vac.

Would you ever think that the coverings for these beautiful rooms cost only $4.10 a square yard? That's all you pay for Klearflax. Standard sizes, ovals, rounds.

Ask your dealer to show you the new mulberry, taupe heather, meadow green, biscuit, autumn—suggesting so many beautiful, unusual treatments for *your* home.



FREE..
KLEARFLAX HOTPAD

Woven in three beautiful colors. Shows you the unusual texture of this pure-linen fabric. Free, with an interesting booklet on home decoration by Beatrice Forsyth. Just mail this coupon today.

Klearflax
LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

KLEARFLAX LINEN LOOMS, INC.
Duluth, Minn.

Please send me the Klearflax Hotpad and Home Decoration Booklet—free.

Name.....

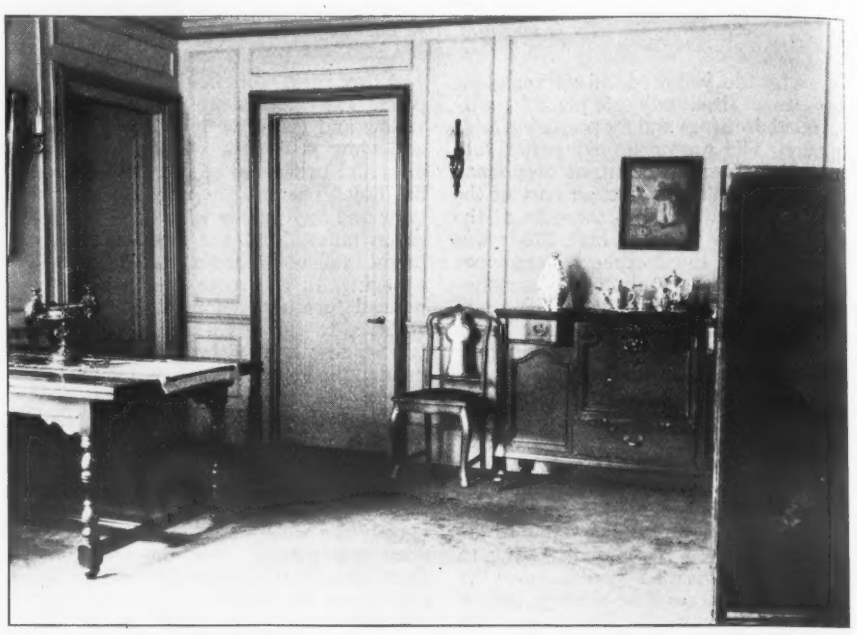
Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© K. L. L. Inc., 1929

Three Suggestions for Home Decorators

Open Spaces



One of the most important decorating principles is the proper use of open spaces.

A VERY important principle in the decorative scheme of a room is the use of open spaces. Spaces in a room can be compared to rests in music, without which there would be a succession of monotonous sounds, none of which could be properly appreciated.

An undecorated surface provides the space, and there should be enough of these to balance the design and decoration found elsewhere in the room. If there were design on the walls, on the floor, in the furniture coverings and draperies there would be such a confusion of pattern that none of it could be appreciated. Yet how often do we see this very effect!

Consider a room whose wall paper shows a pattern of bold design and coloring, and visualize a colorful picture against this background. You can imagine the effect: Design upon design, color against color—the result, a blur. On this wall a "space"—either a mirror or a piece of self-patterned damask—might be hung, or it should be left without further decoration.

Against this same type of background one often finds draperies—carefully chosen as to color, to be sure—but striking in pattern and again creating the impression of confusion. The secret of a successful room in this case is to make use of perfectly plain drapery materials, or self-striped hangings, since the latter help in creating the impression of space.

Now as to the floor. Too often a woman will choose a richly patterned rug or carpeting which, although beautiful in itself, does not harmonize with a room already filled with design. It is also forgotten that the furniture will not only break up the surface of the floor covering with shadows but also that the figures and lines in the furniture may be confused with the pattern of the rug. In other words, design placed upon design produces a conflicting decorative note and the impression-value of both are lost.

If you will study these combinations for a moment you will see that a space is necessary to accentuate and relieve the design, just as a pattern is necessary to relieve the use of too much open space.

Therefore, to be certain of achieving the harmonious note in your decorative scheme, allow your background—the floor, walls and ceiling—to provide the necessary open spaces, to offset the design introduced into the room itself.

—J. L. KOLLE,
Interior Decorator, J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Michigan.

A Charming Window

THE mere mention of casement windows brings to mind fascinating English cottages bowered in roses, with fluttering white curtains beckoning a welcome. Such windows have a picturesque quality which is very appealing, and there is much to be said for their opening full length to admit the summer breezes. The very characteristics which give them charm make their curtaining a problem. One is most successful if the fashion in vogue when casement windows were first built is followed: Simple draperies at the sides full enough to draw across when protection is needed. A soft material of sufficient body to offer a shield may be both decorative and useful. There are several good rods with cords and pulleys which make the drawing of the curtains a pleasant task.

In addition to the window itself, which usually opens out, there is often a screen opening in. The only solution here is to hang the curtain far enough at the side to permit the screen to open without catching the drapery. If a valance is wanted it must be hung high enough to escape the top of the screen. While on the subject of screens, let us call attention to the kind that rolls up on a spring, like a holland shade. It fits into a tiny groove and is very inconspicuous. It is also possible to have the window completely screened on the inside, a handle coming through the frame controlling the opening of the window. Thus the screen can be stationary and the curtains hang undisturbed.

Another difficulty comes from our modern methods of construction. In this age of steel, casements are more often than not made of this durable metal and set in plaster, with never a bit of trusty wood to which the necessary brackets can be fastened. When this is true, one must resort to skilled help in hanging the draperies. Fortunately, the simple wood trim is still provided in many homes, so that one can easily put in the required hardware.

The casement window is decorative in itself and needs nothing over the glass unless it opens on a brick wall or an unsightly view which we wish to hide. Then one of the many fascinating cotton nets, rayons or silks can be stretched over the glass, shirred on a rod at top and bottom. These are sheer enough to admit plenty of light and will give the illusion of a pleasant outlook. If the window swings out, one must beware of storms, or else make up one's mind that an occasional wetting will do no harm. For this reason, a material that launders well is the best choice.

It is sometimes desirable to have two sets of curtains, especially if there is a transom above the window proper. Then the upper set can be drawn to temper the light while the lower one is open.

—MARY B. COGGESHALL,
Member of Decorators' Club, New York City.

Furnishing a Sun Room

A REALLY successful sun room is not so much a room as it is the out-of-door part of the home; when going into it, we escape from the indoors into something refreshing and totally different from any other part of the house. So that in furnishing it, we want a certain unpretentious, open-air quality to pervade the entire space, no matter what its size.

The floor may be brick, or tile, or linoleum in tile effect—any one of these is better than a floor covered with fine rugs or carpeting. Grass or linen rugs are suitable for a sun-room floor, and next best—though more costly—are jute or Navajo rugs if you like them.

Walls may be as rough as you like; the more they partake of the quality of tree bark, the more suitable they will seem. One inviting sun room we know has a fireplace of rough-hewn stone set in the wall of shingles, which matches the rest of the house, and the other three sides are of unfinished timbers.

Glass curtains may be needed, at first, to screen the view while vines and plants are attaining their growth; but plenty of vines trailing from hanging baskets, and growing up on trellises set in pots, and blooming plants in window boxes make the most attractive and suitable decoration at the windows of a sun room. Venetian blinds may be installed to use at night; with long blue-green electric tube lights set in silvered reflectors, near the ceiling; or, be poetical and omit the lights, to get lovely silhouettes of vines against the wall.

If hangings in the corners seem desirable to conceal some of the woodwork, let them be made of gayly figured cretonne or wide-striped awning material. However, in a sun room where a couch is sometimes made into an extra bed, draw curtains of denim or nemoursa are useful, because they shut out the light at the same time that they serve as screens, and it takes only a minute to draw them back.

Upholstered furniture is apt to make a sun room seem stuffy; iron tables and stands are desirable because they lack the quality of thickness. Airiness is essential in a sun room. Reed chairs and sofas, made comfortable with downy cushions, are light and easy to move about. Deck chairs are not costly, and are always delightful for basking in the sun; and it is so easy to fold them up, when you need to save space.

Cushion covers should be heavy enough to withstand hard wear and frequent laundering. Awning cloth, linen, crash, denim, heavy cretonne—these are good covers, with gay oilcloth or nemoursa used on floor cushions. A very comfortable extra seat may be improvised quickly by placing two or three oilcloth-covered cushions against the wall, with a soft cretonne one on top, to sit on, and another like it at the back to lean against—make them to fit a deck chair, so that they can be used on it, too, when desired.

—LOIS PALMER.
Author of Your House.

"It makes me think of the lovely QUEEN ANNE *houses that we saw last year in England"*

Queen Anne—*Design No. 1511. Upholstered in a Tapestry of richly colored floral design against a background of deep maroon. Complete with stool. $101.50.*

MRS. E. J., of New York City, has the charming ease of manner of the well educated and widely traveled woman. Her friends listen alertly to what she says of styles, whether in gowns or furniture.

Mrs. E. J. beamed with pleasure when she first saw the Queen Anne model of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed, "and how truly in the spirit of the days of Queen Anne. Why, I can almost hear the clink of swords and the rustle of satins."

And women of taste, everywhere, echo this appreciation of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair. "In all the world," they say, "there is no chair like it. Its patrician air and easy elegance add distinction to any home."

But, would you ever guess that this aristocratic chair conceals the greatest of boons to comfort-craving man? When your work-weary husband drags his fatigued frame home and says, "I'm dog-tired"...just lead him to this haven of rest. Watch the wrinkles vanish from his brow as it soothes the kinks out of tired muscles, rests the small of his back and the weary nape of the neck. Yes, for all its beauty it really is a *man's* chair!

A gift of Slip-covers

Tomorrow drop in at your furniture dealer's and see the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair. No matter which of the many charming models you choose, we will present you with a set of smartly tailored slip-covers that will fit it perfectly.

Or, write for our booklet, "Rest in Beauty," which shows the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair in a variety of tasteful living-rooms. The C. F. Streit Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Since 1871, makers of fine upholstered furniture.*

This man strives for comfort by trying to make his body fit his chair

Notice how seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body

The Beautiful Streit "Slumber" Chair

When Better Control *means* Safety

© E. G. C. 1929

IN TRAFFIC emergencies like this it is *control* that enables you to take advantage of the openings, keep your place, protect your car and your nerves.

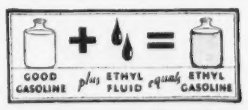
The driver who uses Ethyl Gasoline knows her car will respond instantly to every touch of the accelerator. In traffic, on hills and on treacherous roads Ethyl means better control, greater confidence and added safety.

That is because Ethyl is good gasoline plus the Ethyl compound, containing tetraethyl lead, which leading oil companies are adding to their gasoline to improve motor car performance. *Any* car runs better on Ethyl, as you will find yourself when you try it. On sale at Ethyl pumps throughout the United States, Canada and the British Isles.

Ride with Ethyl today.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City
56 Church St., Toronto, Can. 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, Eng.

ETHYL GASOLINE



Knocks out that "knock"

Forlorn Hope

(Continued from Page 11)

were as well known as Mutt and Jeff by then. It's true, so help me it is." And oddly enough it was.

Hope hesitated over her next question. There was something about this man. . . . "Er, married I suppose . . . and kids?"

Pinto shook his head. "By the grace of God, no," he said. "As things have gone it's the only thing I've got to be thankful for. It's bad enough to look myself in the face. Think what it would be if I had to meet the eyes of a little woman with a string of youngsters who had always thought me great." He took his hand away from hers and put it over his face. By this time his fellow sufferer's curiosity had become almost unbearable. What in the name of all that was tragic had undermined the courage of this man? She looked once more at the blatant card, "Pinto & Ponto, the World's Greatest Ventriloquist Act." My land! Why, here was one whom she and her companions had been in the habit of regarding as a leader, a High Panjandrum!

SHE ran her hand through Pinto's arm. "Come on," she said, "take the jump, old thing."

He took it. "Two months ago," he said, "the agents began to send me word that they were 'out' or 'in conference' when I called to see them regarding the renewal of contracts. And when I came across them in the street or at the bar in the Club they threw me a sort of nod and oozed away. I woke one day to find that I had no future, that when the fag end of my engagements had been worked out—I was out, clean out. I was just as dazed as though I had been knocked on the head by a gunman. I simply couldn't believe that this was true. I had always been shy of managers—scared's the real word. But one night during my last week at The Alhambra I went round to the office and asked for Mr. Green. 'Sorry, laddie,' he said, 'no time to waste just now. Your stuff's stale, Pinto, that's the truth of it. Every dog has his day.'"

"Oo-oo," she whispered as though in pain. "My land!"

"I didn't sleep that night. I didn't go to bed. I went down to the Embankment and watched the river run by. This was the end of me, because I hadn't saved my money. I thought my luck would last. But when I got home in the morning there was a message from the office of the representative of Mr. Schicke."

"The Schicke?"

A spasm of shudders ran over Hope's small frame. They were shudders of admiration, deference and fear. The word Schicke meant to her and to everyone in her profession what illness and death meant to the people out in front. It stood also, of course, for promotion, publicity, an inflated income, large electric lights.

"HIS name was Al Barker and he had come to London to look for good stuff for American vaudeville. He had seen me at The Alhambra and offered me a contract for twelve weeks commencing from next Monday and opening in Buffalo."

"What!" she managed to say with her remaining breath. "It sounds too good to be true!"

"Ah, but half an hour after I put my foot on this ship with my head like a big balloon a note was brought to me. It was from Barker and this is how it went: 'I am on board with Mr. Schicke. On the way to Southampton I went all over my list. When I told him that yours was a ventriloquial act he spat in the eye of Ponto and put his pen through you. "One of those silly stuffed figures," he said, "that gives out all the old tiresome punk and out-of-date back-chat? What do you take me for?" If the ship hadn't started before I could find out where you were I would have given you a cheque for one month and waved my hand as you went back over the plank with Ponto in your grip. As it is you will enjoy the crossing and benefit by the rest. Then you can see something of New York before you return to England at our expense.'"

THERE was a pause of consternation, to which, as it grew, there were added horror, grief and the deepest sympathy. A black eye! Tail between the legs. . . .

"Wow!" said Hope, in a low vibrating voice.

"'P. S.,'" said Pinto still quoting from the letter in a triumph of despair. "'Of course if you can think out any other act, something with an O. Henry twist, something with a bit of zip in it, why I don't say that I may not be able to persuade Mr. Schicke to look it over one morning on the stage.'"

At which Hope sprang to her feet—those extraordinarily small feet in their rather shabby shoes, "Light!" she cried at the top of her voice.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you? Oh, Boy, the postscript! It's a light that makes darkness itself appear a thing of comfort." She knew her poets, you see.

But Pinto saw nothing but the thick gloom of an endless tunnel leading to disgrace, the ribald laughter of his rivals and the bottom of another tree. What rot to suppose that he could invent during those few days on the sea a new act. He said so.

It is impossible to say how long that man would have sat there with his feet in the mud of depression and hopelessness, caked in the hard stucco of the English music-hall artist who never made a change. But Hope had seen the light, and so she made a sudden dart and put both her small hands on his shoulders.

"Lieut. Jimmy Pinto," she said, "come downstairs with me."

That was the first of a series of mysterious consultations watched with the deepest interest by Selina Woodbridge and all her neophytes. It became part of the daily life of the ship to see Pinto and the girl whose name now seemed to fit her like a glove with their heads together, talking in subdued, eager whispers.

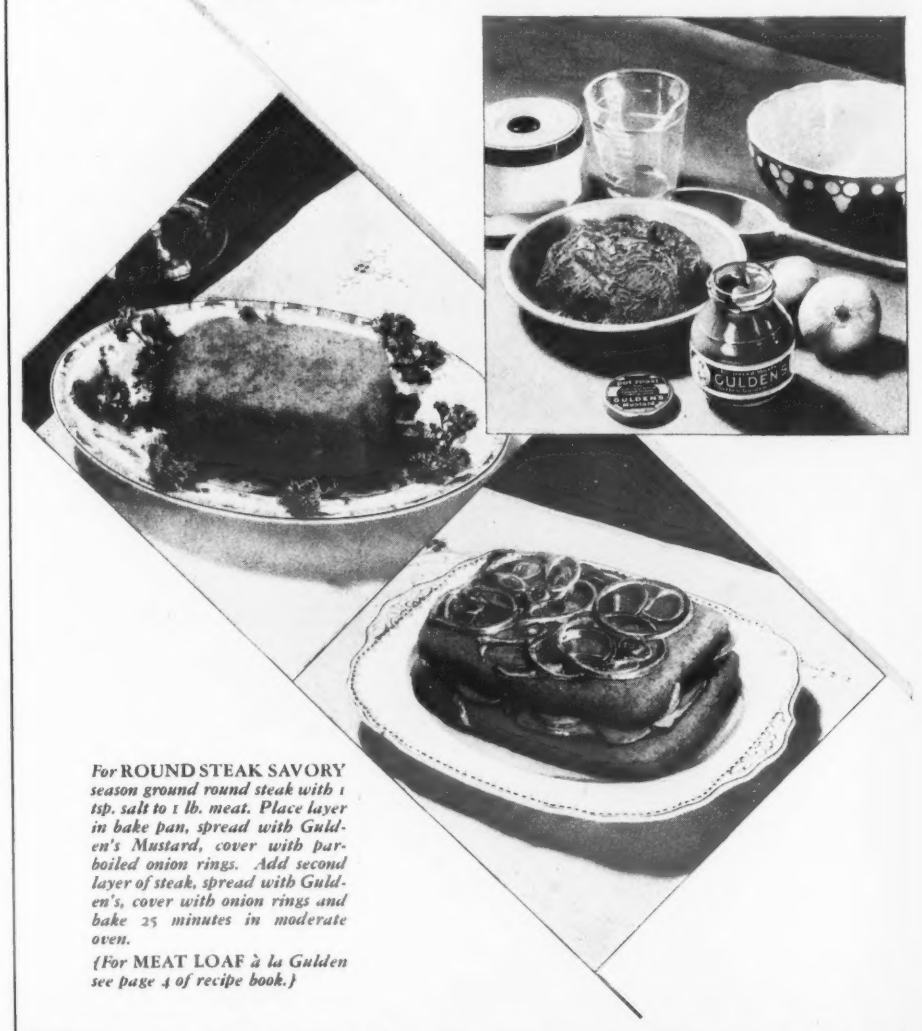
OF COURSE, the gossips of the ship, not necessarily of the female sex, began to wag their tongues. Ah-ha, something's going on! One of those quick shipboard cases of love at first sight, eh, what? Dismal Jimmy had been undismaled by that funny little thing who had so obviously made a bee line for him from the very first day out. Almost flagrant, my dear!

It was given to Selina to say more or less "Yah" to all these people with rather nasty minds when a notice was put up on a conspicuous part of the wall outside the dining saloon, announcing a concert which would take place at half-past eight on the night before the ship was to dock. In the middle of the second part of the program there was printed in large letters "PINTO, THE VENTRILOQUIAL KING. FIRST TIME OF THIS TURN."

My dears, was it possible that light had really and truly come to the rescue of this pair? Was it conceivable that the poor wretch whose career had been broken in half and the insignificant little person who had been merely the minor member of a very minor troupe had received a brain wave in the midst of their tragedy? Had they indeed, these two, elaborated something with an O. Henry ending and

(Continued on Page 167)

How Clever Cooks Do "Something New" with ROUND STEAK



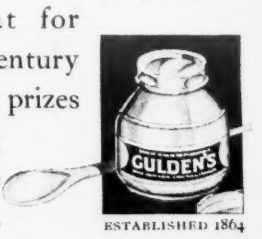
For **ROUND STEAK SAVORY** *season ground round steak with 1 tsp. salt to 1 lb. meat. Place layer in bake pan, spread with Gulden's Mustard, cover with parboiled onion rings. Add second layer of steak, spread with Gulden's, cover with onion rings and bake 25 minutes in moderate oven.*

(For **MEAT LOAF** *à la Gulden see page 4 of recipe book.)*

TO make simple foods a rare treat is the triumph of the clever cook. Meat loaf and hamburg balls are favorites, but even favorites lose their appeal unless you do "something new" with them.

It's easy to give new taste to familiar foods when you season with Gulden's Prepared Mustard. This delicious all-in-one seasoning enriches the natural flavor of meats, fish and poultry, when spread over them before cooking. It lends zest to sauces and gravies and makes left-overs and vegetable dishes an exciting discovery. And of course it is always delicious with salads and cold cuts.

You see Gulden's is *so much more than just a prepared mustard.* It is an amazingly perfect blend of choicest mustard seeds and mellow spices, mixed deftly in just the right proportions for seasoning. Gulden's is the only prepared mustard that for over half a century has taken first prizes at leading World Fairs and Institutes.



ESTABLISHED 1864

FREE—76 Seasoning Secrets

WRITE or mail coupon for free copy of new recipe book, containing 76 "Seasoning Secrets" contributed by famous cooks. If you also want sample bottle, enclose 10 cents.

CHARLES GULDEN, Inc., Dept. Q-8,
50 Elizabeth St., New York City.

☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets", containing 76 recipes with a new taste-thrill.

☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner, as well as recipe booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

Use it as a seasoning in cooking

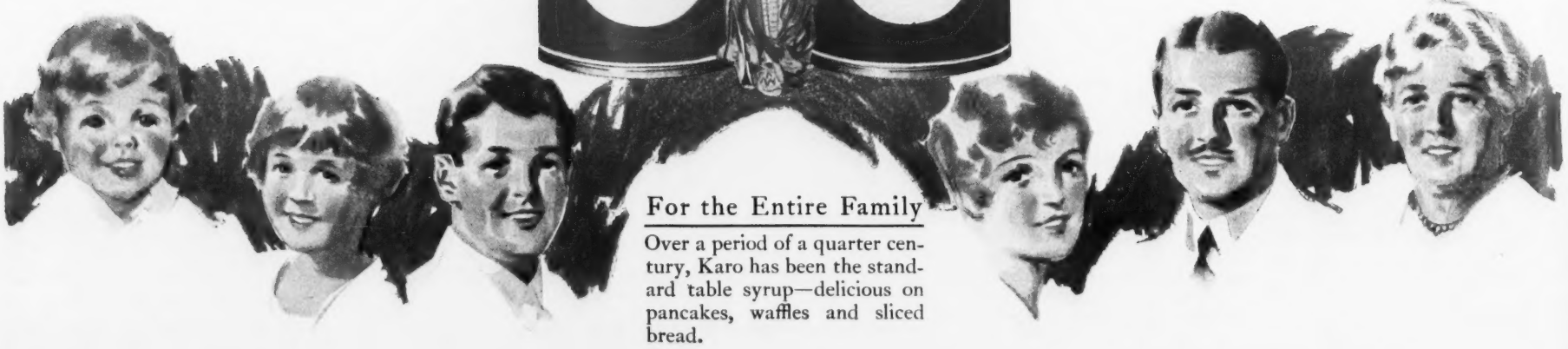
Throughout Infancy and Childhood

FREE TO MOTHERS!

AN authentic and practical handbook, prepared by one of America's foremost children's doctors—"The Food of the Infant and Growing Child." Every mother will find it helpful. Write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. L-11, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. C.

THE baby's food must not only be sufficient in amount but must be capable of *easy and prompt* digestion. Tests prove that Karo is digestible by even the weakest baby. It is now widely and successfully used—*and recommended by doctors everywhere*—for the modification of milk for babies because it is wholesome, nutritious and quickly assimilated.

Karo supplies quickly available energy for the active child. Used on cereals or in milk, it does not cause the child to develop an abnormal taste for sweets, nor does it spoil the digestion or the appetite.



For the Entire Family

Over a period of a quarter century, Karo has been the standard table syrup—delicious on pancakes, waffles and sliced bread.

FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE

(Continued from Page 165)

that little bit of zip to which Al Barker had referred?

That remained to be seen.

An urgent note was sent to Mr. Barker. In this Pinto announced the fact that he had taken the great man's very valuable hint—might he say advice?—and was prepared to show him something that was positively new. If Mr. Barker was a sportsman, as of course he was, he would not only attend the second half of the concert himself but bring the Great Chief too. This was, if Pinto might suggest it, the least that could be done under the very trying circumstances which had so unfortunately arisen. It was a note over which Pinto had spent a considerable amount of thought and which had been passed by Hope.

AT THE moment when the bugle sounded to call the Second Class passengers to the dining saloon, now shipshape for the concert, a letter was handed to Pinto, who was standing in his room. He bore no longer the faintest resemblance to a barber for the reason that Hope, with a pair of cuticle scissors, had clipped off the waxed ends of his mustache. He was not dressed in the khaki uniform in which he had been in the habit of appearing in the English music halls. On Hope's advice, which he had taken from the moment of his going below with her, he was wearing evening clothes—a dinner jacket with a white waistcoat and a carnation in his coat. He looked extremely nice. He possessed undoubtedly that valuable asset which Hope described as It, without which no man who appears in public, whether actor, politician or quack doctor, can hope to arrest the attention of any audience. It is born with a man and can never be acquired.

He took the note from the steward with a hand that was out of control. It was scrawled on a piece of paper torn from a small notebook. "All right. I will come and see your turn and if I can persuade Mr. Schicke to join me I will. He always plays bridge after dinner so the betting is I shan't. But I am glad you have made an effort. Good boy, good luck."

Poor old Pinto. His spirits which, under the beautiful and persistent encouragement of the little person who had taken him in hand, had been at the fever pitch of excitement, now fell to freezing point. If the High Panjandrum refused to tear himself from his after-dinner game what was the use of having arranged an entirely new set of words, songs and back-chat, of having in those few strenuous days committed a revolution the mere possibility of which had never once occurred to him since Pinto and Ponto had made their first bow to a postwar audience? . . . Without a single thought as to the creases which he would make upon his newly-ironed coat Lieut. Jimmy Pinto fell flat upon his bed.

HOPE'S cabin was on the same deck, about twenty yards away. It was probably the smallest on the ship. To this Pinto presently took himself with extremely heavy feet. In answer to his urgent knock there was a little scream.

"Who is it? You can't come in."

"It's me."

"Then you certainly can't come in! But you may open the door not more than an inch and talk to me through that."

Pinto, who was a gentleman, didn't take an inch. Dismal Jimmy once more, he said, "We've worked for nothing, Hope. Mr. Schicke won't leave his cards."

He heard a little gasp. He heard something which sounded like the fall of a pot of cream. "Don't you believe it," she said. "I'm willing him to come."

He was not a confirmed believer in the power of that trick. He had often tried it without the least success. "Well," he said, "whatever happens let me tell you this: Ponto's dead. The ugly little devil who kept me in bread and butter and a bit of marmalade will never be seen again." There was a quiver of gratitude and grief in his voice. "If ever he has a gravestone, somewhere near Manchester, I shall put on it, 'Here lies Ponto, who died of Barker and Schicke.' If you think that you could. . . . If you think that it's possible that you could come with me once a year and put a flower on his grave—I mean as Mrs. Jimmy ——"

THE word that came from that ridiculous cabin through that quarter of an inch of space was, as you can imagine knowing something of Hope, "W-wow," with a stammer on the "w" and an exclamation mark. Following which there was "Jimmy" and a little hand with all its nails pink.

And this, in spite of its being covered with wet soap, Jimmy Pinto kissed.

"Hope, I love you," he said, "and whether we have a flop or not I'll never forget what you've done for me, never in my life."

Those five wet fingers wriggled with joy and placed themselves back to his lips.

There was a sound in that cabin which seemed to indicate a sob.

At the beginning of the second half of the program the band, it goes without saying, went all through William Tell. Anyone who has ever crossed on any ship will know that this is true. After this the man who had made a colossal success in the first part was to appear again. He was a master of the mouth organ, of which he had at least a dozen of various sizes and capabilities, the last of them being so small that it only contained five notes. He was followed by a famous prima donna, who had condescended to appear in the Second Class portion of the ship because the purser was her friend. She had already ravished the audience with Santuzza's song from Cavalleria Rusticana and was down to give them an aria from Butterfly before Pinto was to appear.

"Ventriloquism, my dear. You know, the tiresome stuff that's quite uncomic and very boring indeed. A silly wooden figure like nothing on earth, of course, and all the deadly jokes about mothers-in-law and twins."

There was a man in that room who had seen Pinto and Ponto in various parts of England over and over again, and always reluctantly. He had already announced in a loud voice that he didn't intend to stay. He said that the turn was dire, and oughtn't to be allowed.

BUT when the large and placid lady had graciously obliged with an encore and bowed herself away there was a movement at the door. More than a movement, a stir. It was caused by the entrance of two little men with very big cigars. One was Al Barker and the other was Mr. Schicke! . . . The former's expression was kindly but a little skeptical. The latter looked impatient and annoyed and all about him there was the air of one who was wasting precious time. There was puzzlement on him. In fact, he had expressed himself all the way down from the First Class Smoking Room as being blest if he knew why on earth he had come. And now he said, "It seems to me that I am being drawn to this silly place. There's something uncanny about it. Why should I see this Pinto, this five-cent dud of yours? The only change the fellow's made is in one or two of his jokes."

He was wrong. He was, in fact, a hundred miles out.

When Pinto took his place on the temporary platform at the side of which was the band it was seen to the general amazement that he had left his too well-known red-headed little blackguard out. Al Barker, the man with the loud voice, Selina, who had heard about Pinto, and several others who had expected to see the sort of thing which is inevitably associated with ventriloquial acts, saw that Pinto was carrying a most curious and attractive little female doll. It was dressed in a child's short frock which was puffed out

Even the least expensive rug will *feel* like an oriental of rich, luxurious pile, if you lay it over an Ozite Rug Cushion. And when you add the delightful springy softness of Ozite, you prolong the life of your rug almost unbelievably —two or three times its normal span! For Ozite is the perfect shock absorber —it cushions the rug as well as the feet. Made of hair, Ozite will outwear many rugs—always stays flat—never lumps or curls. Absolutely fireproof and mothproof. Sold in all stores handling floor coverings. Dark brown marked with a "waffle" design. You'll know it by the name Ozite on the orange binding.

Ozite Rug Cushion

Pat. Sept. 9 1924

Ozite is always sold under an iron-clad guarantee. Try it in your own home; if not absolutely satisfactory, your money will be promptly refunded

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells St., Chicago
Please send free sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets." L119
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Nazareth
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Juniors like their underwear modern

Knitted underwear can combine style with comfort. Ask your retailer to show you the latest styles in Nazareth underwear and you'll see how modern these comfortable garments are—they supply warmth where needed.

This famous brand has been recognized for its high quality at popular prices for forty-three years. You are safe in buying underwear for boys, girls, or infants if the garment carries the Nazareth label.

If your retailer cannot supply you, write us, mention his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Catalog on request

Style G/T for Girls

as illustrated; tinted, heavyweight, rayon stripe, part wool, waist suit. Dutch neck, short sleeves, trunk leg.

Style G/TN

as above but with low neck, no sleeves.

Style G/TW

as above but bleached, cotton fabric, rayon stripe, short sleeves, trunk leg.

These styles in sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Price $1.00 a garment.

Nazareth Waist Co.

366 Broadway *Dept. K* New York City
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

almost like the puff of a ballet frock. On its perfectly limp legs it wore a pair of light blue socks and shoes with bows to match. Its hair, as fair as butter, was done in corkscrew ringlets, and a stiff blue bow was mounted on the top. Its large, round static eyes had lashes covered with black stuff and there was a permanent blush of rouge on both its china cheeks. It was the most unlifelike-looking doll that those people had ever seen, and that was the reason why it evoked an immediate roar of laughter and admiration at its extraordinarily lifelike voice.

Tiresome as ventriloquism certainly is, this man, Pinto, by Jove, was jolly good at the game.

From the moment that he placed this dummy on the top of a small round table and began to move its mouth it gave forth a high-pitched outburst of comic anger and abuse. It didn't want to come indoors, it didn't. It wanted to stay in the garden and go on playing, it did. What was the great idea of lifting it off the swing and carrying it about by the scruff of the neck and setting it in front of a lot of people who were all dressed up?

"I've had no use for ventriloquists for years," said Mr. Schicke. "But, gosh, this fellow's fine."

Al Barker began to beam. I-told-you-so was written plainly on his face.

AND then commenced a series of quick-fire questions and answers interspersed with snatches of the latest songs and comic recitations, imitations, quite brilliant in their truthfulness, of Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Gracie Fields and Wilkie Bard, with witty references to events that had filled the public mind.

The man with the loud voice who so detested Pinto showed his astonishment in guffaws. Selina, her friends and all the nasty gossips found this rapid mixture of simplicity and sophistication "perfectly wonderful." How Pinto, with hardly a movement of his lips, managed to throw so natural and pleasing a voice into the mouth of that quaint little thing that was so obviously made of wood or china was really remarkable. Even the blasé Schicke chuckled from time to time, while Barker, who was rapidly regaining his confidence as a scout, punctuated the proceedings with slightly raucous roars.

"Zip? I'll tell the world," he said to himself. "But how about the O. Henry end? That's what worries me."

It need not have worried him.

SUDDENLY, having finished a delicious imitation of Elsie Janis and got off an irresistible wise crack, the doll dropped the lid of a large round eye, slipped to the floor from the table, turned a perfect somersault and made a dancing exit, waving both her hands.

To loud and persistent applause and long-continued laughter Pinto followed the girl who had seen the light as quickly as he could—only, however, to return again and again with Hope's hot hand in his. Hot, but not triumphant, because she, like poor old Pinto, believed that Mr. Schicke had been playing cards. Therefore, what was the use of it all?

But when, shaking under the awful excitement of the effort they had made, they stood together in the passage outside the dining saloon with sinking hearts, Barker hurried out with a grin on his face. Was it . . . was it possible . . . that he was the bearer of . . . good news? Were they deceiving themselves . . . in believing that their luck was . . . on the turn?

He said, "A message from Mr. Schicke."

"Mr. . . . Schicke!"

"Yup. You open in New York. You're to be billed as PINTO AND HIS BLUE-EYED BABY DOLL. Good-night."

Not able to say "Wow," not able to say anything, not a single word, Hope leaned against Pinto's new white waistcoat with her head against his shirt—the shirt, or one exactly like it, in which she would put the studs, with joy and thankfulness, every night of her life.

Winding Road

(Continued from Page 17)

In a district of little shops she thought it wouldn't do any harm to stop, just for a minute's shopping. There were so many things she might get cheaper than in Tracy. Meat markets looked tempting. Oughtn't she to save, when she could? There were cunning house dresses in a window, only seventy-nine cents. But she kept on going, Charley had said she must. There was still no glimpse of his car behind.

The highway stretched out at last, a straight cement streak between little houses and vacant lots. But she couldn't go faster than twenty-five. Cars came out of the distance to her and whizzed by. She yawned. She felt sleepy and cross. The squeaks and creaks of the new car got on her nerves.

At last she saw Charley. The car with his dealers' number plate, small in her mirror, grew larger. She slowed down, giving him the signal to pass. No cars were near for a moment as they drove side by side. "How's it coming?" he asked. "Fine!" she answered, cheered. Then he pulled ahead. It was pleasant to be driving that way, so near; she could see the back of his head, and he could see her in his mirror. They went past warehouses, and truck farms, and the bone yards of junk firms, past groves and little streams. Suddenly she thought of Doc Evans.

SHE did not see him anywhere. Sometimes, far behind, she saw a car she thought might be his; when it came close, she saw that it wasn't. Slowly the figures moved on the speedometer's record; another mile, two miles, two and a half; no Doc Evans.

She worried, thought about honking for Charley, worried again. Perhaps Doc Evans only had a flat tire. Perhaps he'd had an accident. They couldn't go on, leaving him this way. She pressed the button of her horn; she made it honk wildly; she leaned out and waved to Charley, and stopped.

His car came back in reverse; he got out, anxious. "What's the matter?"

She told him. "We can't go off and leave him this way, Charley."

"Oh, he's all right," Charley said largely. "Don't worry, kid."

"YOU don't know any more about it than I do," she told him. "Suppose he's been killed, or lost his way. Suppose ——"

"Oh, be your age, Bess. Doc's full grown, he can take care of himself."

Of all the cars coming down the highway, not one was Doc Evans' car.

"Well, maybe. But, Charley, he's an old man."

"Not that old," Charley said.

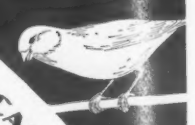
"How do you mean, that old? How old?" she demanded. Charley was just simply being obstinate. "Well, I think you ought to go back and see if he's all right, Charley. I really do. Suppose he's been arrested?"

Charley laughed.

"I don't know what's so funny!" Bess said. "He's an old man, and he's never driven alone before. And if you don't care about anything else, you might remember he's a customer."

(Continued on Page 170)

IT'S CLEAN BECAUSE IT'S AIR-WASHED



Blended by experts, French's gives your bird just the seeds he needs to keep him in his best song—cheerful, healthy and happy. French's is air-washed to free it from harmful dust and chaff; then laboratory tested. And in each package there is a French's Bird Biscuit *Free.*

FRENCH'S BIRD SEED

Sold by reliable dealers everywhere—or an introductory full-size package of French's Bird Seed will be sent postpaid on receipt of 15c, and your dealer's name.

Our 42-page illustrated book on care of canaries sent free.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
17-33 Mustard St. Rochester, N.Y.

WRITE FOR FREE CANARY BOOK

This advice is for all mothers: "Be very careful," says the famous Maternity Center of New York, "about the soap used in cleansing baby's wee garments. Many soaps contain harmful alkali—even a little of such soap in his clothes may irritate baby's tender skin. Lux has *no harmful alkali*—therefore the Center uses Lux for everything of baby's—clothes, blankets—even toys. Lux is *safe.*"

RAYON

FAVORITE OF FASHION . . SERVANT OF ECONOMY . . IS IN EVERYONE'S HOME TODAY

RAYON is in every home in America—modest or wealthy—high or low.

It may have reached it in the form of an undergarment, rich, satisfyingly durable. It may be in a sumptuous evening wrap of transparent velvet. It may have come in a magnificent drapery fabric fit for an emperor's castle.

Possibly the owner does not know rayon. And it is not inconceivable that the rayon she bought came by another name. But rayon is there, nevertheless.

It got there because it is a distinct and individual addition to the resources of the textile industry—because in many cases rayon adds beauty that no other textile can match—because in other cases it matches beauty at costs that other textiles cannot meet.

These responsible manufacturers whose products have been before you for years tell you why they are recommending to you, as models of fashion and luxury, and as achievements in economy, articles of rayon bearing their respective brands.

You will serve your purse and your pride best whenever you make a purchase of a fabric in which rayon may have been used by asking, "Is this rayon or part rayon?" Responsible manufacturers and merchants today will give you an honest answer. The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"CARTER'S RAYON UNDERTHINGS A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS!"

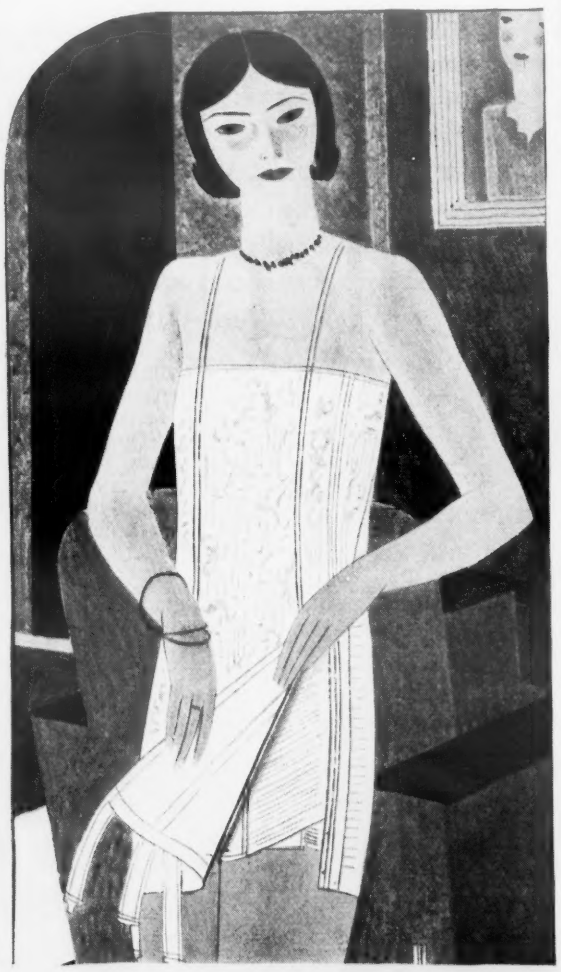
"Six years ago we brought out our first line of rayon underwear. It consisted of vests, bloomers, combinations, etc. It was a timid experiment and we made it in only the most conservative styles. This year our most intriguing and Frenchiest styles are interpreted in rayon—and we are confident of doing 400 times the volume of business in it that we did in 1923. Women admire rayon and naturally welcome its economic advantages!"

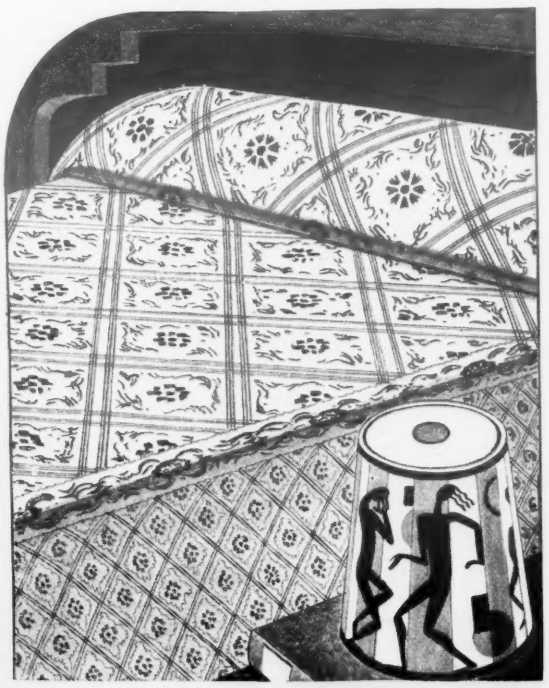
William H. Carter, President
THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

"RAYON'S SMOOTHNESS EMPHASIZES THE SMART FEMININE FIGURE"

"Rayon as used in Nemo-flex foundation garments is the completely satisfactory answer to an important problem. With the advent of the new fitted fashions that reveal the curves of the feminine figure, there also comes the need for a fabric that will fit snugly and smoothly underneath them. Rayon does this perfectly. In addition, it has such beauty that the smart women who wear it feel that they are luxuriously clad in it."

Waldemar Kops, Vice President
KOPS BROTHERS, Inc.





"RAYON BEDSPREADS COMBINE BEAUTY WITH ECONOMY"

"Rayon brocades, satins and taffetas have made greater comfort and luxury possible in the modern bedroom. Dolly Madison bedspreads, made of these soft, beautiful yarns, are durable and economical. Woven on a pure rayon warp these spreads have the look and feel of the finest silk—yet they are washable and will give long, satisfactory service. Their color and texture are a joy to every woman who loves delicate, luxurious effects in her home."

George Royle, Jr., President
GEORGE ROYLE AND CO.

THE RAYON INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC. RAYON 250 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Practical SUEDE

Beautiful, too! The fashionable tailored costume requires suede for day-time mode. Velvetta, the smartest suede calf, is used by leading makers of fine shoes in a wide variety of colors. Many shops now carry Velvetta bags to match. Observe that this beautiful suede does not crock. Velvetta is inexpensive, yet it is acknowledged to be the finest of all suede calf for shoes and bags.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
107 Beach Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Our beautiful fall and winter style booklet describes costumes and accessories to match the popular Velvetta shades. Many fashionable models are shown. Please write for your free copy.

Velvetta
SUEDE CALF

(Continued from Page 168)

Charley stopped laughing. "So you think that, do you?"

"Well, I think you ought to go back and see if he's all right," Bess argued.

"Well," he said. "I don't."

She was angry. "All right, then I'll go."

"You will not!"

He looked ugly. If she made a movement to start the car, he looked quite ready to stop her. "Maybe he'll come, if we wait here long enough," she said lightly. A car whizzed by.

She had him there; he couldn't drive both cars.

Let him swear at me, I don't care, she thought; though she knew he wasn't swearing at her, and that she'd care frightfully. She gazed earnestly into the vanity mirror and tucked up a wisp of hair.

"You mean you won't go on driving this car, if I ——" He pressed his body against the door, as another car went by without an inch to spare.

"I MEAN I think I'll just wait here till Doc Evans comes, if you'd rather not go after him." Her voice dripped sweetness.

He said, "There's nothing you dames'll stop at, is there, if it's a question of getting your own fool way? Oh, I'll go. I'll go, all right. You win. I couldn't let a customer get killed, could I?"

The gears of his car slammed and screeched; he turned it and drove by, not looking at her. In her mirror his car got smaller, speeding back on the highway. He was driving more than twenty-five miles an hour.

She went on, virtuously at twenty-five exactly. I don't care, she kept saying to herself; I don't care the least bit. I was perfectly right about Doc Evans. I have a feeling I was right. I don't care. Hereafter, I shall always do exactly as I please. He needn't think he can swear at me, and laugh at me, and call me 'you dames.' He can just apologize for that! I will forgive him, but I never shall forget this as long as I live. What he says or thinks doesn't make the slightest difference to me, not the slightest.

Ahead, beside the highway, she saw the sign, "Gerberding's Nurseries." For years she had wanted to stop and see those nursery rows of flowers and plants and trees, the greenhouses, the cut flowers. She parked the car and went in.

She bought two tamarisks to set against her bungalow's north wall. Nobody else in Tracy had tamarisks. When she was at the wheel again, the shrubs neatly packed in moss and burlap in the baggage carrier, she felt better.

The car crawled on. She passed fields, cows, orchards and meadows and main streets of towns; everything else passed her. Still she didn't see Charley's car coming behind her.

THERE was dust between her fingers, dust on her lips. She couldn't be winding the window up and down all the time, to keep out the dust of passing cars, to let in a little air. She had done only seventy miles; one hundred and thirty still to crawl slowly under the wheels. Her neck ached from watching the little mirror. Nothing had happened to Charley, of course; it couldn't have. The car kept on creaking like a new shoe, the highway crept under it. Fences, pastures, houses, barns, end of the cement; filling stations, another town, fences, road signs, advertisements on barn roofs. Still she didn't see Charley.

The curving road swung the car around a hill; for an instant, glancing ahead, she lost sight of the mirror, and there was Charley's car! She saw it plainly, shining new, with his dealers' number plate. Then it nipped out of sight on the curve. The shock of seeing it, ahead, startled her to her toes. The engine died. Gears, starter, gears; eagerly she sped after Charley. Around the curve, the road was empty in its haze of dust, except for an on-coming interurban bus.

She guessed, then, what had happened. Charley had passed while she was buying the tamarisks. He thought he was following her; he was hurrying, trying to overtake her. He must be making forty an hour, at least. If he hurt the new car, how could she ever explain why she was behind him? He had told her not to stop. Maybe she could catch him quickly, before the car was hurt.

HER speedometer said 35, then 40; she didn't look at it again. The road straightened out; she could see his car now; she pressed her foot on the gas, and was really driving. The wind began to hum, all the little noises of the car melted into the engine's steady deep purr. The highway was a spinning ribbon, elastic; between the two cars it contracted, stretched out again, contracted. In an instant she would be near enough to honk at him; an on-coming car passed another, between them. When she could see Charley's car again, it had gained. Her speed increased. Coming cars, cars that she passed, were blurred flicks of sound, gone. It was strange that Charley didn't notice her. Of course he was watching the road ahead.

Automatically, she dropped momentum on a curve; the good car surged into its speed again, straightening out. Woods hummed on either side; Charley's car was alone there, in the straightaway; another curve ahead. She began to call to him. The horn blared at him; she rocked the heel of her hand on the button, and it shrieked, screeched, screamed. If *only* he'd look! She shouted; "Charley!" Silly; she could hardly hear her own shout.

Then a funny thing happened. A small round hole appeared in her windshield. She'd never known of a pebble's doing that, before. Blind curve ahead; Charley was taking it at full speed, tipping—dangerously—two wheels. His car swerved out of the billow of its own dust. She saw his car, she saw the road scraper.

SHE saw the whole thing. It was like a slow movie. There was the instant in which, yet, the car might right itself. The instant in which it couldn't. The car, Charley's car, Charley in it, *Charley!* She was screaming, "No! No! No!" The car hung on the edge of the ditch, its wheels left the ground, the car went over, rolled over, smashed down in the ditch. She couldn't see anything, then. Her eyes, that had seen that happen to Charley, couldn't see anything else, couldn't bear to go on seeing that.

She was in the road, running; on foot in the dusty road. Nothing seemed real. She ran for a long time, as fast as she could, toward Charley's car, toward Charley, there in the ditch. She tried to run faster, she didn't seem to be running fast at all. The car's wheels, in the air, were leisurely turning, slowly a rear wheel dug into the bank, slowly throwing pebbles that slowly went through the air. A boot was crushed into the side of the ditch; a boot. The whole car lay on what was above the boot. Not *Charley;* no, no. It couldn't be. She didn't believe it. It couldn't happen. It wasn't real. It wasn't real that she was beating herself against that car, straining, pulling, trying to lift it, while Charley ——

She was staring into the car, staring at a man there, a strange man, who wasn't Charley. He was crouched against the seat's back and the top of the car; there was blood on his face; he held a gun. He held a gun, an automatic, pointed at her. "Where's Charley?" she asked him. She screamed at him, "What did you do with Charley? You've killed Charley!" Deep down, far underneath all this, she was trying to wake up. If she could only wake up. God, please let me wake up. The bloody man dropped the gun and made horrible sounds in his throat.

(Continued on Page 173)

For Leisurely Christmas Shopping

See your Fuller Man First

IN THE comfort of your home, your Fuller Man will spread before you a wide choice of gift suggestions.

In the tranquillity of your own living room . . . far away from the milling throng of holiday buyers, you can make selections calmly and deliberately from a wide array of personal and household brushes.

The name Fuller makes them desirable gifts the world over. Among the Fuller items that have always been especially popular at Christmas time — with the men as well as the women of the family — are:

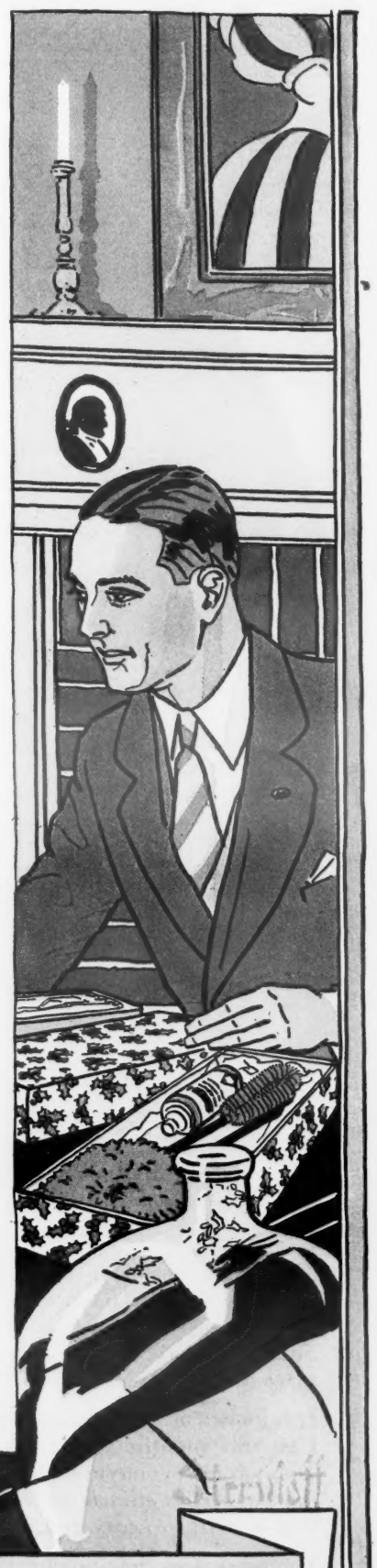
Lady's Boudoir Set, Men's Personal Set, Outing Set, Health Set, Manicure Brushes, Pocket Combs, Clothes Brushes, Bobbed Hair Set, Hair Brushes and Combs, Handy Helper Set (for the kitchen), Furniture Set, Silent Servant Set (for cleaning), Crumb Tray, Brush and Scraper in colored Fullerex, Vanity Cases and Combs in a choice of five beautiful colors.

You are familiar with many of these. Many are offered for the first time this holiday season. All make unusually acceptable gifts as hundreds of thousands of women throughout the country can testify.

This service and these articles can be had only from your Fuller Man.

You need not wait for his next regular call to take advantage of this service. Your Fuller Man is as near as your telephone. He will come to you promptly any time you wish.

Just telephone the Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city. Say you would like to look over the Fuller Christmas assortment right away. If you prefer, write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3596 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. Ask for new booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home." (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Morley House, 322 Regent Street, London, W.1.) Be sure to allow plenty of time to have your gift selections delivered, in holly boxes, before Yuletide trees are lighted.



FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

Why TWO Electric Cleaners in this Living Room?

2 ELECTRIC CLEANERS FOR ALMOST THE PRICE OF ONE

"THAT'S a sensible idea," you will say when you study the picture on this page . . . a big cleaner for the rugs and carpets . . . and a separate little cleaner to take the place of ordinary attachments.

It is known as the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit. Six months ago it was just an idea. Today it is a synonym in thousands of homes . . . *for perfect electric cleaning* . . . cleaning that is swift . . . easy and *sanitary!*

The marvelous Spic-Span makes it possible. This handy little cleaner was created for women desiring a *simpler* method of home cleaning. The Spic-Span not only does the work of attachments, but does it *better and faster.*

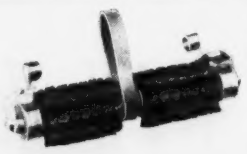
The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds and plugs into any electric socket. It comes with a wonderful deodorizer and a blower . . . applies moth repellent . . . banishes odors . . . freshens stuffy closets . . . cleans, purifies and preserves mattresses, clothes, upholstery . . . without the use of attachments!

Used in combination with either the Premier Junior or the Premier Duplex, the Spic-Span gives you a complete electric cleaning unit for every purse and purpose . . . a marvelous cleaning team that shortens your housework by hours and puts the utmost degree of sanitation into every cleaning task.

Ask your dealer for free demonstration. The Spic-Span may also be purchased separately.

Premier Floor Polisher Accessory

You'll be interested in the New Premier Floor Polisher Accessory, too. Gives a glistening, smooth, electric lustre. Waxes and polishes floors like new, whether wood, linoleum or tile. It will amaze you!



Replaces the revolving brush when used for floor polishing.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(*Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.*) Dept. 1311, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

(Continued from Page 170)

The road was full of cars. It was quite black with cars, all up and down. A crowd of men gathered around. Women looked out of the cars. There was one tourist car, a truck full of bedding and children and dogs. The woman in that car wore a yellow boudoir cap. On the side of the truck was painted, "Perennial Nursery." A huge green bus was honking; its windows were full of staring passengers. Its driver shouted, "Pull out, canchu? We gotta make schedule time!"

The bloody man was out of the car now. Men had taken him out, and had taken the gun. She was trying to explain. "It's Charley's car, my husband's car." It wasn't Charley, under the car. That man was alive, he was groaning and begging, under the car. Several men were working, with a lever; a red-faced man bossed them. "Now, all together, boys—careful—*lift!*" She kept saying, "But I don't understand. It's our car!" She couldn't be mistaken, could she? There was the number plate, she knew the number plate. It was Charley's number plate. Where was Charley? What had happened to Charley? What had these men done to him? "Where's Charley; what did you do to Charley?" she cried at the bloody man, who shivered and didn't answer.

It's real, she said to herself. This was really happening. She must pull herself together, and think—think what to do.

"Need some more help here?" Charley said. There he was, strong and quiet, in his working clothes and mechanic's cap. She began to cry, square-mouthed, blubbering like a child. "Come, Bess," he said. "You get outa this. Back to your car. 'S no place for you, here."

SHE hung on to him, feeling up and down his coat lapel, stroking it, patting his sleeve, to be sure this was real. "I thought—th-thought—you were—killed!"

"Gee, no, what'd I wanta get killed for?" He was taking her back to the car, past all the staring children. "Snap out of it, kid, you're all right." The bus had edged by and was going in a billow of dust. "Can I do anything?" a woman asked, coming up, and Charley said, "Thanks, no. She's all right, just sort of shot to pieces for a minute, 's all." Doc Evans was there. He said to Doc Evans, "They need you worse back there, Doc. Couple of men smashed up some, car went into the ditch. They don't need me. I'm taking Bess out of it."

"Wh-what happened?" she kept asking him. She was in the car again. "Don't—go away, Charley."

"What'd I go away for?" he said. He gave her his big handkerchief. "Mop up your face and forget it, kid. You won't even have to drive any farther by yourself. It'll take a trouble car to pull that wreck out of the ditch. Not a thing's happened to us, kid. Gee, I'm glad."

"Did they—get that car away from you, Charley?" she asked him. He said, no; it was Doc Evans they'd got it off of. Then he asked if she'd be all right for a minute, and she said she would. He went back to the crowd by the ditch. Some of the cars were starting on, one or two at a time, and she pulled off to the side of the road. Funny; she didn't remember stopping that car at all, and she'd stopped it right in the middle of the highway. A trouble car came, and an ambulance. Only five or six other cars waited; the others had gone, and cars going by just slowed for a moment, then went on.

THE sheriff came and took away the bloody man, now neatly bandaged. The other man had already gone in the ambulance.

"I thought I was getting old, not much more excitement left for me," Doc Evans said. "But I guess I didn't give my own home state its just due. I can tell you, we got everything, including bandits, right here at home, bigger and better and more of 'em than you'll find any place on earth." Doc Evans was still very much excited.

Charley told him, "We'll follow. Go right along ahead, Doc."

They were going slowly along, Charley at the wheel. "Doc was hung up, Bess, like you thought. He'd got mixed on the gear shift, and kept stalling the engine. I straightened him out and sent him along, and then—well, kid, I was way down town, and there was a florist's, and I thought maybe you'd like some shrubs. I got a couple, tamarisk, or tumeris, or something like that, they called 'em. Funny looking, but I know you like things different from other folks'. Well, and while I was doing that, seems Doc had a puncture, and these guys came along and helped him put on the spare, and while he was picking up the tools, blamed if they didn't jump into the car and beat it. I picked him up when I came along. He was fit to be tied. And next thing, we ran into that excitement back there. Too bad about Doc's car, but I told him I'd fix him up so he won't lose anything."

"Charley," she said—"Charley, I—I just nearly died. I thought—it was you."

"FORGET it, kid. What do you suppose I felt like, sweetness, when I saw that crowd and knew there'd been a smash? You darn fool kid, racing around after cars that're shooting at you! What'd I feel like, if you'd got yourself killed, huh?"

"But they weren't shooting at me, were they?"

"What d'yuh think that hole is, in the windshield?"

She stared at the little round hole. It hadn't been a pebble, then. There was another hole in the upholstery, between the rear window and the corner. She felt queer.

"The sheriff thinks that big one, that wasn't hurt so bad, is the one that's wanted for killing that policeman, in Des Moines," Charley said. "You remember, we heard about it on the radio."

She remembered the man's face, staring at her, when she'd asked him what he'd done with Charley. "Don't let's talk about it," she said. She cuddled close to him, and he put an arm around her. He was used to driving with one hand.

"Charley, I get all mixed up," she said after a while. "It—everything—the world, it seems awful, when you think about it. And then it seems such a—it seems so good, like everything's all right, when you think about us, and everything. I don't know what to think."

SHE sounded the horn for Charley and he drove past a truck. "I guess a lot of folks feel that way," he said. "Maybe some can figure it out; I know I can't. But look here, kid—we're all right. Let's just stick together and do the best we can, and not worry about anything we can't help."

At eleven o'clock next morning the four tamarisks were planted beside the bungalow. For years and years it would be a joke that they had both bought tamarisks. The syringas, white-blossoming amid their dark leaves, sweetened the whole air. In bungalow apron and dust cap, Mrs. Charles R. Gordon swept her front porch, her steps, the walk. She plucked a solitary weed from the lawn. She stood a moment, smelling the syringas, then she went into the house. She was going to finish the strawberry jam.

In the living room she paused, pressed a button. With a finger tip she turned the dial wheel. Voices spoke. "Hogs are strong on the Chicago market this morning. Receipts —— Showers this afternoon, cooler in north portion and in Southern Wyoming toni —— by police. He is five feet three, medium weight, brown hair, brown eyes, scar on left —— My dear little boys and girls, I am so glad to see all your smi ——" Ah! Orchestra, and male quartet. "Don't plant cotton, and them that tends 'em is soon forgotten, but old man river ——"

She went into her kitchen, humming, "He jus' keeps rolling along."

The Stamford, Conn., Memorial to the veterans of all wars from 1641 to 1918. Carved by Vermont Marble Company Craftsmen.

The Motherhood of America

Has One Unfinished Task

Unfinished after eleven years! And even now, there are fewer people than ever before who can remember the solemn hush, the surge of delirious joy, the slower realization of the Price of Peace, which began its sweep around the world on that first Armistice Day when the guns in France were stilled.

To remember is one of the great privileges of Motherhood. The Unknown Soldier's Tomb, the magnificent Arlington Memorial and countless other national and local war memorials carved from Vermont Marble, have been inspired by the Motherhood of American women, their initiative and their desire to perpetutate the memory of those who served their country. *It is still a great unfinished task!*

To you—to the civic, historical and service organizations of your community—we offer Vermont Marble, the nation's Memory Stone, and all this company's resources in craftsmanship for the creation of public and personal memorials that shall endure for unmeasured time.

"ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL SHALL ABIDE FOREVER"

Write for this booklet illustrating the 12 basic *types* of design used in modern *family* memorials. The services of our Department of Memorial Design are available through local Master Craftsmen in Marble in every American city.

VERMONT MARBLE COMPANY
DEPT. J-4, PROCTOR, VERMONT
World's Largest Quarriers of Marble

VERMONT MARBLE

The Memory Stone

Novel, but Nutritious

KRAFT NOODLE RING

2 cups cooked egg noodles, drained
1½ cups milk
½ pkg. Kraft American Cheese
1 cup bread crumbs
1 chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped onion
Salt, pepper, paprika
3 eggs

Place half of the noodles in the bottom of a well-buttered ring mold. Heat the milk, add cheese broken in pieces, and stir over a low fire until the cheese is melted. Add bread crumbs, pimiento, parsley, onion and seasonings. Mix well and add beaten eggs. Pour half of this sauce over the noodles in the ring; place remainder of the noodles in the ring and pour the rest of the sauce over the noodles. Bake the ring in a moderate oven, 350°, or steam it until firm. Turn out on a platter, place a whole cooked cauliflower in the center of the mold and garnish with additional grated cheese and parsley.

HERE is a combination of foods prepared in a way so novel and extremely attractive that it can well serve as the "Surprise dish" of your next dinner party. And seldom will you find more real nourishment combined in a single dish—protein, supplied by the cheese, fresh vegetables, and carbohydrates, each in generous portion. That it is delicious and appetizing scarcely need be said; the pervading flavor of Kraft Cheese alone assures that.

For if Kraft Cheese has one claim to superiority greater than another, that claim is flavor. Flavor in cheese denotes quality; the two are inseparable, and Kraft Cheese always has been made and known as a quality cheese. That is why you never find Kraft Cheese being sold on price. It may at times cost a trifle more, but you will always find that Kraft Cheese is worth more. You don't have to think about quality if you remember to say "Kraft" before you say cheese.

Tune in the following Radio Stations for Kraft Cheese Programs:
Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11:00 a. m. Eastern Standard Time or 10:00 a. m. Central Standard Time
WJZ, New York—WBZA, Boston—WBZ, Springfield, Mass.—WBAL, Baltimore—WHAM, Rochester—KDKA, Pittsburgh
WJR, Detroit—WLW, Cincinnati—WGN, Chicago—KWK, St. Louis—WREN, Kansas City.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:30 a. m. Pacific Time
KOMO, Seattle—KHQ, Spokane—KGW, Portland—KPO, San Francisco—KGO, Oakland—KFI, Los Angeles

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

Now that the importance of Calcium and Vitamin A is fully realized, food specialists are definitely recommending "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese as a part of the child's diet. "Philadelphia" is known as a superior dairy food supplying a generous amount of both these fundamentals in a form readily digested by children and greatly enjoyed. "Philadelphia" is never sold in bulk.

Home Economics Dept.
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation
406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," to the address below:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

The First Beau

(Continued from Page 13)

and Hattie took over the harness business. Both Milly and Prudence, who had loved their father, were afraid to show their grief in front of their mother. That Hattie mourned they were convinced. But never for a moment did she give way to sorrow—at least in front of anyone. If anything she became more brusque than before, and the day after the funeral she sent the girls back to Boston and went herself to the office.

"Your father would want it that way," she announced. "You owe it to your father's memory to succeed."

"Yes, mamma." It was all they could answer.

Hattie had placed the girls in Boston in the home of a distant cousin of Peter's and had cautioned Mrs. Caulder they were to be allowed no young-men callers.

"They've no time for nonsense," she stated. "Besides, they need their sleep at night."

But Mrs. Caulder could not deny her parlor to the visits of a nephew, a young Harvard student, whose devotion to his aunt increased rapidly and whose calls grew to coincide with the evenings when Milly was free from classes.

IT NEVER occurred to Mrs. Caulder to warn Milly about Stanley Porter, even on the day Stanley announced he had a job and was thinking of settling down. Accordingly Milly's telegram to her mother was no greater shock to Hattie than Stanley's to his aunt. Milly had taken no chances on asking permission. Neither, it appeared, had Stanley.

MARRIED NOON TODAY TO STANLEY PORTER HAPPY LOVE. MILLY.

Hattie went to Boston. It was true.

"The little fool," stormed Hattie. "The first man that ever looked at her."

Mrs. Caulder bridled. "He's a nice boy and they're both of age. You and Peter weren't much older."

Hattie forbore to answer. "Poor Peter," she said at last, "after all his sacrifices, to have Milly repay him this way."

Before Hattie left she extracted a promise from Prudence never to look at a man, and she derived some comfort from Mrs. Caulder's assurance that she possessed no more eligible young-man relatives.

The year Hattie sent Prudence to New York to study, Milly's first child was born.

"We've named her Hattie," Milly wrote. "Stan and I know you'll forgive us when you see your namesake."

Hattie got the letter in the office of the factory and she snorted. "Lovely, is she? I suppose Milly thinks she's repaid now all her father's efforts to have her make something of herself." No, Milly wasn't forgiven, but for all that Hattie had to beat down a thoroughly unreasonable longing to see her grandchild.

"Anyway, Prudence is safe," she murmured. "I've her promise."

And Prudence did seem to be safe. Her letters home continued to be filled with nothing but her work. "In another year," thought Hattie, "I'll have money enough to send her to Paris."

BUT even Hattie could not foresee another year, for with another year the war came. At first Hattie greeted it with rebellion. It was as though it had been directed against her personally.

"Just when I've got the business to paying a little," she stormed.

But the war was destined to do wonders for Hattie's business. After the first shock of it Hattie realized there were thousands of horses that would have to have harness made for them at once. She went to Washington. For three weeks she camped there. She had no political connections, nor was her factory one with a national reputation. But there was no withstanding the determination of this thin-lipped fat woman. Hattie returned from Washington with an army contract.

Of course she was provoked that Prudence's trip to Paris had to be postponed, but, after all, there was no hurry and Hattie would soon be in a position to back Prudence financially.

"How glad Peter would be," she thought.

BY THIS time Hattie had seen little Hattie, and when the work in the factory became too pressing for one woman alone to manage she offered Stanley a job. Hattie thought this was only because she needed assistance, but the claims of little Hattie had been potent.

"She is lovely," Hattie thought. "She's like my own little-girl pictures."

It was the second year of the war that Hattie received this letter from Prudence:

Dear Mamma: I'm getting married. His name is Dan Breckenridge and I met him at a party for sailors where I danced. He took me home that night and since then we've seen each other every chance we've had. He's my first beau, but I don't think I'll have to look any further.

Dan's boat goes next week, so we thought we ought to be married tomorrow. You'll like him, mamma. He went to college and he's got a job to go back to when the war's over.

Remember Milly married her first beau, and there wasn't even a war on. Please forgive us. Love, PRUDENCE.

P. S. I don't think I would ever have been a really great dancer anyway.

Again Hattie set her lips. Well, at any rate, there was still little Hattie. She was only eight, to be sure, but those eight years had not been wasted. Little Hattie had wanted to dance. She had even begged her grandmother for lessons and Hattie had taught her in the precious moments stolen from the factory.

Little Hattie had not resented the metronome or the tired legs or the lame back. She had technic already. But she had something more. She had the power to subdue that technic to her own will.

"I'm going to dance, Gran," she boasted, "before all the crowned heads in Europe. Like Pavlowa."

Before the war ended Hattie sold out, sold at an enormous profit because it looked then as though the war were going to go on forever.

With a business acumen that startled everybody Hattie reinvested her money. She was rich.

MILLY did not resent it when Hattie took her daughter in charge. Milly had three other children now and little Hattie really seemed to be the child her mother had always been longing for.

"Thank goodness, mamma is at last contented," Milly wrote to Prudence. "She adores Hattie and Hattie adores to dance. I think mamma's forgiven me because I could produce a daughter like this one."

This was true. Hattie had come into her own. She was rich, and she had at last someone who looked destined to accomplish the thing she had spent a lifetime trying to achieve.

When little Hattie went to Boston to study, big Hattie took a flat there. When little Hattie went to New York big Hattie followed her. At last came the time when big Hattie took little Hattie abroad. Big Hattie was not so big now, for she had found out about dieting and she also knew what there was to know about corsets. She had her clothes made in impressive places and she wore them proudly.

"Your mother," said Stanley to Milly, "has become a grand dowager."

It is doubtful which one had a better time in Paris, little Hattie or her grandmother.

"We depend upon Energine to keep garments Spotless."

Jr Raft

in charge of wardrobe

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation

"Energine Cleans Best"

Say Wardrobe Managers of World Famous Studios

WHO SHOULD be able to determine which cleaning fluid is best for all kinds of fabric and all sorts of clothing? The wardrobe managers of the big movie studios, of course! For these people are held responsible for clothing, the value of which runs into millions. These specialists, almost without exception, insist on Energine because, as they say, "Energine cleans best because it cleans *thoroughly*, *quickly*, dries *instantly* and *leaves no odor*."

And here's another reason why Energine is better. It is absolutely harmless and cannot injure the daintiest fabric or the most delicate skin. Energine contains no harmful sulphur, paraffin, caustic, acid or alkali.

Expert chemists agree that Energine is the best solvent of grease. Grease on any material attracts and holds dust and dirt. Energine, by removing the grease, also removes the dirt.

Energine is *a better* cleaner for dresses, hats, scarfs, suits, coats, neckties, gloves, shoes, curtains, carpets, drapes.

Used by Millions

FOR a quarter-century Energine has been used exclusively by millions of particular people—people who have tried many cleaning fluids only to learn that there is nothing to take the place of Energine!

Exhaustive tests have been given Energine by many nationally known laboratories such as those maintained by the Delineator Institute and the Priscilla Proving Plant. And wherever so tested Energine has won the hearty endorsement of the experts in charge.

A small amount does a lot of cleaning. Large, convenient can, 35c. Double size, 60c. Slightly higher abroad. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Important

When a garment is generally soiled, send it to the "Energine Dry Cleaner" in your community. Look him up in the telephone book. There's nothing in Energine to take the "life" out of your clothes—they are returned to you thoroughly cleaned and odorless.

A useful booklet telling how to remove spots and stains at home, gladly sent on receipt of 2c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

THE CUMMER PRODUCTS CO.
Department L
2150 West 15th Street · Cleveland, Ohio

World's Largest Selling Dry Cleaning Fluid

LEAVES NO ODOR

ENERGINE

THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

The Evening
MONDAY, MAY 6
PRICELESS PAINTING DAMAGED
Leaky Roof Responsible says Caretaker of Art Institute
Curator Fears Genuine Old Master May Be Ruined
C. G. V. CO.

There can be No Compromise with protection

OF what avail the architectural ingenuity and the alert attendants? Of what use the costly roof—perfect . . . save for an unobserved flaw in construction?

Similarly, of what avail are beauty and costliness in a burial that does not give complete protection against water? The Clark Vault combines dignity and beauty with a degree of impermeability to water such as only metal possesses.

The finest grade specially processed Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel—12 gauge in thickness—is used. All seams are double welded and their strength is tested under 5,000 pounds of water. Each Clark carries a 50-year guaranty.

Solid copper, 10 gauge in thickness, is used in making the beautiful Clark de luxe model. It is guaranteed perpetually.

Because of the recognized leadership which America has accorded the Clark Vault, people turn to it confidently. It is a form of protection as unfailing and enduring as their love for the one who has passed on.

Clark Vaults can be obtained through better funeral directors everywhere, in the following models: Gray and White Lacquer Finish—Silver Tone and Copper Finish Cadmium Plated by Udylite Process—De Luxe, 10 Gauge Solid Copper.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse
Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

"It's the devil to have to count calories here," she mourned. "How, in heaven's name, do the French keep thin?"

Little Hattie started work almost at once. Monsieur Delmar, who was so old now he was a legend, had not only consented to take her as a pupil but waxed warm in praise.

"She is unspoiled, your granddaughter, madame," he said. "She has both the energy and the humility of genius."

Hattie beamed. There wasn't a fly in her ointment, unless she counted Roger Coleman. But Roger was such a small fly; in fact, it was so gradually that he became a fly at all that Hattie disregarded him. He was an American who lived in the same *pension* Hattie and her granddaughter did and worked in the Paris branch of a big New York bank.

Hattie had begun by liking him, for he was not only well-bred but intelligent, and in a fleeting way he had reminded her of Peter.

"I believe you like my beau," little Hattie stated.

Big Hattie bristled. "In my day a young man was not counted as a beau who merely made himself agreeable when he chanced to sit next to one at dinner."

"Chanced," jeered little Hattie.

Big Hattie, too, had a suspicion that this was beginning to be no longer chance.

BUT Hattie had got into the habit of making a convenience of Roger. For all she loved Paris, it had given her a twinge of rheumatism, and wet evenings it was pleasant to let Roger take little Hattie to her dancing class and wait around for her in the barnlike hall which was heated with un-American frugality. Hattie claimed it was the climate that gave her rheumatism, but Roger had another theory.

"I knew last night," he said to little Hattie, "when your grandmother took three helpings of that sauce and two patties and three desserts that this evening I'd be carrying your slippers."

Little Hattie giggled. "Gran would kill you."

"I reckon I ought to take her to the Ritz every Sunday. Then I'd have the week clear."

"You're a brute," said little Hattie.

"It would be costly," said Roger, "but I'm willing to stoop to desperate measures."

They both laughed. They were very young, and very happy, and a winter Paris lay before their feet like a carpet of flowers.

Then came the news that Roger's bank was transferring him to a branch in South America. It was an advancement, but Roger greeted its advent with reviling.

"I'll be the loneliest manager in South America," said Roger.

"Nonsense," said Hattie.

"That is, I may be," added Roger.

Hattie didn't like his expression. "You'll make friends," she assured him hastily. "There'll probably be a nice group around the American church."

ROGER, when he related this next evening to little Hattie, did not speak with all the reverence due to the efforts of the Episcopalian faith in Peru.

Before long big Hattie was regretting that Roger's managership of the bank in Peru was not to begin the following week. Not that she suspected there was anything between the two young people, nor did Hattie neglect her work. But she was looking pale and every now and then Hattie intercepted a look between the two of them that gave her pause.

"She'll get over it," thought Hattie; "besides which I'm sure Roger feels she ought to go on with her career. I'm glad he heard old Monsieur Delmar assure Hattie that in ten years she'd be the première dancer of America."

And Hattie was not wrong. This had impressed Roger. Of course he personally considered her the première dancer of the world now, but to have old M. Delmar say so. That was praise from Cæsar.

The night before Roger was to leave, little Hattie insisted on his taking her to the studio.

"It's his last night," she said firmly. "He sails for New York tomorrow and in six weeks he'll be leaving for South America."

Hattie consented. This was perhaps a cheap price to pay for getting rid of a young man who might grow tiresome. If Hattie had been able to disapprove of Roger it would have been easier to be ruthless. But she liked him and only that day he had reminded her again of Peter.

AFTER dinner Hattie played bridge in the *pension* salon with three other widows, and little Hattie and Roger left for the dancing class. By eleven o'clock Hattie had not heard them come in. Could they have slipped upstairs to the little sitting room without her seeing them? Abruptly Hattie stood up. "I've a headache," she said. "Here's fifty francs on the last rubber, Mrs. Layton. You can give me the change tomorrow."

Stiffly she climbed the stairs and stopped just outside the door of the sitting room. Little Hattie and Roger sat on an imitation Louis XVI sofa, their arms around each other. Hattie could see them clearly through an opening in the portières. Her breath drew in sharply.

Little Hattie's cheek was against Roger's. "Don't you see, darling, I can't let Gran down? It would kill her. You see, we've all done it. Mother and Aunt Prudence, and now if I did ——"

"Done what?" demanded Roger.

"Why, married the first nice man that ever looked at us." Her little face was pinched. "I can't do it too. I'm her white hope. She's spent thousands on me. But it isn't only that. I'm sort of the justification of her existence."

"But you love me," said Roger.

"I know I do, dear." She stopped.

"A thousand times more than a career." He, too, stopped. "It sounds conceited as the deuce to say it. But I know it's true."

Little Hattie nodded.

"It wouldn't be so rotten if I didn't have to be gone for four years."

"It will be hell," said little Hattie.

"There are some hells," said Roger, "that are unnecessary."

BIG HATTIE waited a moment. There were hells that were unnecessary and brutal and ridiculous. This was one of them. She marched into the room. They got up slowly; there was no use in pretending their arms had not been around each other.

"You heard us," said Roger.

Hattie nodded. She was a terrifying woman as she stood there, tightly corseted, every joint throbbing with rheumatism. "I heard you and I subscribe."

Little Hattie flew to her grandmother. "But I'm not going, Gran. You see, I'm not going."

Hattie didn't move, but her eyes held Roger's. "She is going. Her mother went, and her Aunt Prudence." She stopped and when she spoke the words came out firmly. "And I went. Believe it or not, fat old woman that I am—oh, yes, I am fat and old and gouty—I was just as good a dancer as Hattie. And I, well," she turned to little Hattie, "I married your grandfather and it wasn't because he was going to South America for four years either. It was because he brought some rubbers and an umbrella to the theater for me once, and everybody else had forgotten me."

Little Hattie was leaning against her grandmother's well-cushioned shoulder, crying. But big Hattie ignored her. "Look here, young man," big Hattie said to Roger, "you be as good to little Hattie as Peter Mellish was to me."

Roger seized big Hattie's hand.

"You may think you will be," said big Hattie proudly, "but I'm willing to bet that you won't."

Here is a dishpan, but WHERE *is the dirty ring around it?* There isn't any, because these dishes were washed in water softened with Melo. Melo makes hard water a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap.

You see, hard water and soap form a scum. That scum collects dirt. Part of it stays on the dishes. A great deal of it collects on the dishpan.

Two tablespoonfuls of Melo in the washtubs prevent the ring from forming there, too, and make the clothes white. Two tablespoonfuls of Melo in the bathtub give a pleasant soft-water bath. No tub to scrub, either.

Melo is only 10 cents a can (slightly higher in far western states). Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

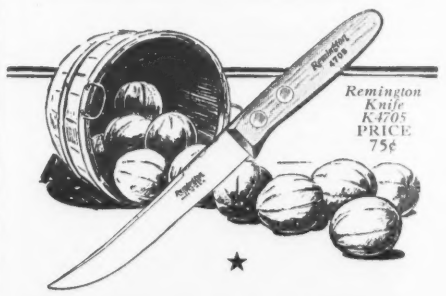
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 *cents*

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.



Remington Knife K4705 PRICE 75¢

Not too large and not too small

THE Kleanblade Household Knife K4705, illustrated, is a useful member of the Remington line.

Of convenient size, with medium, 5″ blade it is adapted to a number of practical uses such as cutting melons or grapefruit, slicing cabbage, or preparing the larger vegetables, where a carver would be too large and a paring knife too small.

The BLADE—hand-honed to a keen cutting edge at the factory, made of Stainless Steel, hardened and tempered by Remington's special process.

The HANDLE—of smoothly finished black walnut, in one piece without the usual seam in which dirt or germs collect.

It is Ready-Sharp, Rustless, Reliable! See the Remington Household Knife K4705 at your dealer's, or if he hasn't it in stock, send us his name with 75¢ and the knife will be forwarded promptly to you.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

© 1929 R. A. Co. 3108

Now — Draw Cord Curtains WITH beautiful drapery hardware

Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord Equipment is here used with glass curtains and overdraperies. The ornamental hardware is Kirsch Atavio Set K-5005.

Window draping fashions have changed rapidly and radically these last few years. Women of today, with a new appreciation of sunshine and fresh air, demand drapery treatments that will regulate both light and ventilation. But at the same time they insist that beauty shall not be sacrificed to convenience.

Old-fashioned draw cord equipment, used with round curtain rods, was better than nothing, but the exposed cords, never attractive to look at, *would* knot and tangle at the slightest provocation.

It remained for Kirsch, the world's foremost manufacturer of drapery hardware, to combine utility with beauty. And in the process, what was once a luxury has now been placed within the reach of every home.

Draperies Glide Silently Into Place

By an exclusive feature, Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord Equipment is entirely concealed *within the flat rod.* No loops or cord mar the beauty of draping effects. Draperies glide silently into place *at a touch*, closing always at the exact center, and overlapping to provide absolute privacy. Cords cannot knot or tangle, as was the case when an attempt was made to use draw cords with the old-fashioned round rods.

Valances and lambrequins are passing from modern draping practice. Decorative hardware has made it unnecessary to darken rooms with stuffy, dust-gathering fabrics and, in keeping with modern style, this Perfected Draw Cord Equipment has been made available for all the new forms of drapery hardware.

The variety of window or door treatments to which this modern convenience has been adapted is almost unlimited.

Any Kirsch cut-to-measure hardware may be purchased with Perfected Draw Cord Equipment.

Kirsch Better Wood Poles, too, offer an almost endless choice of styles and harmonies. There are lovely period designs, charming modernistic fancies, and the rich new stipple finish that affords a selection of four superb metallic hues. In this entire line one can obtain the draw cord feature that permits rings to glide freely over poles of any design without marring the finish.

In the charming scene pictured above, a Kirsch Atavio set is used, a type of hardware that offers a wide variety of superb designs and gay color combinations in cast aluminum. The draw cord feature is, of course, optional.

A New Service for Shoppers

It will pay any home decorator to inspect the complete Kirsch line, and to become familiar with the many advantages and applications of Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord Equipment. Ask the nearest of the 30,000 Kirsch dealers to show you the new Kirsch Modern Draping Service, an elaborate portfolio in which you will find windows exactly like your own —with a picture-index which enables you to select exactly the type of hardware and kind of fabrics best suited to your needs.

We shall also gladly send you, on request, a valuable style-book of draping and drapery fashions, The 1929 Kirsch Book, which suggests and pictures many charming new treatments, and contains pages of useful information on the care and hanging of draperies and curtains. Mail the coupon for your copy.

KIRSCH COMPANY
406 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.
Kirsch Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd.
Woodstock, Ont.

You may send me *The 1929 Kirsch Book* without charge.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(158)

Kirsch

Drapery Hardware

But remember your skin!

To be modern is to stay young. To stay young is to court the great outdoors, the open spaces—despite the wind and wet and weather.

But remember your skin—guard it—save it—entrust it to *Frostilla.*

This famous fragrant lotion—tried and proven for over fifty years—is a loyal protector against coarsening, aging, drying "chaps." Stroke it on the face, hands, lips—in the morning. It will make your skin safe for the day's exposure. Pat it on again at night. It will be a soothing restorative to the most wind-nipped, dust-dried complexion.

Within *Frostilla* are friendly ingredients that banish irritations. Scientifically, *Frostilla* replenishes the moisture that exposure steals from a skin normally white, smooth and healthy. So when you play, hike, motor, ride, golf or hunt—remember your skin. And remember *Frostilla.*

Frostilla's blue-labelled bottle is beautiful

Large, generous-quantity boudoir bottles of Frostilla are 50c and $1 at all drug and dept. stores in the U. S. and Canada. Better class 5-and-10c stores offer a handy 10c size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York, and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Rep. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Mad. Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.)

FROSTILLA

SAVES YOUR SKIN

Debutante Days and Nights

(Continued from Page 9)

Q. How much does she spend on clothes?

A. Allowances average $150 a month. Some girls get as much as $250 to $300. But the allowances usually cover only the smaller things.

Fur coats, evening wraps and the more important evening dresses are usually given by the girl's family.

Clothes are bought in Paris if the debutante is fortunate enough to have been abroad just before coming out. But she buys increasingly in New York, because the Paris fashions are in New York almost simultaneously with Paris, and because one is much more certain to have the right style if one buys late.

Her Clothes

THE debutante wouldn't think of not being dressed like everyone else. Her coming-out dress itself she buys as shortly before the event as possible, and December sees the final additions made to her wardrobe. Here is an actual list of the number of things a debutante gets for her coming-out season as furnished by Mr. Goodman of Bergdorf-Goodman, New York:

FUR COATS

Gray krimmer for football games.
Lapin for daytime.

COATS

Velvet evening wrap fur trimmed.
Cloth street coat fur trimmed.

ENSEMBLES

Three-quarter cloth three-piece suit with satin blouse, fox collar.

Four-piece suit—long coat fur trimmed, with cardigan jacket and sweater and skirt.

DAY DRESSES

Cloth sports tailored dress.
Black velvet dress with lace collar.
Light velvet dress.
Two colored crêpes.

EVENING CLOTHES

Robe de style. Crêpe.
Satin. Brocade.
Tulle.

HATS

Sport hat for four-piece suit.
Soleil hat for three-piece suit.
Sport hat for fur coat and tailored dress.
Two felt hats.

FURS

Cross fox. Silver fox.

BAGS

Two evening—one pearl and one brocade.
Three day bags.
One sport.

Q. What other frills and trappings go with being a debutante?

A. First of all, being a debutante brings the family into town for the season. Commuting is impossible, so country homes simply wait while an apartment or a house in town makes possible the busy life of the young daughter of the household. Then it allows her, for the duration of the season, to monopolize her mother's car and chauffeur.

She is not permitted a personal maid or a secretary, but she undoubtedly leans heavily on her mother's maid and not infrequently on her father's secretary, for it is always her code to answer invitations promptly.

Pictures she must have for the fashionable magazines, Vogue, Town and Country, and Spur, as well as for the newspapers.

Her favorite photographer is Ira Hill. Ira Hill's studio photographs cast a glamour, a dignity and repose over the carefully chiseled head of this eighteen-year-old in which she is absolutely happy to appear before the world.

Orchids or gardenias are a part of her equipment. When they come from her escort it is very exciting. But flowers there are always, and her mother sees to the ordering of them.

Q. Does she drink?

Does she smoke?

Does she play bridge? For stakes?

Does she dine out alone with men?

And how often does she get a chance to go to the theater?

A. Cocktails never—except at a small party at home. Champagne is *de rigueur* at every big dance. It is considered absolutely essential to the success of the occasion. It is the wine the debutante may drink.

Cigarettes, yes. And her choice is the fifteen-cent cigarette, the self-same kinds that every Tom, Dick and Harry enjoy.

Bridge is an essential accomplishment. It fills in the half hour between a late dinner and a still later ball, or it forms the logical sequence to a luncheon. She plays for low stakes.

For the first part of the season a girl is never unchaperoned. An escort may call for her to take her to a party, or she goes to a party with a group of friends, but a chaperon invariably takes her home. Before the end of the season she begins to kick vigorously against these restrictions, and she is indeed truly happy when at last she may go about unchauffeured in her escort's car, or may dine out alone with him.

But she dines only in the conventionally accepted places, and never does she get the thrill of being taken to a speak-easy!

Her Ideal Man

THEATER parties she is invited to endlessly. Dramas are the choice to follow a small dinner. And musical comedies seem to be the appropriate food for large parties. As large parties dominate her first season, the poor debutante sees the best musical comedies of the year four or five times over—so often that she doesn't care whether she ever sees another musical comedy again.

Q. What is her ideal man? And what kind of girl does he require the successful debutante to be?

A. The debutante's ideal man is an American. Foreigners do not appeal to her. She finds them "too smooth." A man must be of her own age or two or three years older. College men, athletes and brunets are preferred. To be a good dancer, to be good-looking and to be amusing are the supreme requirements. The art of conversation is not important, as dancing is the main occupation and it leaves no time for any other conversation than just blah.

Vivacity, the right appearance and a good line are the requirements the male of the species makes of the girl. He isn't aware whether she wears the same dress over and over again, but, by a million intangibles, he senses instantly whether it's smart or not.

From the debutante's point of view he expects a "terrific amount" from a girl. She must be able to do things—golf, ride, and so on; must have a certain amount of common sense, be lots of fun and a good sport. He doesn't approve of her slang, but just the same she rides certain expressions—just a few of them—to death.

Q. Who are the chaperons?

A. The services of chaperons are customarily engaged through Miss Dignam's Bureau and the various Social Secretaries. The usual rate charged is five dollars an evening, though a scale is also

(Continued on Page 180)

ESMOND, R. I.—*where Esmond Blankets are made . . . in the clean and pleasant atmosphere of a quaint New England village.*

BLANKETS *are such intimate things*

ANOTHER exclusive Esmond creation! A lovely, all-wool blanket in a basket weave and an interesting homespun design. A charming blanket from old New England that breathes the spirit of old Colonial days. Especially suited for use with Early American furniture.

Light in weight, yet warm and extremely serviceable. Ideal for use with a chaise longue or as a throw across the foot of the bed. A luxury that is practical!

Other exclusive Esmond patterns are now on display. Ask to see them. They're truly lovely things! Many novel Jacquard effects . . . outstandingly distinctive . . . different from anything attempted before.

Esmond Blankets are offered in a wealth of materials, weights and weaves . . . and in designs and colorings that harmonize effectively with modern spreads and hangings.

Blankets you'll be proud to own. Fine in texture . . . thickly napped . . . soft and warm and luxurious. And it's nice to know when you handle them, that they are made under conditions of immaculate cleanliness, in modern sunlit mills. in a quaint New England village. For blankets are such personal . . . such intimate things.

Esmond Blankets are sold by the leading retailers throughout the country. Look for the name and the trade mark.

THE ESMOND MILLS
Esmond, Rhode Island

ESMOND BLANKET

soft and warm as Rabbit fur

BLANKETS

not born to blush unseen, nor waste their beauty on the wintry air!

BY NIGHT. Warmth is the most important feature of a blanket by night. Its beauty is wasted on the chill air of winter unless it is luxuriously warm.

BY DAY. Beauty is the most important feature of a blanket during the day. No matter how warm it is, it must blush unseen unless it adds a note of loveliness to your room.

The Navarre, one of Lady Seymour's loveliest contributions to bedroom decoration, is reversible and is offered in many enchanting color combinations.

Lady Seymour

tells how to select blankets that are warm as well as decorative

THE first chill winds whistle excitedly around the house corners; the first fire crackles companionably on the hearth and, suddenly, all your nature responds to the appeal of winter. You need only to know that your house is ready for the cozy comforts of winter, that every bedroom is utterly inviting and amply supplied with beautiful blankets whose drowsy depths offer complete protection against the coldest night.

Look For These Features

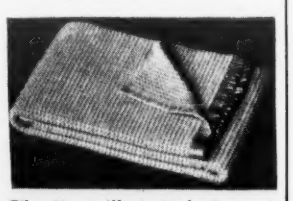
Bulk, rather than weight, indicates the heat-retaining value of blankets. This is because the deep nap made by long-fibre wool permits a greater number of the countless little air pockets that insure warmth.

The weaving should be strong, but not too tight. This, too, allows more of the insulating air pockets. Blankets, so made, are soft and yielding and offer the lightest as well as the most healthful warmth.

The nap should be elastic and curly. This means the blankets will wash beautifully. Lady Seymour Blankets are preshrunk and retain size and shape, as well as color and fluffiness.

Beauty should be seen in the texture of the wool as well as in color and design. Lady Seymour Blankets are made entirely of specially selected long-fibre wool. Artists choose the colors and designs. Master craftsmen weave them.

Lady Seymour offers many models in beautiful all wool blankets in solid colors, plaids, designs and two-tone effects. Double and single lengths. Beautifully boxed. At leading department stores.



The Deauville is Lady Seymour's newest general purpose blanket. It makes a particularly effective ensemble with colored linens.

The Monticello Coverlette makes a delightfully soft warm throw for day bed or chaise longue. Many colors in combination with white. Deeply fringed.

SEYMOUR WOOLEN MILLS, Seymour, Indiana
Since 1866

Just as a chemical test is necessary to determine the *amount* of wool in a blanket, so is a highly cultivated professional touch necessary to determine the *grade* of the wool. For three generations women have considered the Lady Seymour label the equivalent of the chemical test and the professional touch.

Free---A Valuable Book About Blankets

Do you know the health-protecting values of fine wool blankets? Do you know how to keep your fine wool blankets moth-free? Do you know how to keep their fluffiness through years of washing? Write today for Lady Seymour's booklet, "How to Choose and Care for Blankets".

Seymour Woolen Mills, Seymour, Indiana.

Please send Lady Seymour's free booklet to:

LHJ-2

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

(Continued from Page 178)

used of one dollar an hour up to eight P.M., $1.50 from eight P.M. to midnight, and two dollars after midnight.

An appointment is made for chaperon, mother and debutante daughter to meet before the intended engagement. The chaperon may call for the debutante at her home, she may call for her after dinner, or after any one of the parties of the progressive evening.

At the party a room is reserved for the "Miss Dignams" to wait in; and at a very large party, supper is served for them.

Q. Who makes up the Debutante List and Calendar?

A. Each year, mothers who are bringing out daughters send a nucleus of the list of their own and their daughters' friends to one of the Social Secretariats, and consult as to dates for parties so that they may not conflict with any others that are being planned. In this way the approved secretariats build up a list of the debutantes of the season, and a calendar of events. All the various lists supplement each other, and are drawn on for large parties.

Q. Where do the men come from?

A. First from the immediate circle of friends and relatives, then from school, college and club friends. And as the age of eligible men has a wider range than that of the debutante, beaus who have contrived to stay single are kept on the list from one season to another.

Q. After it all, what? Has the debutante benefited?

A. Yes. She has had a wonderful time. Her horizon has been broadened. Within her own group she has found her own level, arrived at her own measure. From now on she has found her own smaller circle, with which she has more fun. She is less tied down. She chooses her own interests and recreations. She is no longer one of the herd. She has outside interests; may take a salaried position, or if talented she may write or take up art. Or she decides to marry, and is launched on the thrilling life of the younger married set.

From Contemporary Poets

Borrowing

WHY, when the earth seems to be full of friends,
Should money live alongside sentiment
And make of comical means tragical ends—
So casually borrowed and so casually lent?
I borrowed sixpence from a hearty neighbor;
I thought his heartiness was mine and sound,
But now he watches me and wants my labor
And has a look in his eye that means a pound.
I borrowed a pound from a better friend than he,
The wherewithal to discount all my troubles,
And found that I had borrowed misery,
Since a friendly obligation only doubles. . . .
Now let me quickly borrow from a foe
And pay off both my friends—'tis better so.

—WITTER BYNNER.

Escape

ADAM, look up! This is not heavy doom.
Not exile, but escape. Languid we lie,
Listless beneath an ever tender sky.
Lilies crowd close; we smother in perfume;
Suave vines enmesh our feet; there is no room
To step, to stride. The dream-drugged hours slip by:
Nightly we sicken here, daily we die
In the stale sweetness of our garden tomb.

Not punishment—life more abundantly!
Rich recompense for one small shallow sin.
From tepid twilight into burning day—
Labor and sweat for you, travail for me.
Merciful wrath which does not lock us in—
The flaming sword a torch to light the way!

—RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.

To My Husband

TIME was, when I could write of love to you;
But that was in the days before we knew
Love's sweet and sure fulfillment. Tell me why,
Now we have lived our love together, I
Should write of rent and debts and baby shoes.
Is it Love's dirge, this dull housewifely news?
Have I forgotten all the love I knew—
Those dear love words I used to write to you?

Our love was young and like a shallow stream
When every pebble in its course could seem
Of grave importance. Now, so deep and wide
Our love has grown, that standing by its side
Scarcely a ripple marks the hidden rock,
And only in my heart I feel the shock
Of missing you. But this I need not say:
You know I miss you when you are away.

—VIVIAN L. MCBRAUN.

Black Forest

THIS is a wood whose every pine
Has something different to say.
Here branches twist against a line
The wind would urge another way.

These ragged epaulets belong
To some gray general of the wood;
And these low-swooping boughs are strong
Wings that protect an eagle's brood.

Here, upflung arms are priestesses',
Arching a temple for the sun;
There, green-bronze trunks are effigies
In niches where no light has shone.

This wash of needles is a sea,
Suddenly swollen, suddenly thinned,
Whose tidal pulse eternity
Measures off in a surf of wind.

That huddled slant of yearling spruce
Converges like a pattern of sheep.
And here, moss-deep, a man may lose
(And thankfully) all desire but sleep.

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Barrier

HUNCHED on the seat of his old squeaky cart
Ling Chong, our laundryman, jogs down the road
And throws the reins upon his old nag's back
And trots into our garden with his load.

"How do?" says Ling. "Fine day!" and nods at me.
His yellow face is wrinkled with a grin,
But his impassive guarded Chinese eyes
Refuse always to let the laughter in.

I joke with him about the price of starch
And pay him just as little as I can,
And scold him for the buttons that he breaks—
That poor benighted heathen Chinaman!

He nods and grins, and my light badinage,
My scorn, my anger, touch him not at all;
With curling lips and blank unchanging eyes
He watches me across the Chinese Wall.

—BLANCHE W. SCHOONMAKER.

"Cream of Tartar..." that's why Royal never fails!

FOLLOW ever so carefully a time-tried recipe . . . use the freshest and best materials . . . yet if one all-important ingredient—your baking powder—fails you, your cake will lack the delicacy of flavor, the fine, velvety texture, you so confidently expected.

Why take this chance . . . when there is one sure way to avoid disappointment? Use baking powder made with Cream of Tartar.

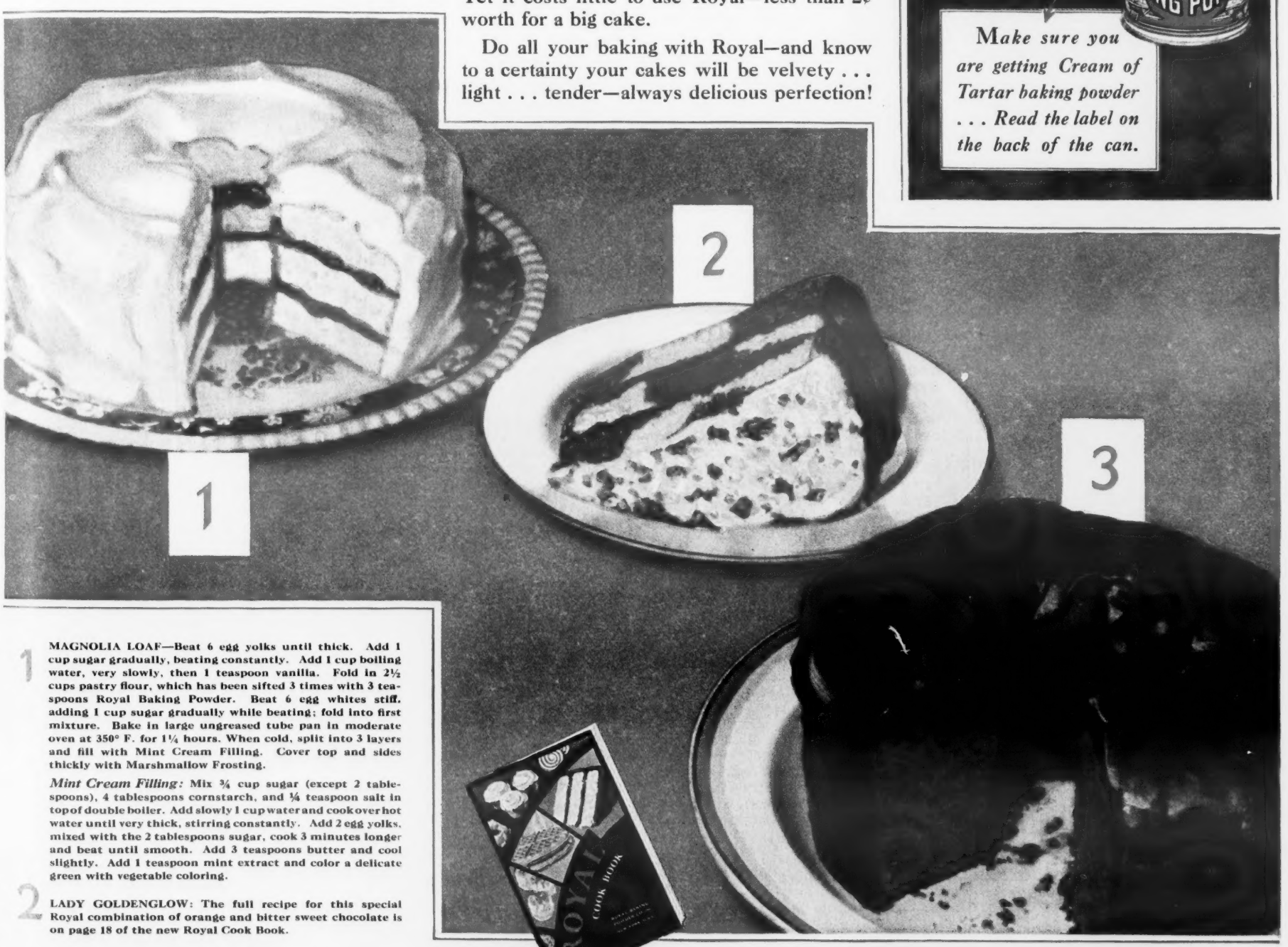
For generations Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder, has met every test of fine baking. Even texture . . . feathery lightness . . . extra deliciousness—the Cream of Tartar in Royal insures them all.

Healthfulness, too. Doctors and hospital dietitians, those best qualified to judge, agree that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made.

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product—from fresh, ripe grapes. It is an expensive ingredient—imported from Southern Europe. Yet it costs little to use Royal—less than 2¢ worth for a big cake.

Do all your baking with Royal—and know to a certainty your cakes will be velvety . . . light . . . tender—always delicious perfection!

Make sure you are getting Cream of Tartar baking powder . . . Read the label on the back of the can.



1 MAGNOLIA LOAF—Beat 6 egg yolks until thick. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add 1 cup boiling water, very slowly, then 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 2½ cups pastry flour, which has been sifted 3 times with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Beat 6 egg whites stiff, adding 1 cup sugar gradually while beating; fold into first mixture. Bake in large ungreased tube pan in moderate oven at 350° F. for 1¼ hours. When cold, split into 3 layers and fill with Mint Cream Filling. Cover top and sides thickly with Marshmallow Frosting.

Mint Cream Filling: Mix ¾ cup sugar (except 2 tablespoons), 4 tablespoons cornstarch, and ¼ teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Add slowly 1 cup water and cook over hot water until very thick, stirring constantly. Add 2 egg yolks, mixed with the 2 tablespoons sugar, cook 3 minutes longer and beat until smooth. Add 3 teaspoons butter and cool slightly. Add 1 teaspoon mint extract and color a delicate green with vegetable coloring.

2 LADY GOLDENGLOW: The full recipe for this special Royal combination of orange and bitter sweet chocolate is on page 18 of the new Royal Cook Book.

3 LADY BETTY: Cream thoroughly ⅔ cup butter; add 1½ cups sugar, beating continually. Add yolks of 4 eggs; beat well. Sift together 1⅔ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and add 1 cup chopped walnuts. Add this flour mixture and 1 cup milk alternately a little at a time to first mixture, mixing thoroughly. Just before adding last of flour, add 3 squares unsweetened chocolate (melted). Fold in the beaten whites of 4 eggs. Bake in a well-greased and floured 9-inch tube pan in a moderate oven at 325° F. about one hour and a quarter. Turn out and cool. Cover the top and sides with chocolate icing.

FREE—New Cook Book

Revised edition of the famous Royal Cook Book. Up-to-date . . . newest modern methods . . . many new features. Among the recipes, 125 brand new ones.

Mail coupon for the new Royal Cook Book

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. L
101 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send my free copy of the new revised Royal Cook Book, containing 360 recipes.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

MONTAG'S

CHIN CHIN

This is very new!

So few writing papers are distinctive as well as correct! *Montag's* CHIN-CHIN is among the note-worthy few.

The sheets are the large, folded club size, with hand-deckled edges and a blended two-tone texture of Chinese subtlety. The envelopes are large, with pointed flaps, inner-lined with gorgeous tissue of characteristic Oriental design.

Colors: China-white, Mongol-gray, Peach-blossom and Melican-blond.

Beautifully boxed for gift purposes. Price $1 at fine stores everywhere.

TO ACQUAINT YOU with our papers, we offer THE MOOD BOX—a full quire sampler assortment of three Montag papers for the three moods of letter-writing—*formal, informal and business.* This box only, by mail, price $1.00 postpaid; Canada, $1.10. *Address Dept. 211.*

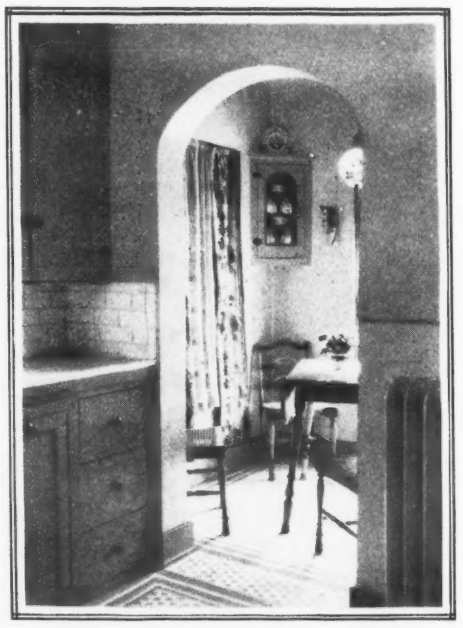
MONTAG BROTHERS, INC., ATLANTA, GA.
New York Showroom, 200 Fifth Avenue

Montag's

FASHIONABLE *Writing* PAPERS

Troublesome Floor Stains

By DAVID DE WITT



Stains should not be allowed to mar the beauty of a tile floor.

IT IS inevitable that some day in your home somebody will drop something on the floor that will leave a stain. Or maybe the annoying stain will result from a leaky pipe, or Tony's rusty skates, left in the corner of the tile-floored vestibule. Sometimes the tiled bathroom floor seems to develop discoloration at places where no one at all ever spilled anything whatsoever.

Our modern homes are likely to have a variety of floors. From the faithful woods we are all accustomed to, floor materials have deviated to various types that include a wide range of materials, from cork to marble. There are rough tiles and glazed tiles; linoleums; slate and flagstone; rubber tiles and cork tiles; and composite floor coverings made of ingredients better known to their manufacturers than to us.

Most floors are better off for a finishing coat of wax, well polished. A waxed floor does not stain easily, for the coating of wax usually stops any penetration of matter that might stain. But floors of marble, tile, slate, brick, or the like, usually are not coated with anything to protect them and are, therefore, susceptible to staining by various foreign substances.

Polished marble and glazed tiles, and the tiles usually used in bathrooms and kitchens, may be dealt with in different ways to remove stains.

If the stain resulted from contact with organic matter, such as molded leaves or rotted wood, a 5 per cent solution of soda lye may be applied with a fiber brush. Don't use a hair brush, because the bristles will be eaten by the soda lye. Nor does one want to get this solution on the hands, for they, too, will be harmed by the soda lye. Wash the solution off the floor with clean water, being sure to banish completely all traces of the solution. If the stain goes, then polish the cleaned surface with a soft cloth. If the stain is stubborn, repeat the application of soda-lye solution as before. Should the polish of marble be dulled by this treatment, the surface may be repolished by rubbing it with putty powder and water.

Grease and Oil

GREASE and oil stains are usually best removed by treating with a preparation made of Spanish white—a commercial grade of whiting made from chalk—mixed with benzine. Spread the thin pulp mixture over the stain and cover it with a damp cloth. After the poultice has been there six or eight hours remove it and clean the spot with water. If the stain is old and determined to remain, several treatments may be needed to dislodge it from your otherwise immaculate floor. If chloroform is added to the mixture it will sometimes have a more telling effect on a stubborn stain.

Stains resulting from iron mold and ink spots disappear more readily if another type of remover is employed. Mix half an ounce of butter of antimony—antimony is a metal of white color and bright luster that does not readily tarnish, and butter of antimony has been used in medicine as a caustic—one ounce of oxalic acid, one pint of rain water and enough flour to make a paste. Put a poultice of this mixture on the stain, applying it with a brush. Leave the mixture on for two or three days. Wash off with water; polish with a cloth.

Acids as stain removers are dangerous, especially to marble, but sometimes they must be resorted to. Rust is one of the most difficult things to remove, but it will usually succumb to muriatic acid. Muriatic acid, however, is powerful, and the marble or tile must be quickly washed with ammonia water to neutralize the acid. A second washing with clean water will prevent disintegration of the surface.

Unglazed, porous tiles and bricks may be rubbed with a smooth brick or pumice to remove the discolored surface. If red, use some red ocher to keep the color uniform, and apply a coat of olive oil. This treatment comes from rural Spain, where such tiles are used and are regularly cared for by treating with this particular oil.

Bleaching

SLATE and flagstone floors may be rubbed with pumice to remove stains, after which they respond best to warm water and mild soapsuds. Any kind of stone floor may be waxed with a thin coat of liquid wax, and polished. Wax helps to keep the cement joints from deterioration through wear and penetration of dirt and water.

There is one kind of manufactured tile that will not be harmed by either acid or alkali, be it waxed or not. That is rubber. Soap and water should be used for these soft floors. They can be waxed, too, but, if waxed, don't scrub them with soapy water. A damp mop, perhaps, such as one would use on waxed hardwood floors, might be employed, but avoid surplus water.

There is a more or less standard bleaching liquid known as Javelle water, which may be used sparingly in almost any case of stain removal. However, it is strong and powerful, and must be used with caution on materials having either color or high polish. Javelle water is made of one pound of washing soda, one quarter of a pound of chloride of lime, and three pints of water. Dissolve the soda in a quart of water. Use an earthenware bowl. Put the chloride of lime, a little at a time, in the remaining pint of water, mashing the lumps as you do so. Mix the two solutions together, still using earthenware bowls exclusively, and stir occasionally. Let it settle for a day and then drain off the liquid, straining it through a muslin cloth. Keep Javelle water in bottles, handle cautiously and use sparingly. It will knock the spots out of spots, with gratifying frequency.

smooth

So smooth . . . a benediction to your skin . . . Pacquin's velvety smoothness drenches dry, parched skin with fresh creamy beauty.

Whatever the troublesome marring tasks—a bit of this fluffy, fragrant cream . . . a quick, gentle stroking . . . and delectable smoothness creeps over your hands, invisibly gloving them with the deep, exquisite softness of velvety Pacquin's Hand Cream.

Send 10 cents to Jane E. Curran, Inc., Dept. L-2, 101 West 31st St., New York, for Introductory Pacquin Jar—sufficient for two weeks.

Pacquin's HAND CREAM

FOR YOUTHFUL HANDS

4 oz. jar $1.00—1¾ oz. tube 50¢—Introductory jar 10¢—ALSO MAKERS OF PACQUIN'S—COLD AND VANISHING CREAMS

Sickness . . . or health?

ESPECIALLY must the toilet be kept clean to safeguard the health of the family. Sani-Flush makes it such an easy task—takes all the unpleasantness out of it—makes it the work of a moment.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush! Stains and incrustations disappear! Foul odors are banished!

Sani-Flush is harmless to plumbing. Use it frequently.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. *In Canada,* 35c.

Sani-Flush

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

SOFT as a whisper of Parisian luxury...flashing with color...sparkling with style... this lovely modern Munsingwear! There's witchery in its stitchery... a lithesome grace in every gracious line... and beauty that's delightfully durable! There are Sleeping and Lounging Ensembles, Vests, Briefs, Bloomers and Chemises of many models, Bandeaux and Costume Slips...all fashioned of soft, caressing Munsingwear Rayon...specially processed by Munsingwear...and found exclusively in these exquisite Munsingwear Modes. Let us send you our new Munsingwear Booklet of Intimate Feminine Fashions. Write Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

HOSIERY, TOO! Clear, sheer, filmy Chiffon and Service Styles... three smart heels, French, Square, and Sylphline ... the newest colors and the same, famous Munsingwear Quality in every fashionable pair!

MUNSING Wear

½ the dust on furniture ½ the work on floors

Two welcome ways to dispel housework have been discovered in one source

GOODBYE! to hours of drudgery. Half your dusting can be banished. And you can have and keep new beauty for your floors almost effortlessly.

Dust cannot cling to wax-polished furniture. Chemist Henry W. Banks, III, has definitely proved it. He has shown that less than half the dust caught by the oily film of ordinary furniture polishes remains on Johnson's Wax. What little lingers is easily whisked from its hard, dry smoothness.

Equally desirable as a floor polish, wax is the easiest of all finishes to have, with the almost magical aid of Johnson's Electric Floor Polisher. It works while you admire, all by itself, without any pushing or bearing down, swiftly burnishing all your floors to glorious radiance.

Notice how dust sinks into oily polishes; how it is caught and held

Little dust lingers on wax polish; and it is easily whisked away

You can rent it for a whole day for only $2. Or buy one, complete with ½ gal. of wax and applying mop, for only $29.50. The name of a nearby dealer who carries it, a 25c can of wax, and a FREE booklet—all will be sent you for our bare mailing cost, 10c. Mail the coupon now.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.

"The Interior Finishing Authorities"

(Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)

Waxes Varnishes Enamels Wood Dyes Fillers Wood Finishes

Johnson's Wax *Polish*

FOR FLOORS AND FURNITURE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, *Dept. L-11, Racine, Wisconsin.*
Send me a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ Send me the name of a nearby dealer who rents Johnson's Electric Floor Polisher.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

The Ranger

(Continued from Page 15)

faced what seemed inevitable death, where there had presented not the slightest chance to escape. Vaughn was not of a temper to resign. He would watch till the very last second. For Roseta, however, he endured agonies. He had looked at the mutilated, outraged body of more than one girl victim of bandits. As a last resource he could only pray for a recurrence of such unheard-of and incredible luck as had made ranger history.

WHEN at length the gully narrowed to a mere crack in the hill, and the water failed, Juan put his men to the ascent of a steep brush slope. And before long they broke out into a trail.

Presently a peon came in sight astride a mustang, and leading a burro. He got by the two guards, though they crowded him into the brush. But Juan halted him, and got off Star to see what was in the pack on the burro. With an exclamation of great satisfaction he pulled out what appeared to Vaughn to be a jug or demijohn covered with wickerwork. Juan pulled out the stopper and smelled the contents.

"*Canyu!*" he said, and his white teeth gleamed. He took a drink, then smacked his lips. When the guards, who had stopped to watch, made a move to dismount he cursed them vociferously. Sullenly they slid back in their saddles. Juan stuffed the demijohn into the right saddlebag of Vaughn's saddle. Here the peon protested, in a mixed dialect that Vaughn could not translate. But the content was obvious. Juan kicked the ragged fellow's sandaled foot, and ordered him on with a significant touch of Vaughn's big gun, which he wore so pompously. The peon lost no time riding off. Juan remounted and drove the cavalcade on.

Vaughn turned as his horse started, and again he encountered Roseta's dark intent eyes. They seemed telepathic this time, as well as soulful with unutterable promise. She had read Vaughn's thought. If there were anything that had dominance of the peon's nature it was the cactus liquor, *canyu*. Ordinarily he was volatile, unstable as water, flint one moment and wax the next. But with the burn of *canyu* in his throat he had the substance of mist.

Vaughn felt the lift and pound of his leaden heart. He had prayed for the luck of the ranger, and lo! a peon had ridden up, packing *canyu*.

IV.

CANYU was a distillation from the maguey cactus, a plant similar to the century plant. The peon brewed it. But in lieu of the brew, natives often cut into the heart of a plant and sucked the juice. Vaughn had once seen a native sprawled in the middle of a huge maguey, his head buried deep in the heart of it, and his legs hanging limp. Upon examination he appeared to be drunk, but it developed that he was dead.

This liquor was potential fire. The lack of it made peons surly; the possession of it made them gay. One drink changed the mental and physical world. Juan whistled after the first drink; after the second he began to sing La Paloma.

Almost at once the pace of travel that had been maintained slowed perceptibly. Vaughn felt like a giant: He believed he could break the thongs that bound his wrists. As he had prayed for his ranger luck, so he prayed for anything to delay this bandit on the trail.

The leader Juan either wanted the *canyu* for himself or was too crafty to share with his two men, probably both. With all three of them the center of attention had ceased to be in Uvalde's girl and the hated gringo ranger. It lay in that demijohn. If a devil lurked in this white liquor for them, there was likewise for the prisoners a watching angel.

The way led into a shady rocky glen. As of one accord the horses halted, without, so far as Vaughn could see, any move or word from their riders. This was proof that the two guards in the lead had ceased to ride with the sole idea in mind of keeping to a steady gait. Vaughn drew a deep breath, as if to control suspense. No man could foretell the variety of *canyu* effects, but certain it must be that something would happen.

Juan had mellowed. A subtle change had occurred in his disposition, though he was still the watchful leader. Vaughn felt that he was now in more peril from this bandit than before the advent of the *canyu*. This, however, would not last long. He could only bide his time, watch and think. His luck had begun. He divined it, trusted it with mounting passion.

THE two guards turned their horses across the trail, and that maneuver blocked Roseta's mount while Vaughn's came up alongside. If he could have stretched out his hand he could have touched Roseta. Many a time he had been thrilled and softened and bewildered in her presence, not to say frightened, but he had never felt as now. Roseta contrived to touch his bound foot with her stirrup, and the deliberate move made Vaughn tremble. Still he did not yet look directly down at her.

The actions of the three guards were as clear to Vaughn as an inch of crystal water. If he had seen one fight among peons over *canyu* he had seen a hundred. First, the older of the two guards leisurely got off his horse. His wide straw sombrero hid all his face, except a peaked, yellow chin, scantily covered with black whiskers. His garb hung in rags, and a cartridge belt was slung loosely over his left shoulder. He had left his rifle in its saddle-sheath, and his only weapon was a bone-handled machete stuck in a dilapidated scabbard on his belt.

"Juan, we are thirsty and have no water," he said.

"Gonzalez, one drink and no more," returned Juan, and lifted out the demijohn.

With eager cry the greaser tipped it to his lips. And he gulped until Juan jerked it away. Then the other peon tumbled off his horse and gayly besought Juan for a drink, if only one precious drop. Juan complied, but this time he did not let go of the demijohn.

Vaughn felt a touch—a gentle pressure on his knee. Roseta had laid her gloved hand there. Then he had to avert his gaze from the Mexicans.

"Oh, Vaughn, I *knew* you would come to save me," she whispered. "But they have caught you. . . . For God's sake do something."

"Roseta, I reckon I can't do much at this sitting," replied Vaughn, smiling down at her. "Are you—all right?"

"Yes, except I'm tired and my legs ache. I was frightened badly enough before you happened along. But now—it's terrible. . . . Vaughn, they are taking us to Quinela. He is a monster. My father told me so. . . . If you can't save me you must kill me."

"I SHALL save you, Roseta," he whispered low, committing himself on the altar of the luck that had never failed him.

Her eyes held his and there was no doubt about the warm pressure of her hand on his knee. But even through this sweet stolen moment, Vaughn had tried to attend to the argument of the bandits. He heard their mingled voices, all high-pitched and angry. In another moment they would jump at each other like dogs.

(Continued on Page 187)

3,000,000 women can sign THIS testimonial

Put yourself in this picture! A simple demonstration by your Hoosier dealer will prove the facts

"I could no more think of getting along without my Hoosier than I could without my refrigerator, sink or stove.

"IT HAS REALLY SAVED 40% of my kitchen time, as you claim—to say nothing of untold steps and fatiguing work.

"I realize now why so many women have chosen this 'perfect working center.' Without it, my kitchen would slip back into pre-modern drudgery."

WHEN you go to buy your Hoosier, look for the Hoosier *name-plate*. It identifies the *genuine*—sold only by authorized Hoosier dealers.

Hoosier's superior construction and exclusive features further point out the real Hoosier.

Sugar and flour bins with slip-leaf spouts—for example—the flour bin equipped with patented shaker-sifter.

The revolving spice caster with handy crystal jars; Mrs. Christine Frederick's menus, on rotating charts; three-way electric outlet and overhead light; scientifically arranged drawers, shelves, racks, etc.

All *simplify* and *centralize* your daily work immeasurably!

See the Hoosier—first! You'll not be satisfied with any other cabinet.

$39.75, plus freight, is the remarkably low price of the HOOSIER JUNIOR, *designed especially for the small kitchen. It has Hoosier's chief work-saving aids—in every way is of as fine quality as this* HOOSIER DELUXE *or other large models*

◆ ◆ ◆

Breakfast sets—beautifully designed, smart, sturdy—are finished to harmonize with your Hoosier. In enamels with two-tone trim, and exclusive Hoosier oak finishes, Slate, Antique, Marine. The new Hoosier booklet will help you decide the color scheme for your kitchen and breakfast room

©1929, H. M. C.

MAKE *SURE* THAT THE NAME-PLATE ON YOUR KITCHEN CABINET SAYS

"Hoosier"

—YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE *GENUINE*

FREE

"WHAT! IS THIS THE KITCHEN?"

There has been an unusual demand for this interesting new 32-page booklet. It suggests smart, inexpensive effects—interior decorative suggestions for kitchen and breakfast room. Mail coupon for *your* copy, today.

HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
1129 Leslie Street, New Castle, Indiana

Please send me your new 32-page booklet on kitchen planning and breakfast room furniture—free.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Only the best raisins could make these cookies *so Good!*

IN COOKIES, cakes and desserts, as well as in the simplest every-day dishes, your use of Sun-Maid Raisins is like adding an extra touch of cooking skill. Exclusive processes set them quite apart from ordinary raisins.

For instance, do you know of another seeded raisin that is *not sticky*? Or of any other so skillfully seeded that all the juice—hence all the flavor—is kept inside? These are features exclusive to Sun-Maid PUFFED—so large and plump and tender, and ready for use the moment you open the carton. Sun-Maid PUFFED are ideal for cakes, nut bread, raisin bread, plum pudding and other delicacies.

Sun-Maid NECTARS are also prepared by an exclusive process. Notice how full and rounded they are, not withered—so attractive and glossy of skin, and with a fresh, grape-like flavor that is not only delicious, but keeps perfectly through cooking. Sun-Maid NECTARS are delightful in cookies, muffins, puddings, desserts—and especially for healthful between-meal treats for children.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid Raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed in the finest dried fruit plant in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

In ordering from your grocer, bear in mind that NECTARS and PUFFED are made only by Sun-Maid. NECTARS in the familiar red carton, PUFFED in the blue.

Better Results From Every Raisin Recipe!

Each of these improved types of raisins has its uses in a long list of delightful recipes. We have prepared a new book entitled "New Interest In Simple Menus", full of fascinating suggestions, and will gladly send you a copy without charge. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Ass'n, Fresno, Calif.

The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.

TRY THESE SUN-MAID RAISIN OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup sugar	2 cups rolled oats
1 cup shortening	2 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk	½ teaspoon soda
1½ cups Sun-Maid Nectars raisins	2 cups flour
	1½ teaspoons lemon extract

Plunge raisins in hot water for a minute and drain. Cream shortening with sugar, then add beaten eggs and milk. Add rolled oats, beat well, then add flour sifted with baking powder, soda and salt. When thoroughly mixed add raisins and lemon extract. Drop in small portions on a greased baking sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

SUN-MAID RAISINS

The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.

(Continued from Page 185)

A wrestling sound, trample of hoofs, a shrill "*Santa Maria!*" and a sodden blow preceded the startling crash of a gun.

As Vaughn's horse plunged he saw Roseta's rear into the brush, with her screaming, and Star lunge out of a cloud of blue smoke. Next moment Vaughn found himself tearing down the trail. He was helpless, but he squeezed the scared horse with his knees and kept calling: "Whoa, there—whoa, boy!"

Not for a hundred rods or more did the animal slow up. It relieved Vaughn to hear a clatter of hoofs behind him, and he turned to see Juan tearing in pursuit. Presently he crashed into the brush, and getting ahead of Vaughn turned into the trail again to stop the horse.

Juan jerked the heaving horse out of the brush into the trail, then led him back toward the scene of the shooting. But before they reached it Vaughn espied one of the guards coming with Roseta and a riderless horse. Juan grunted his satisfaction, and let them pass without a word.

ROSETA seemed less terrorized and shaken than Vaughn had feared she would be. Her dilated eyes, as she passed, said as plainly as any words could have done, that they had one less captor to contend with.

The journey was resumed. Vaughn drew a deep breath and endeavored to contain himself. The sun was still only halfway down toward the western horizon. Hours of daylight yet! And he had an ally more deadly than bullets, more subtle than any man's wit, sharper than the tooth of a serpent.

Perhaps in a quarter of an hour Vaughn, turning his head ever so slightly, out of the tail of his eye saw Juan take another drink of *canyu*. And it was a good stiff drink. Vaughn thrilled as he possessed his soul in patience. Presently Juan's latest deed would be as if it had never been. *Canyu* was an annihilation of the past.

"Juan, I'll fall off this horse pronto," began Vaughn.

"Very good, señor. Fall off," replied Juan amiably.

"I am most damned uncomfortable with my hands tied back this way. I can't sit straight. I'm cramped. Be a good fellow, Juan, and untie my hands."

"Señor Texas Medill, if you are uncomfortable now, what will you be when you tread the fiery cactus on your peeled feet?"

"But that will be short. No man lives such torture long, does he, Juan?"

"The *choya* kills quickly, señor."

"Juan, have you reflected upon the gold lying in the El Paso bank? Gold that can be yours for the ride. It will be long before my death is reported across the river. You have ample time to get to El Paso with my check and a letter. I can write it on a sheet of paper out of my note book. Surely you have a friend or acquaintance in El Paso or Juarez who can identify you at the bank as Juan—whatever your name is."

"Yes, señor, I have. And my name is Juan Mendoz."

"HAVE you thought about what you could do with three thousand dollars? Not Mexican pesos, but real gringo gold!"

"I have not thought, señor, because I hate to give in to dreams."

"Juan, listen. You are a fool. I know I am as good as dead. What have I been a ranger all these years for? And it's worth this gold to me to be free of this miserable cramp—and to feel that I have tried to buy some little kindness for the señorita there. She is part Mexican, Juan. She has Mexican blood in her, don't forget that. . . . Well, you are not betraying Quinela. And you will be rich. You will have my horse and saddle, if you are wise enough to keep Quinela from seeing them. You will buy silver spurs—with the long Spanish rowels. You will have jingling gold in your pocket. You will buy a *vaquero's* sombrero. And then think of your *chata*—your sweetheart, Juan. . . . Ah, I knew it. You have a *chata*. Think of what you can buy her. A Spanish mantilla, and a golden cross, and silver-buckled shoes for her little feet. Think how she will love you for that! . . . Then, Juan, best of all, you can go far south of the border—buy a hacienda, horses and cattle, and live there happily with your *chata*. You will only get killed in Quinela's service—for a few dirty pesos. . . . You will raise mescal on your hacienda, and draw your own *canyu*. . . . All for so little, Juan!"

"Señor not only has gold in a bank but gold on his tongue. . . . It is indeed little you ask and little I risk."

JUAN rode abreast of Vaughn and felt in his pockets for the check book and pencil, which he had neglected to return. Vaughn made of his face a grateful mask. This peon had become approachable, as Vaughn had known *canyu* would make him, but he was not yet under its influence to an extent which justified undue risk. Still Vaughn decided, if the bandit freed his hands and gave him the slightest chance he would jerk Juan out of that saddle. Vaughn did not lose sight of the fact that his feet would still be tied. He calculated exactly what he would do in case Juan's craftiness no longer operated. As the other stopped his horse and reined in Vaughn's, the girl happened to turn round, as she often did, and she saw them. Vaughn caught a flash of big eyes and a white little face as Roseta vanished round a turn in the trail. Vaughn was glad for two things, that she had seen him stop and that she and her guard would be unable to see what took place.

All through these tingling cold-nerved moments Juan appeared to be studying the check book. If he could read English, it surely was only familiar words. The thought leaped to Vaughn's mind to write a note to the banker quite different from what he had intended. Most assuredly if the El Paso banker ever saw that note Vaughn would be dead; and it was clearly possible that it might fall under his hands.

"Señor, you may sign me the gold in your El Paso bank," at length said Juan.

"Fine. You're a good fellow, Juan. But I can't hold a pencil with my teeth."

Juan kicked the horse Vaughn bestrode and moved him across the trail so that Vaughn's back was turned.

"There, señor," said the bandit, and his lean dark hand slipped book and pencil into Vaughn's vest pocket.

THE cunning, thought Vaughn, in sickening disappointment! He had hoped Juan would free his bonds and then hand over the book. But Vaughn's ranger luck did not yet ride so high.

He felt Juan tugging at the thongs around his wrists. They were tight—a fact Vaughn surely could attest to. He heard the bandit mutter a little and then curse.

"Juan, do you blame me for wanting those rawhides off my wrists?" asked Vaughn.

"Señor Medill is strong. It is nothing," returned the Mexican.

Suddenly the painful tension on Vaughn's wrists relaxed. He felt the thongs fall.

"*Muchas gracias, señor!*" he exclaimed. "Aghh! . . . That feels good."

Vaughn brought his hands round in front to rub each swollen and discolored wrist. But all the time he was gathering his forces, like a tiger about to leap. Had the critical moment arrived?

"Juan, that was a little job to make a man rich—now wasn't it?" went on Vaughn pleasantly. And leisurely, but with every muscle taut, he turned to face his guard.

(To be Concluded)

You can hire these

4 POLICEMEN

to keep your child healthy

EVERY neighborhood has its whiny children. They hang back in children's games. They lack stamina. When a dread epidemic sweeps the community, they are the first to be stricken. Their fretfulness is not so much the fault of disposition as of actual ill-health. Quite possibly, their little bodies are deficient in one of the four vitamins.

Think of the vitamins as policemen who guard your children's bodies against lurking infections. All four are necessary for normal growth and development. Rickets, scurvy, loss of appetite, and that treacherous enemy, the common cold . . . these are a few of the results of vitamin deficiency.

Doctors have long sought a food-combination which contained the four vitamins. Today, thanks to the laboratory tests of a leading biological chemist, they know that Maltine With Cod Liver Oil—added to orange juice in adequate dosage—*provides a sufficient quantity of all four vitamins to promote health. All four* are necessary!

Seventy per cent of this product is a concentrated extract of the nourishing elements of malted barley, wheat and oats (rich in Vitamin B). Thirty per cent is pure vitamin-tested cod liver oil (rich in Vitamins A and D). When "Maltine With Cod Liver Oil" is taken in orange juice (Vitamin C), all four vitamins are obtained. This combination is easily administered and readily digested. It is much more palatable than plain cod liver oil. It gives more than cod liver oil protection, for it contains the other vitamins which every child needs. Keep a bottle in the kitchen cabinet, and give it to your children daily.

Recently, we have published an absorbing booklet, "The Doctor Talks About Vitamins." In everyday English, it tells the important part vitamins play in health. May we send you a free copy? The Maltine Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York. Established 1875.

The A B C's of Vitamins

A "OFFICER A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is a recognized rich source of Vitamin A.*

B "OFFICER B" *is most essential. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in abundance in Maltine.*

C "OFFICER C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "OFFICER D" *is also necessary. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. Sound teeth depend upon it. It is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is rich in Vitamin D.*

Maltine

WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

The newest thing in PARIS is the "Gaytees ensemble"

Adjust this style to the weather's vagaries. Turn the cuff smartly down for damp streets. For snow or slush, turn it up snug and high.

These new tweed Gaytees have a smart strap cuff. They are cut to fit perfectly. And they come in the newest costume shades approved by Paris for this fall and winter.

These new Gaytees of gossamer rubber come either in button or KWIK-fastener style. They are light and comfortable, yet they afford wonderful protection against showers.

Maison Nicole Groult

29, RUE D'ANJOU

I think the new Gaytees for the Fall and Winter of 1930 are the smartest overshoes I have ever seen.

I approve of their colors and of their design.

They will harmonize with my new street ensembles and permit women to look smart no matter how stormy the weather.

Nicole Groult

Madame Groult's costumes are always among the most charming seen every new Paris season. They are always characterized by a simplicity that relies for its smartness upon line rather than upon elaborate detail.

The new Gaytees are thus highly honored to have her approval of their styles and colors.

Last summer Gaytees had a fashion show of their own—in Paris!

On the Champs Élysées and the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix, the new 1930 Gaytees—the very same styles you will now find in your own shoe store—were set before the great Paris dressmakers.

And what a welcome these smart new Gaytees received! As far as we can discover, no American fashion accessory *ever* met with such enthusiasm in Paris!

Then, because these dressmakers are quick as lightning to adopt a really clever new idea, they said at once, "We must create Fall and Winter ensemble costumes with these new Gaytees."

And they did! More than that, these "Gaytees ensembles" were worn by mannequins and shown at some of the most important of the Paris August openings!

Why did Paris extend this welcome to the new Gaytees? Because Gaytees are stormy-day costume accessories created as Paris creates her loveliest things—as part of the ensemble—to harmonize with the styles and colors and fabrics of the new hats and frocks and coats.

Of course, you'll want to plan one or more Gaytees ensembles for your own wardrobe. So, do as Paris does. Choose your Gaytees to harmonize with your costumes *just* as you choose your gloves and handbags and hats.

You'll probably want at least two pairs of the new Gaytees—one of the featherweight rubber for showers and wet streets and a heavier pair of tweed for real Winter storms.

Ask the salesman in your favorite shoe store to fit you with Gaytees when you buy your new Fall shoes.

You will find the name "Gaytees" inside the cuff of every pair. Prices range from $2.50 to $6. Made only by the

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

Gaytees – *the Tailored Overshoes*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

FROM the viewpoint of you Sub-Debs and your young crowd, November is a sort of halfway month, balanced between the summer vacation behind and the Christmas holidays ahead. The first novelty of your return to classes and study is over by now, and you have all pretty much settled down to a steady routine of work and play. The excitement of meeting old friends again has worn off.

In place of the past interests of summer, you are in the midst of a hundred new ambitions connected with school—your grades and standing in class, athletics, the dramatic and glee clubs, and sororities. Your infrequent—and therefore very precious—holidays have to be planned for carefully and far in advance if you would get the most out of each moment of spare time.

I have kept this in mind in collecting material for this month's page, and I believe that all our November suggestions will fit in with your new school life. And for the Christmas vacation, which you are doubtless thinking of already, I shall have something interesting to tell you next month.

—MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

A Football Dinner

DOUBTLESS many of you will go to football games this month in jolly groups, to cheer the home team or to see some special chum play on prep school or college eleven. After the game, then, why not bring the whole crowd back to your house for a football dinner, or if you prefer and it seems more convenient, for an informal supper party?

In either case the table decorations are the same—a long linen runner and place mats in the school or college colors—these may be of crêpe paper, of course, if you choose—and as a centerpiece a huge candy-box football such as one can buy at any sweets shop this month. The football is filled with small favors for the guests, instead of candy, and each favor is wrapped in tissue paper matching the table colors, and has one or two narrow ribbons in the same colors running to the place of the particular guest for whom that gift is intended.

These favors will be appreciated if you choose for the girls the new Spanish-linen handkerchiefs; and a charming touch is to plan your party long enough in advance to have each handkerchief marked with a guest's initials. For the boys, silver key rings will be popular, or pocket-size leather memorandum books. A very tiny school pennant at each plate is tied to the other end of the ribbon from the football centerpiece.

Between the courses start your party singing college songs, with the ruling that everybody may sing as long as he or she remembers the words, but at the first lapse of memory each singer must drop out of the chorus and remain mute until another song is started.

Small score cards and pencils will be found at each guest's place, and on these a mark must be scored against the guest for each failure to finish a song. Of course the one having the lowest score at the end of the dinner is awarded a prize. This might appropriately be a book of college songs, which can be tried out in the living room that same evening with the whole crowd clustered round the piano.

Later you might divide the company into two troupes, and get each to act out an impromptu burlesque on college life. This will enable you to use all the amateur talent in the group, for you can introduce song-and-dance numbers, jokes, banjo, guitar or any other instrumental solo, monologues, and so on, to the extent of the material at hand. It will make a lively and hilarious evening, and one which will not tax too severely the young hostess' ingenuity in planning beforehand. If you want to send out invitations, cut out ovals of tan cardboard, in the shape of footballs, and write your message on these. Then tie them with your school colors.

Rainy-Day Smartness

FOR most girls Saturdays in November are probably closely linked in their thoughts with football games. This means considering one's costume in connection with all sorts of probable weather; so we have tried this month to give you some interesting suggestions that have to do with looking your best on rainy days.

We all have experienced the desperate sinking of the heart that comes when we have planned to wear our most becoming coat and frock for a very special occasion, and the unfeeling Weather Man says "No!" Still, it is entirely possible to look smart and suitably dressed, even though the heavens do open their floodgates and try to drench us.

Manufacturers of waterproof coats and footgear have at last come to realize that very natural feminine desire to look our best on golden and gray days alike, and in the illustrations on this page you will see the highly successful results of some of their most recent efforts along these lines.

The swagger belted coat on the right, with the deep pockets, looks like a leather sports coat, but isn't. It has all the style and comfort of the latter, but is rainproof, and less expensive than leather. The coat is fleece lined, which makes it windproof too—since in November cold winds and rain usually come together. It proves a smart and useful motoring coat even for fine weather, owing to its warmth and the easy comfort with which one can slip in and out of it in a possibly crowded car.

The stunning coat on the middle girl looks like a tweed topcoat, but is also waterproofed. The belt, patch pockets and strapped cuffs give it just the smart, up-to-the-minute air the Sub-Deb affects. You can don this on a threatening day and not appear to be wearing a raincoat at all. Regardless of whether the downpour materializes or not, you are pleasantly assured of being well dressed. Turn up the coat collar about your ears against nipping winds, and you can defy the Weather Man's worst efforts.

The girl on the left is wearing a still different type of coat—designed in Paris but made over here in a waterproof material of a new, interesting design. Belt, throw tie and tightly buttoned collar are distinctive touches, such as Paris knows so well how to add.

Duro Gloss.
COURTESY J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY

Center—Naugatex. Right—Windtex.
COURTESY U. S. RUBBER COMPANY

And now on to the question of protecting—becomingly—the Sub-Deb's pretty slippers and walking shoes when the streets are rivers and even the sidewalks are no respecters of just-polished leather. Here are several types of rubberized footwear, suitable to high, medium and low heels and all sorts of costumes. The trim little green gaiters with one snap are so new that probably none of your friends have seen them yet. Equally new and good-looking are the higher gaiters—some of thin, flexible rubber, others of rubberized fabric that makes for greater warmth in winter weather. You needn't apologize for rubbers these colorful days. And a rainy day now won't turn you into a drab little grub when all normal young things' instincts have much more in common with butterflies.

But raincoats and rubbers are merely the foundations, as it were, of the many new accessories that go to make up the ensemble of rainy-day smartness. Lack of space on this page, as usual, forces us to summarize the main points instead of going into the many interesting details we would like to tell you about, and which we have gathered together for you after talking to buyers and manufacturers in various parts of the country.

So, also as usual, we decided to cover the subject fully in a little booklet, which we are calling Rainy-Day Smartness, and which will show you the newest styles of the moment in raincoats, storm hats, footwear, umbrellas, sports scarfs especially adapted to stormy weather, and so on. Send a two-cent stamp to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Before planning your rainy-weather outfit, you might just as well know what the possibilities are, and then make your choice of what best suits your needs.

Drawings by Earle Kirkbride

Below left—Shugloves. Right—Gaiters.

COURTESY MILLER COURTESY FIRESTONE

For Thanksgiving Parties

YOUTHFUL hostesses, as well as their mothers and older sisters, are always on the lookout for novel place cards for luncheons and bridge parties. If, in addition to being new and original, you can make them yourselves at home, so much the better.

Here then is an idea which fills all the above requirements. There is a delicious potpourri of dried rose leaves on the market at present which goes by the altogether enchanting name of "Tout Mon Jardin"—in other words, "All My Garden," or in freer but perhaps more interesting translation, "My Garden Itself."

At any rate, whatever its name, its spicy fragrance has a very real charm of its own. It comes in glass jars and, as only a pinch or two is needed for each place card, you can use it for many parties during the season. Take a piece of gauze ribbon about four inches wide, and perhaps eight in length, in the particular color you have chosen for your lunch or card table. In the exact center of this ribbon place a small mound of the dried rose leaves, and form it into a tiny, hard bag or pouch by tying a narrow silver ribbon about the neck, just above the rose-leaf contents. The rest of the gauze ribbon is fluffed out like ballet skirts, and the hard top looks amusingly like the head of a gaudy little rag doll in gala attire. To one end of the narrow silver ribbon tie a wee pumpkin card on which the name of the guest is written.

Set these dainty, fragrant little ballet dolls around your table, at each place, and then listen to your guests exclaim when they first catch sight of them! The best of it is, too, that it takes only a few moments to prepare the entire number, and costs next to nothing, since the gauze ribbon can be bought at the five-and-ten-cent store, and, as we

New Personal Belt

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of pyroxylin especially designed for absolute security.

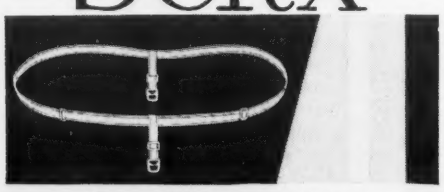
Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.

Beltx



(If not available at your favorite store —Write Direct)

GLEN MARIANNE SHEA,
Bell Telephone Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me.....BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $..... It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 3 for $2.00).

Check Colors Desired ☐ Orchid ☐ Peach ☐ Flesh

Name.....

Address.....2038

explained before, a bottle of the rose leaves will serve for a whole season of parties.

If you want more variety, try alternating a rainbow of colors, instead of having all the place cards matching.

Book Week Again

LAST November we announced the date set by the National Association of Book Publishers to celebrate their annual Children's Book Week, and we also suggested a few of the most interesting of the new books for girls in their teens announced in the publishers' fall lists.

This year we are glad to tell you that November seventeenth to twenty-third will be observed as Book Week, and that schools, libraries and clubs which are interested in having some of the new Book Week posters may obtain these by writing to the association at 347 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Instead of giving a short review of a very few books, we have compiled a more comprehensive list this year of over two dozen that will, we believe, appeal to the Sub-Deb—including a number of boys' books which ought to interest the sisters in the family as well. This list, with a little paragraph of description for each book, will be mailed to anyone on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

An Experiment Garden

WHEN summer is beginning to seem like a very faint and far-off lovely memory of green things growing and friendly hot sunshine, don't you long once in a while for the sight of a garden once more—no matter how tiny and meager it might be?

If possible, have a window box made for your sunniest window, begin by experimenting with the most unusual and unlikely seeds, bulbs and slips that can be hunted down.

Some of your experiments will be failures, of course, but many of them will delight and surprise you. And if your friends know you are making a hobby of this kind of collecting, you will be continually receiving contributions for your experiment station.

Try it and see how much fun you can get out of the new interest before spring comes round once more.

Christmas Money for You!

You Can Earn Your Own Gift Prizes Too

A BRIGHT little heap of gifts ready for you to hang on the Christmas tree or pop in the mail.

A fluttery new party frock that will make you feel like Cinderella.

What fun to be all ready for the holidays with plenty of money for such thrilling things!

You *can be ready* when you belong to The Girls' Club, an organization of happy, earning schoolgirls. For—you can earn dollars for holiday clothes and expenses.

You can surprise Mother and Father with lovely gifts that you've bought with your own money.

And you can win charming gift prizes. The dainty boudoir clock is but one of the many you may win for yourself, for mother or your best girl friends.

Barbara, Elizabeth and Edith, schoolgirl members all, are glad to share their Christmas experiences with you:

Dear Manager: The $15.00 I earned in The Girls' Club bought me a lovely dress that I wore to the class party on Christmas Eve. And I had money left over to buy gifts for my classmates.
Barbara R., Ky.

That First Wonderful $5.00

Dear Manager: My dreams of earning my own money have all come true. Oh, how grand it was to show that first wonderful $5.00 to daddy, and afterwards to spend it on a new hat for the Christmas vacation!
Elizabeth G., Ill.

$4.00 for Mother's Gift

Dear Manager: I felt so proud when I could buy a Christmas gift for Mother with my Club earnings for one day. My little prize boudoir clock does a good job getting me out to school on time.
Edith T., O.

Get Ready for Christmas Now!

WHY not start to earn for the holiday fun now by joining The Girls' Club? When you write me this little note: "*Dear Manager: Please tell me how I can earn my Christmas money,*" I'll tell you about how to join and start "earning." Please tell me your age too. No expenses; no obligations. Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
427 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sub-Deb Booklets

ANY of these booklets, prepared specially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the necessary postage. Write to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PATTERN AND DESIGN FOR NOVELTY CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRAVELING BEAD CASE. With six smart new designs for stringing your own bead necklaces. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions for new hangings, cushions, bedspreads, and so forth. Price, 2 cents.

LETTING THE BOB GROW GRACEFULLY. With nine sketches of French and American coiffures. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS CLOTHES. Directions for making a knitted three-piece sports suit, a separate pullover sweater and a charming wool purse in matching design. Price, 2 cents.

PRINTED LINGERIE. Designs for pajamas, kimonos, step-in and nightgowns, showing the latest vogue in printed materials, inclosing actual samples, and suggesting patterns for making up these materials. Price, 4 cents.

TWO DESIGNS FOR HAND-PAINTED EVENING SCARFS. Price, 4 cents.

DIRECTIONS FOR RED RIDING HOOD MANICURE KIT. With simple rules for care of hands and nails. Price, 2 cents.

DIRECTIONS FOR CROCHETED WOOL TRIMMINGS FOR SPORTS FROCK. Price, 2 cents.

100 YEARS *in the making*

Grasp the slicer! So light and easy to handle . . . well balanced . . . so sharp . . . lastingly sharp. ¶ It's a Russell Royal Blue Arrow knife with a right-royal ancestry of five-score years. *Examine it!* Correct in dimensions . . . lacquered over wood of handsome grain with generous brass rivets and a charming little ornament in blue. ¶ Just mail us a single dollar bill today and we will send the slicer. ¶ Your dealer has the entire Royal Blue Arrow assortment.

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY
JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY CO.
Turners Falls, Massachusetts

The MASTERPIECE

Why has PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA been the recognized standard of merit for 50 years? Why is it the ammonia whose name and high quality are known in every city and town in America?

You'll know the reason the first time you try it!

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA saves time and labor all over the house, every day. Use a little in the water for cleaning any fabric, utensil or surface, such as . . .

painted walls rugs dishes
refrigerators laundry sinks
glassware metal

At all grocers and department stores
4 sizes—from 15c up

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

A Delightful Vegetable Oil—

as fine for tempting Salad Dressings as for Delicious Fried Foods . . .

THE fact that Mazola is a pure vegetable oil—pressed from the hearts of fully ripened golden corn kernels—means much to the housewife of today. She realizes that Mazola is *itself* as good *to taste and to eat* as the wholesome corn from which it comes.

The two recipes below are offered to housewives to prove for themselves these two statements:

One is that Mazola for Salad Dressings is equal to the finest imported oils—

The other—

Mazola fried foods are singularly greaseless when ready to serve and are always easily digested.

DID you get your copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" *by IDA BAILEY ALLEN? Send 10c (stamps or coin) to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. L-9, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York.*

French Fried ONIONS

USE good-sized onions. Peel and cut in crosswise slices one-fourth inch thick. Dust with salt, dip in a slightly beaten egg mixed with one-half cup cold water, then in fine dry crumbs and fry in deep Mazola hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute and a half, 395 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

A New Mazola Salad *D*ressing

1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprica
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

24 Leading Biscuit Companies—

—from Maine to California —from northern Canada to Mexico— bring you

VEGETIZED* Whole Wheat WAFERS

RECOGNIZING the high obligation to supply the public with the latest improvements in food as determined by leading authorities on nutrition and dietetics, 24 of America's foremost biscuit companies are collaborating in the manufacture of Vegetized Wafers.

One of these— 24 Leading Biscuit Companies

serves your territory and will supply you if your grocer cannot.

EAST
T. A. Huston & Co., Portland
Keebler Weyl Baking Co., Phila.
Ontario Biscuit Co., Buffalo and Pittsburgh

CENTRAL
The Felber Biscuit Co., Columbus
Hekman Biscuit Co., Grand Rapids
Junge Baking Co., Joplin, Mo.
Lakeside Biscuit Co., Toledo
Manchester Biscuit Co., Fargo, N. D. and Sioux Falls, S. D.
Merchants Biscuit Co., Denver
Purity Biscuit Co., Salt Lake City
Quality Biscuit Co., Milwaukee
Sawyer Biscuit Co., Chicago
Strietmann Biscuit Co., Cincinnati
Union Biscuit Co., St. Louis

SOUTH
Martin Biscuit Co., Birmingham, Alabama
Tennessee Biscuit Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Vories Baking Co., New Orleans

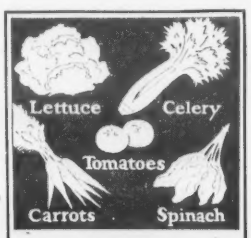
PACIFIC
Bishop & Company, Los Angeles
Mutual Biscuit Co., San Francisco
Tru-Blu Biscuit Co., Seattle, Spokane and Portland

CANADA
McCormick Mfg. Co., Ltd., London, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

The vital necessity of Vegetables in the daily diet has become fully recognized during the past few years and their increased consumption is encouraged by doctors and all well-informed persons. But only recently has a practical way been found to incorporate fresh vegetables in bakery products without the loss of their essential health-giving elements. After an exhaustive investigation, these 24 leading manufacturers recognized in the vegetization process the most outstanding development in foods in a decade. Through their combined facilities every home in the United States and Canada may now obtain this better food product.

Vegetized Wafers are delicious, non-fattening whole-wheat cookies containing milk, eggs, and vegetable shortening together with the equivalent of one-fourth of their weight in five fresh vegetables as grown—Spinach, Carrots, Celery, Lettuce, and Tomatoes.

Children who don't like vegetables may now be assured a constant and plentiful supply of health-protecting, body-building vegetable vitamins and mineral salts through regular eating of Vegetized Wafers. They love the flavor of these slightly sweet, golden-brown cookies and will eat them eagerly. Adults who are troubled with acidosis or other digestive disturbances find the strong alkaline reaction of the vegetables in Vegetized Wafers of great benefit. Ask your doctor. He knows. Vegetized Wafers are sold by leading grocers in sanitary packages only, never in bulk.



* VEGETIZED

The exclusive vegetization process removes only the water from the vegetables without losing the vitamins and mineral salts. Every Vegetized Food contains these essential elements of five fresh uncooked vegetables.

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc.
Union Insurance Building,
Los Angeles

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

An interesting free book describing the vegetization process and giving delicious recipes for the use of Vegetized Wafers and other Vegetized Foods is yours for the asking. Send the coupon.

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc. 1LHJ1129
Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me the free book describing the Vegetization process and giving recipes.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Touchstone

(Continued from Page 5)

She turned aside to speak with this other woman, and Nina and her father waited where they were. Mr. Caterson had followed Mrs. Caterson. Mr. Buckel asked:

"Who's that, Nina?"

"I think it's Miss Elcess," Nina told him, in a somewhat lowered tone. "You know, the nurse who took care of Mrs. Caterson when Tony and Sandy were born."

Buckel nodded. "Oh yes, I didn't recognize her. She used to be heavier, didn't she?"

THE crowd about the exit was thinning now; they moved a few steps that way. Mrs. Caterson, after a moment, came to join them again, and Nina asked her gravely:

"Miss Elcess is sick, isn't she?"

Mrs. Caterson nodded. "I'm afraid so," she agreed. "She's been feeling badly for some time, and she's going into the hospital tonight. They're going to operate on her Monday morning. She was—mysterious about it. I'm afraid she's seriously ill." Her eyes were shadowed. "She wanted to know whether we were to be at home next week," she confessed. "I don't know why."

"You've always been so nice to her," Nina reminded her. They were descending the stairs into the darkness under the Stadium.

"And she hasn't any kith or kin," Mrs. Caterson agreed. "I promised I'd come and see her in the hospital. That seemed to comfort her."

Caterson and Nina's father were just ahead of them; they moved with the thinning crowd, and emerged into the twilight and presently separated, for Nina's car was parked in one direction, whereas Richards would be waiting in another.

Nina lifted her hand in a swift gesture of farewell, and they drew apart. In the street outside the big limousine loomed like an ark, conspicuous from far away. When they came to it Richards touched his cap, swung wide the door.

Mrs. Caterson smiled at him. "Well, we beat them, Richards."

"Tony beat them," Richards amended proudly. "Yes, madam. I was in the wooden stands. He certainly was the whole team."

Her eyes filled happily as she stepped from the curb into the venerable car.

III.

WHILE Richards maneuvered the limousine patiently among the crawling lines of cars that were leaving the neighborhood of the Stadium, these two sat for a while in silence, summing their impressions of the hours just done. Once Mrs. Caterson remarked:

"Nina's a sweet girl, isn't she?"

"Fine," he agreed.

"I think Tony's very fond of her," she murmured, half to herself. "And they're sweet together."

Caterson chuckled. "Mothers have a long imagination," he protested. "Tony's got to finish college and begin to earn a living, you know."

"I'm not worrying about Tony," she assured him; and when he did not at once reply, she added quickly: "Nor about Sandy either, of course, Joe. Sandy's all right."

"I've thought sometimes that Sandy liked Nina about as well as Tony does," he remarked; and she laughed in quick amusement.

"Sandy? He's never looked at a girl. When he starts to slick his hair and keep his trousers pressed, I'll begin to worry. Not before."

He grinned in the darkness. "You didn't make me crease my trousers—not till after we were married," he argued; and she pressed his hand.

"Of course, Sandy's exactly like you," she assented. "Never gives a thought to his appearance, or to what people may think about him; just goes mooning along about his own concerns. Just as shaggy and shabby as you used to be." There was a smile in her tone. "You're not much better now. Oh, Sandy's your son, all right."

They fell silent again, their thoughts, as is so often the case with folk long and truly married, running parallel, so that they communed without the necessity of words. It happened that it was Mrs. Caterson who put at last a garment of speech upon these reflections.

"Joe, Joe," she murmured, almost sadly, "How different they are!"

He nodded. "Tony's like you," he told her thoughtfully. "Gay, and tender, and audacious, and kind. Always like you. And I see myself in Sandy constantly."

"The best of you," she agreed. "You love to plod away at things that interest you, and so does he. You won't work at things that don't appeal to you. You won't learn to play bridge, and you never did really know how to dance, and you're too lazy even to balance your own check book." Her tone was full of fond amusement. "And Sandy's just the same. Latin and French and literature and such things just bore him. But you notice his marks in the sciences. You would always work like a horse at any building problem, planning a dam or a power house or something."

SHE laughed softly. "And of course he's the image of you! You both have those broad, willing, battered countenances, as though you'd taken a lot of hard knocks and might take more."

"And Tony has your features; the lean lines of blood and breeding," he agreed. "And the eyelashes of a girl!"

"They're no more alike than—strangers," Mrs. Caterson said, half to herself. The traffic was thinning; they would soon be home. "I don't suppose anyone would suspect them of being twins if they didn't know." She hesitated. "I wish they were more like real twins, sometimes," she confessed. "I worry sometimes about the way they—jar on each other. I wish they got along better, Joe."

"Pshaw!" he urged reassuringly. "All brothers fight. You have to expect that."

"But they're not even in the same fraternity," she insisted. "And they haven't roomed together, except freshman year. Sometimes I think they actually hate each other."

"Sandy irritates Tony," Mr. Caterson confessed. "Tony gets sore at him sometimes. But I never noticed any—reaction on Sandy's part. He doesn't seem to mind anything Tony says, or does either."

"Oh, Sandy!" she agreed with an unhappy laugh. "Sandy doesn't mind anything! Sometimes I think he hasn't any—pride, any spirit at all, Joe. I wish he did have. I wish he did fight back more than he does."

HE SHOOK his head. "Don't worry," he advised her. "Sandy may not fight back. But he doesn't give way, either. You watch him for a while. He's apt to have things his way in the end."

"He stuck to it till he made the team," she remembered. "Tony says he was hopeless when he started in last year. I don't think Tony thought he ever would be good enough." And she added happily: "Wasn't Tony splendid today? He's sure to be captain next year, isn't he?"

"I should think so," he assented.

She asked indifferently: "What happened when they made that touchdown, Joe? When the ball rolled over the line that way?"

(Continued on Page 194)

"That's great, VAL, . . .

. . . it looks like a million dollars!"

REASON enough for Mr. Valspar to elevate his chest and tell the world that . . . "Valspar House Paint can't be beat!"

"Mrs. Val," too, knows the truth of this boast. For ever since that day, when with kettle and round-table Mr. Val demonstrated the resistance of Valspar Varnish to boiling hot water, she has realized the durability and quality of Valspar painting materials.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Val have stepped out of their "charmed-circle," this couple who are almost as familiar to the eye as the name Valspar itself. Left it for the most unselfish reason imaginable. They want to get out and tell others their happy *experiences* with Valspar . . . with the *new* Valspars—VALSPAR HOUSE PAINT in 18 natural woodland shades; VALSPAR FLAT WALL PAINT in 8 flower tints, and VALSPAR PORCH AND FLOOR PAINT, also in the most desired colors.

VALSPAR PAINTS, like every Valspar finish that has come before them, are immune to the dangers and the defeats of ordinary finishes. Weather, Water and Wear serve but to prove their invulnerability to time and tempest.

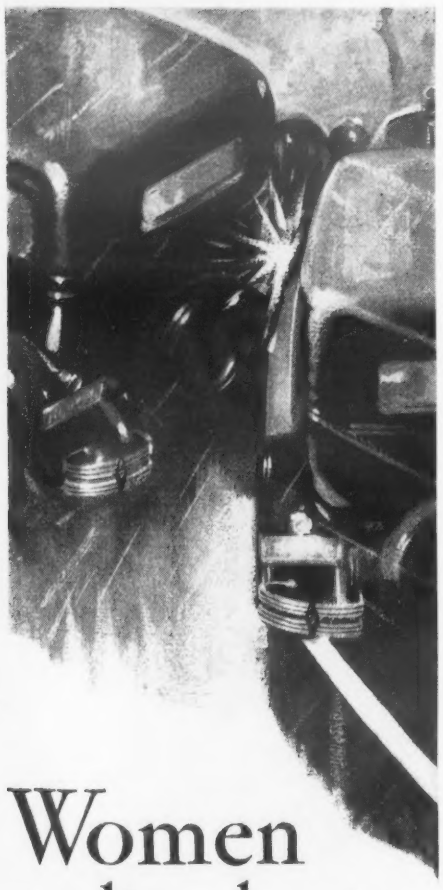
Go to your nearest Valspar dealer who displays the "Valspar Headquarters" sign, and ask him to show you the attractive colors of VALSPAR PAINTS, VARNISHES, ENAMELS and LACQUERS. He will gladly help you to choose the best finish and colors for your own household requirements.

Get your VALSPAR *here!*

This Sign marks the store where genuine Valspar may be purchased—in just the color and "finish" you require.

VALSPAR FINISHES

• • VARNISHES • • • PAINTS • LACQUERS • • • ENAMELS

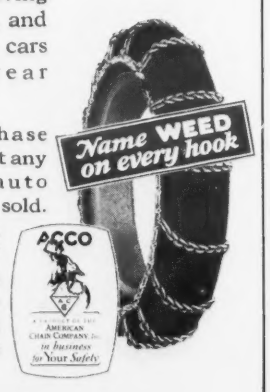


Women realize best *the danger of a* Skid!

A smashed car means a repair bill and probably someone painfully hurt. Women, as a rule, realize these things quicker than men. They don't take the chances that men foolishly do. That's why you see so many WEED Chains on cars that women drive. That's why women drivers are involved in only 1 out of 23 accidents.

For the new driver:

Any garage man, filling station attendant or taxicab driver will be glad to put on your chains. They want you to help make driving safe for women, and thus keep more cars in use the year around.



You can purchase WEED Chains at any place where auto accessories are sold. Look for the name "WEED" stamped on every hook to be sure that they are genuine WEEDS.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut

WEED CHAINS

(Continued from Page 192)

Caterson hesitated momentarily. "I suppose the ball must have bounced against Tony," he said at last. "That would give them the right to recover it."

She frowned faintly, as though puzzled; said at last: "But of course it didn't matter. We won anyway."

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, of course we won anyway."

IV.

MRS. CATERSON stayed a long time at her dressing table, her hands busy with her soft, fair hair, still only faintly touched with gray. Long after it was to her husband's eyes in smooth and perfect order she pushed and patted it, inserted pins and removed them, turned her head this way and that. Himself ready to go downstairs, he sat at ease, his cigarette alight, and watched her with a widening smile. She was so intent, so earnest, so absorbed. At last he laughed aloud, and rose and crossed to kiss her.

"I declare, Edith, if I didn't know who it was you're primping for, I'd be jealous," he protested. "You might be dressing for your wedding, Lady."

She looked up at him radiantly, eyes shining, cheeks bright. "I'm dressing for my two young men," she reminded him. "Why shouldn't I take pains?" She frowned at him in mock reproof. "A pretty daughter would have made a dandy out of you, my dear."

He chuckled and dropped one hand on her shoulder. "It's all right, sweet," he told her. "You are daughter and sister and sweetheart and wife to me. Make yourself lovely for the three of us. We'll have the boys to ourselves for a while before the others come."

"I thought they'd like seeing their friends," she said apologetically, answering the unspoken regret in his tone. "But there may not be anyone but Nina and Mr. and Mrs. Buckel. And they won't come till late."

"Why of course they'll want to see youngsters their own age," he agreed. And as she rose, ready at last to go down, he gravely gave her his arm. These two had learned to preserve a certain ceremony in their lives; a certain courtliness.

THEY were alone at dinner, for the boys could not come till somewhat later; they finished, and in the living room Caterson opened the Transcript to read the chronicle of the game, while Mrs. Caterson moved here and there, shifting a vase of flowers, putting in order a pile of magazines, setting a light to the fire on the wide hearth, listening now and then by the window toward the drive. He read a paragraph now and then aloud. Tony Caterson this, and Tony Caterson that.

She protested with mock severity: "You don't have to prove to me that my boys played finely, my dear." Laughed happily. "Besides, I wouldn't understand if you did read it. You're just trying to confuse me. Joe, dear, where do these roses look better—on the piano, or on the table here?"

He laid aside his paper and joined her, moving with her about the room, chuckling at her happy excitement. "I don't believe even Nina's as thrilled as you, Lady."

"Of course she isn't," she assured him. "After all, she can't have but one of them, and I've got them both." She stood for an instant in the crook of his arm. "I'll always have them both, Joe, won't I? These great lads of ours."

He kissed her softly, and she broke away from him. "They're coming!" she cried. "There they are, Joe. I hear the car on the drive."

And she fled before him to the hall and flung the great door wide, in the moment that the limousine lurched to a jarring stop before the threshold while gravel packed under its hard-braked wheels. She stood silhouetted against the light, and what seemed like an incredible number of youthful figures erupted from the car, and she could not see for her tears. But someone swept her up in his arms, and his arms were strong; she was whirled about, borne swiftly back into the hall, kissed till she was breathless. Her eyes cleared, and her arms tightened about Tony's neck, and he kissed her again and set her on her feet. Turned with a gay, sweeping bow to his companions.

"Friends," he cried. "This lovely child is my mother, if you please. To have and to hold! Behold, and admire!"

And swung to grip his father by the hand. Mrs. Caterson's eyes followed him. He was so tall and fine.

There were others here; so many of them. And she had wanted her boys alone. She felt a swift pang. Then she found Sandy beside her; and he said awkwardly:

"Hello, mother!" She hugged him, and kissed him hard, held him off so that she might scan his broad and homely countenance, kissed him happily again. He colored uncomfortably; and then Tony brushed him cheerfully out of the way.

"ONE side, fellow," he commanded amiably. "Let these others make their curtsy to the queen. Mother, this is Barbs Delevan, and that's Audrey Deal, and yonder's Dan Lind. You know Barbs and Dan, of course. Audrey here is the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Look at her, if you doubt me. Did you ever see a darker, lovelier lady?"

Mrs. Caterson smiled gently as she greeted the girl. Audrey was indeed very beautiful; yet there dwelt something brooding, almost sullen in the red curve of her lips against her olive skin. Barbara Delevan she had met before. A stocky, black-haired girl with a sophisticated and impudent humor in her eyes, she always made Mrs. Caterson faintly uncomfortable. Dan Lind she liked. He was older than her sons, but he knew the trick of youth, would wear always its bright garments. He had a grave deference toward older folk which she approved. She saw him now, greeting her husband. Sandy had drifted away into the living room. Tony was taking Miss Delevan's cloak.

"Picked these folks up on the way out, mother," he explained. "Dan said they were coming later, but I fetched them along."

"Hence these gray hairs!" Audrey Deal commented, in a slow, expressionless tone. "I don't mind hitting seventy when I'm down near the road. But I don't like to do it in a ladder truck!"

Tony laughed cheerfully. "There, mother, she doesn't like your pet hearse!" he protested. "They laughed when they saw it, so I took the wheel. I showed them the old bus is no laughing matter. You should have seen it flirt its heels."

"I can sympathize with you, Miss Deal," Mrs. Caterson told the girl. "Tony isn't allowed to drive if I'm in the car."

"THEY'LL scrape him off a telephone pole some day," Audrey evenly predicted; and Mrs. Caterson felt a quick clutch of fear at her heart, laughed it aside, led the way toward the living room. There she found herself by her husband's side and whispered happily:

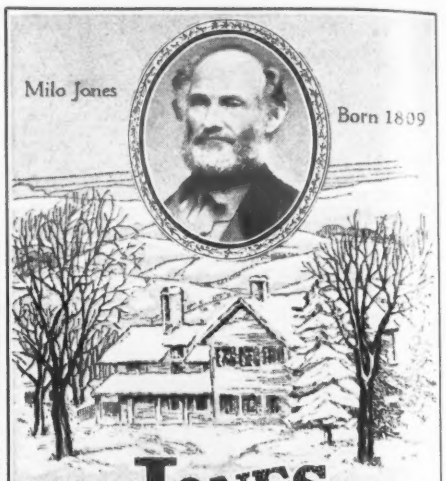
"You know, Joe, I like these boys of ours!"

And he chuckled at her tone.

Bob Curry appeared, with Nell Dyson and Linda Crater. This new flood of youth swelled the babble of gay voices. Tony kissed each newcomer, if she were feminine; but none of them save Nina kissed Sandy. Mrs. Caterson, watching this one of her sons, saw his apprehension give way to relief at each escape, and she made Mr. Caterson see and smile with her.

"What a sobersides he is!" she whispered. "Exactly like you, Joe. Remember?" Her eyes were dancing teasingly.

(Continued on Page 197)



JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

Shipped Fresh Daily to Jones Dealers—*for those delicious breakfasts at which Jones Dairy Farm Sausage has been served since 1834.*

Made on the Jones Farm from choice young pork and pure spices —nothing else—just as Milo Jones made it over 90 years ago.

There's a Jones Dealer near you —if you don't know him write us and we will introduce him.

JONES DAIRY FARM
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

In the heart of Wisconsin's great dairy country — owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.

A few designs selected from pages in the new Sewing Book

You'll Love to Make These Things . . . .

because they are so simple, so easy and so very effective. Pillows in colorful modernistic designs, handy bags as decorative as useful, dainty curtains, cute kiddies' toys, smart junior dresses, attractive flower motifs, dainty baby things—all these are illustrated and described in our new Sewing Book. You can make them all through the use of Wright's Bias Fold Tape in its various fabrics, colors and widths.

3 yard sample Free!

With every Sewing Book at 10c we will send a full three yard sample of our tape (guaranteed fast color) Free!

W. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO.
Dept. 109 Orange, N. J.

Be sure to ask for

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

His Daily Bath Made Easier

The Trimble Bathinette—Baby Bath and Dressing Table combined—makes it a pleasure to bathe and dress baby—saves mother's strength—Write for a free copy of "Nurseryland", a booklet of helpful suggestions for young mothers.

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. CO.
368 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Remove the Cause and a Corn Will Remove Itself!

Why suffer the misery of corn pain when relief is so easy, safe and sure?

The only method that does it—gives instant relief—prevents corns coming back again

CORNS do not just "happen". They are brought about by the friction and pressure of shoes. Just as long as this condition remains uncorrected, corns will persist.

Therefore your only escape from these painful growths permanently, lies in *removing* the cause. Do that, and the worst corn will go away naturally—*disappear by itself!*

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, internationally famous orthopedic authority, found the way of overcoming corn troubles for good when he invented Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads.

These dainty, protective, medicated pads remove the cause. That is why they are so instantly effective. The minute you apply a Zino-pad, corn pain ends. By this natural, quick, safe, sure method, the whole corn problem is simplified, and your suffering once and for all ended. By the process of absorption, Zino-pads rid you of corns completely. And they will never come back if Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are applied at the first sign of irritation caused by new or tight shoes.

No danger this way of acid burn, as with powerful and caustic preparations that *ignore* the cause, or risk of infection from cutting your corns. Zino-pads are soothing and healing. They can't harm the tenderest skin.

You get the same quick, thorough relief in treating Callouses and Bunions and tender spots on the toes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They are made in special shapes and sizes for these conditions.

Zino-pads are to be had at all drug, shoe and dept. stores. Buy a box today—35c.

Mail coupon for free sample and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's booklet "The Feet and Their Care." Retail Shops: 21 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 503 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; 62 W. 14th St., New York City; 112 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

For Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions stop pain at once, protect the enlarged joint from rubbing and pressing of the shoe. Safe, soothing, healing.

For Callouses and Burning Soles

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses immediately relieve pain and remove the friction and pressure of the shoe. Also instantly effective in relieving burning soles.

For Corns and Tender Toes

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain of hard corns, soft corns and tender toes by removing friction and pressure of the shoes. Thin, protective, healing.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

For Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots

Put one on—the pain is gone!

This is the modern, scientific way of getting quick relief. The method is new, unique. It took many years of clinical research and experimenting to perfect it. Now you take no risk—and the relief to corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes is permanent.

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns☐ Callouses☐ Bunions☐ (indicate size wanted), and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* ..... LHJ 11

Make your *home furnishings* signify your success

This Symbol Affords Protection in Your Selections

PUT your personality into your hospitality. Make your home truly reflect your business and social standing—a constant aid to advancement.

Just as you judge others by *appearances,* you, too, are judged by the background of your home. What people *say* about your home furnishings in months to come, will rest upon what you *do,* NOW.

The emblem pictured here is the mark of a selected group of progressive and aggressive merchants. Seek the store that displays this symbol. It affords protection in your selection.

These select stores, maintaining the highest standards of service, have adopted the emblem "First, Furnish Your Home—It Tells What You Are." When you select home furnishings look for the store displaying this emblem. You will find it, too, reproduced in the store's windows and advertising copy; on road signs, stationery, and elsewhere, as a mark of identification.

Thus, furnishing your home in the fashion of today is now a simple matter. And a sound investment that you can make without years of weary waiting. For the modern method of buying furniture is sound, sensible, business-like.

This helpful, 24-page color-illustrated booklet is free! Ask any dealer who displays the above emblem for your copy.

(Continued from Page 194)

"But he'll get over it, as I did," he assured her, and laughed at her quick, responsive color. These two were not too old to call youth back again.

There was a swift, kaleidoscopic blur of conversation. Someone spoke of the speed at which Tony had driven the limousine; there were remarks upon the unreasonableness of all speed laws and of the prohibition law and of the training rules which curtailed the cocktails Tony and Sandy might drink. The younger folk agreed in condemning these restraining influences. The four older people drew aside, content to watch and listen smilingly. Someone mentioned the fact that the current cocktail was a good one, and had enthusiastic assent. There was, it appeared, an equally swift and extreme enthusiasm about other things. The most popular new orchestra, the latest dance record, the most recent model of a certain car. A New York night club emerged as the central topic. All these young people except Tony and Sandy knew its attractions.

"MY DEAR," said Audrey Deal, in that slow drawl of hers. "There's something going on every minute! You don't have time to think! It's wonderful!"

Then someone else said something, and this appeared to startle and delight them. Mrs. Caterson understood, after a moment, that Barbs Delevan was going on the stage. The other girls were ejaculatory and incredulous; but Tony was instantly approving.

"Of course!" he cried. "Barbs, you'll be a knock-out! I'll send you oceans of roses. I'll brag that I knew you when."

"But why do you, Barbs?" Nell Dyson asked in a cool tone. She was a self-possessed young woman, sensible and level-headed. "You don't have to, and it is a grind!"

"My duty to the race," Barbs replied, with the impudent audacity which always characterized her. "Economic independence, and all that. Havelock Ellis says that when woman is economically independent she'll be free to choose her mate, unhampered by any except eugenic considerations. Hence the race will benefit. I'm nothing if not racial minded, my dear."

She had become suddenly the center of this circle. They were all listening to what she said; they laughed jeeringly now, in a vast good humor, and Bob Curry cried in a sardonic tone:

"Mother of men!"

Barbs nodded amiably. "Dozens of 'em," she agreed.

TONY chuckled. "No, Barbs," he protested. "You've mistaken your calling. You're going out of your class." He expounded with the utmost gravity. "There are just three kinds of women," he argued. "There used to be only two before we moderns came along. Eve and Lilith. The mother and the seductress." His eye for an instant, touched Nina's, held her glance. "We've added a new category," he declared then. "The play girl of the western world. Good fellow well met! There are three women now. The mother, the seductress and the playmate."

Barbs looked at him shrewdly. "Where do you catalogue me?" she challenged.

Tony drawled: "I can't see you as the brave little mother! And you're rotten at games!" And their shouts of laughter were his applause.

They argued the point this way and that way; and Caterson stirred uneasily and exchanged a rueful glance with Buckel. Men are slow to adopt new fashions of speech. These two were uncomfortable now.

The debate approached agreement. Barbs, they decided, was seductive.

"She's proved it often enough," said Audrey Deal in that level tone at once sullen and insulting which she affected. "You know it yourself, Barbs. You've got a rotten complexion, and a pug nose, and your eyes almost squint, and your figure's just plain bum. But when you appear on the floor at a dance it's a mob scene."

"Technic, darling!" Barbs retorted. "Skill will tell, you know. It isn't the cards you hold; it's the way you play them."

NINA had said little, laughed often. She had a way of laughing which Mrs. Caterson thought curiously charming, her shoulders dancing up and down with her swift mirth. She was thus laughing now, standing a little aside, her arm linked through Sandy's; and she whispered something to him so that even Sandy grinned; and she called:

"What's the secret, Barbs? Give this little girl a helping hand, won't you?"

"Technic!" Barbs repeated. "If you dance with a man, tell him you're stifling, and he'll take you out-of-doors. Hold tight to his arm and he'll kiss you. Let him, and sigh as though you can't help yourself—and then break away. He'll dance with you again, playing for repeaters. And then other men will dance with you to see why he did. That's all there is to it, dear pupils. Now repeat the lesson after me."

Tony laughed, moved across the room. "Speaking of dancing," he cried, and started the phonograph and turned with open arms toward Barbs. "By way of illustration," he invited, and kicked the rug aside. Nina swung to Sandy. Dan and Audrey, Bob Curry and Nell. Mrs. Caterson, watching them, whispered to her husband:

"Joe, look at Tony! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

He nodded. "But Sandy dances the way I used to," he pointed out. "Sheer grit and perseverance."

THERE was a great clock in the hall; it chimed by and by the three-quarters. Tony exclaimed: "Do my ears deceive me? Can it be?" He swung Barbara toward the hall so that his eyes might confirm his ears; and these two passed for a moment out of sight. Audrey Deal called gravely:

"Now, Barbs, sigh as though you can't help yourself!"

And everyone laughed, and Tony and Barbs reappeared, entirely composed. Then Tony held up a warning hand.

"Silence please! Attention! Last dance. Duty calls the striving athletes. Ladies, don't crowd. Take your turns, please."

And he caught them each in order, whirled them into the hall and back again in a dizzy sweep, releasing one and seizing on the next. Nina, Audrey, Nell, Linda. Then Mrs. Buckel. So at last his mother.

He kissed her roundly, there by the tall clock. "Good night, sweet child!" he whispered. "I told Richards. We'll drop some of these folks in town. See you at Thanksgiving!"

She hugged him hard, somehow tremulous. "Tony, Tony, don't ever forget we're proud of you!"

And then the others were about them in the loud disorder of departure. Sandy, almost grudgingly, bade his mother good-by. He turned his cheek to her kiss, and she cried in tender anger:

"Don't be silly, Sandy. Here, son! On the mouth! There, my dear."

And added, whisperingly: "Look out for Tony, son. Don't let him be too bold!"

So, abruptly, they were gone—all these young faces, gay voices, laughing eyes—and Mr. and Mrs. Caterson were left alone. They turned toward each other, and her eyes were wistful and yet happy too. He pushed the logs together on the fire.

"Read a while, Lady," he suggested.

But she shook her head. "I'm tired," she confessed. "The let-down, I suppose, after so much excitement. Let's go upstairs."

(Continued on Page 199)

ADD "it" TO YOUR COOKING

Gebhardt's GENUINE MEXICAN CHILI POWDER

Make Mexican Dishes Taste Like They Taste In San Antonio

FOODS, like screen-stars, may have something called "it," that thrills and captivates. It is something more than black pepper and salt—it's a "spark" of flavor that appeals to the palate and sharpens appetite.

This "spark" is *Gebhardt's* Mexican Chili Powder—a secret long known to skillful cooks in Texas and Mexico. And now, thanks to Gebhardt, American women everywhere are learning the technique too.

Meat, egg, fish, vegetable and salad dishes can be given a pert, piquant flavor that's a positive thrill to the taste. But only the genuine Mexican Ancho Chili pepper has the *true* flavor, and this only, will Gebhardt use. To insure sufficient supply to meet national demand, Gebhardt sponsors pepper growing on a large commercial scale.

Through Gebhardt you can get the original Chili powder formula, with the genuine native flavor; also recipes once imparted only by word-of-mouth. The powder, in bottles, 2 sizes, 15c and 35c, with recipes enclosed; or more complete books upon request by mail. Grocers have the powder now; also Mexican foods, from a clean American factory, ready prepared, in cans.

Taste real Chili con Carne, with all its native charm; marvelous omelettes and egg dishes; juicy, high-flavored hams, steaks and meats; succulent salads; rare relishes and savory sauces for fish and other foods. Recipes for all these and a host of novel specialties are all in two Gebhardt books. The essence of this whole range of cookery is in the Gebhardt Chili Powder bottle, now available at the grocery store, or send 10c for a sample and two recipe books free. Don't miss this increased "joy-of-living"; add "it" to your cooking now.

Send a dollar bill and receive *Gebhardt's* sampler package containing 1 can each of Chili Con Carne, beans, tamales, 2 cans sandwich spread, 1 bottle Chili Powder and two recipe books. Genuine Mexican cooking from clean American factory. Retail value $1.35; postpaid; souvenir box; any address..... **$1**

Two famous books free: (1) "Mexican Cookery for American Homes"; and (2) "Salads," by Alice Bradley. Get the real secret of genuine Mexican cooking and famous original recipes. We'll send them along with enough *Gebhardt's* genuine Mexican Chili Powder to try any recipe; dainty sample packet and books postpaid.... **10c**

MAIL COUPON NOW!

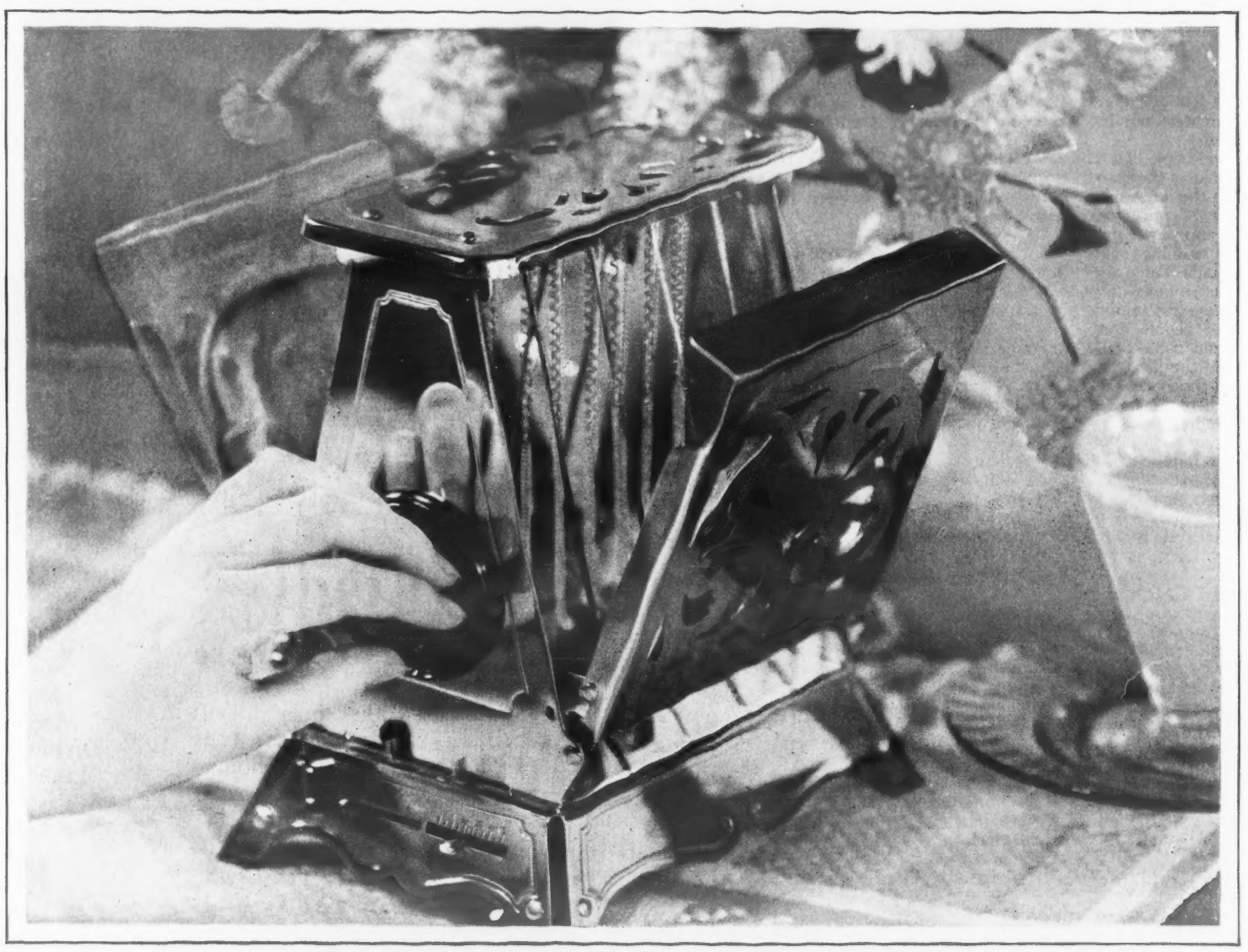
GEBHARDT, San Antonio, Texas. LHJ-3

☐ Enclosed 10c for which send me Free books and sample powder.
☐ Enclosed $1.00 for which send me sampler box, canned foods.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....



Note the new Hotpoint Toast-Over Knob. Just a twist of the wrist turns two slices at once.

Finished in untarnishing Hotpoint *Chromeplate*

$9.75

Now! a 2 slice *automatic* toaster

No Watching...No Burning

MERELY set the timing lever for the kind of toast you want, delicately brown, medium or golden, snap the switch and forget it. The bread will be toasted *evenly,* automatically, without watching.

Use any kind of bread, white, rye, raisin, bran—or crackers, etc. The large side trays allow ample space for slices from the largest size loaf of bread and easily accommodate extra wide things like delicious toasted biscuit halves. When the toast is done *exactly* right, the closed sides hold the heat in and keep the toast hot for a longer time.

The Toast-Over Knob is a new and exclusive Hotpoint feature. Just a twist of the wrist lowers both trays at once, turning both slices automatically. Another touch, and both trays close. No other automatic electric toaster so perfectly combines automatic convenience with the attractiveness of a graceful, beautiful table appointment. And the untarnishing Chromeplate finish assures *enduring* beauty.

See the full line of Hotpoint electric toasters at your electric company or dealer's. There are models from $3.95 up. Be sure the one you buy is marked "Hotpoint," *that* is your guarantee of highest quality and indefinitely long years of service.

A New Hotpoint Waffle Iron, in Untarnishing CHROMEPLATE. Only $12.50

This beautiful, gleaming electric appliance is *not* just a "waffle" baker. Of course it does bake most delicious, golden brown waffles that melt in your mouth—bakes them right at the table, without "sticking," or grease, smoke or odor. BUT, in addition—this ***Hotpoint*** waffle iron will make 52 treats; a different delight for each Sunday night: Chocolate cookies, jelly sandwiches, shortcake, apple fritters, cheese sandwiches, corn bread, sponge cake, cocoanut delicacies, etc. The recipe book is included in each package. See this beautiful new Hotpoint Chromeplate waffle iron at your electric company or dealer's store. Insist on a "Hotpoint"; it has the practically indestructible CALROD element.

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

© 1929, E. E. A. Co., Inc.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 197)

When they were by and by abed, they still talked for a space, referring to this episode and that one in the hours just gone. Her voice fell lower and lower, sleepily; she said at last good night, and her hand clasped his across the gap between their beds, and held it for a while till her fingers relaxed and fell away, so that he knew she was asleep. He lifted her hand and laid it at her side and covered it over, and she murmured a faint word and slept again.

The telephone was on a stand in her dressing room, and the door was closed between; but the bell woke her, and she sat up in bed, startled out of slumber, terrified by this abrupt alarm. He spoke quick reassurance as he went to answer it; and she listened, puzzled and bewildered, to his monosyllabic ejaculations. She heard him make some doubtful remonstrance, heard him give at last a rueful assent. When he put the receiver back on the hook she called swiftly:

"Joe, what is it? What's the matter? What is it, Joe?"

He came to the bedroom door, said in frowning bewilderment: "I don't know, Lady. That was the matron at Temple Hospital. Miss Elcess is there. They've decided to operate at seven in the morning, instead of Monday, and she wants to see me before the operation."

Mrs. Caterson cried: "But Joe, how absurd? She saw you this afternoon."

He hesitated, shook his head. "Well, I promised I'd come," he told her.

She looked at him searchingly, but he said no more; and she somehow dreaded what answer he might give if she now did question him. And so Mrs. Caterson made no further protest while her husband hurriedly prepared to go.

V.

WHEN Caterson went down the stairs Mrs. Caterson stood at the top to watch him descend; she leaned over the rail to see him find his coat in the closet; she called a last cheerful word and waved her hand as he went out through the dining room toward the garage. When he presently backed the car into the drive and swung toward the street, she was at the window of her dressing room to see him go. There was in her last word to him no hint of the fears this strange summons had aroused in her.

She watched till his car had disappeared. Then, her movements weary and dispirited, she turned back to bed. There was a light above her pillow, and its bright illumination accentuated the faint pallor which had crossed her cheek at this night alarm. Her eyes were dry, but there was in them the ache of a formless fear; and she lay for a while with one arm under her head, looking straight before her at the blank wall, at the faintly moving curtains by the open window.

And her thoughts, like a horse that is at once tethered and under the sting of the lash, plunged and leaped and raced, circling maddeningly.

VI.

WHEN Caterson entered the parking space in front of the hospital and left his car and approached the entrance, it was late at night, and he found the corridors almost deserted. He discovered a nurse on duty there, gave his name and said he had been summoned.

"I'll find Miss Foley," the girl told him; and she slipped silently away along the corridors. Caterson waited, hat in hand. Other nurses passed him by, moving upon their own affairs. Then a somewhat older woman approached him.

"Miss Elcess insisted that you be called," she explained. "I'm afraid it is an imposition."

He smiled reassuringly. "She is one of our oldest friends. We're very fond of her." And he added: "I hope she's not seriously ill."

"She is very seriously ill," Miss Foley assured him. She hesitated, and her tone was at once pitying and stern. "She has waited till it is too late to help her, I'm afraid." Shook her head. "I shouldn't say that. But Miss Elcess herself now realizes her condition. Doctor Bright had no need to tell her."

"You need not apologize for calling me, Miss Foley," he assured her. "I was glad to come."

"I'll take you to her," she said.

And Caterson, with a quicker stride, like a man relieved of a load, followed her to the elevator. They rose to the third floor, traversed the hall; and Miss Foley knocked lightly, then pushed open the unlatched door. Caterson was at her shoulder as she entered the room.

HE SAW Miss Elcess, in the high hospital bed, her head a little raised; and her aspect shocked him. At the Stadium she had looked badly; but there she had been in her ordinary garb, not greatly different to the casual eye from the throngs about her. Here, prone, helpless, surrendering, she seemed already shattered and shrunken. He checked instinctively, in a quick dismay.

But her eyes shone at sight of him there, and she sought to smile; and Miss Foley said cheerfully:

"Here he is, Ruth. He was glad to come."

Caterson approached the bedside. "I'm mighty sorry you're like this, Miss Elcess," he said awkwardly. "Mighty sorry. Mrs. Caterson told me to give you her love, tell you she was coming in to see you soon."

The head upon the pillow moved in a tender impatience, and Miss Elcess looked at the superintendent. "Go away, Miss Foley," she said huskily. "Shut the door."

Miss Foley nodded briskly. "Certainly. I wouldn't stay too long, Mr. Caterson!"

"Don't come in till he goes," Miss Elcess insisted; and Miss Foley reassured her. Caterson watched the superintendent's departure with a faint regret, once more ill at ease.

When the other woman was gone Miss Elcess spoke to him. "Take off your coat, please, Mr. Caterson," she said, in that husky, broken voice. "Bring the chair near. Sit by the bed. I can't talk very loud."

He hesitated. His hands were moist, his brow suddenly cold with a dreadful fear.

But after a moment he did as she desired.

VII.

CATERSON sat down beside the bed where the sick woman lay; and he waited uncomfortably for her to speak. Her eyes had closed, and after a moment, startlingly, tears seemed to spurt from beneath her lowered lids; they darted down her cheek, across her high cheek bones in relief above the hollows illness and pain had graved there. And Caterson said slowly:

"I expect you're too tired to—talk to me. I can come in the morning, some other time."

Her hand sought his shoulder; her fingers twisted in the rough cloth of his coat and fixed there. She shook her head, and she seemed to smile.

"No," she said. "No. I'm all right. I'm not—really crying. It's just such a relief."

He felt her fingers twist tighter in the fabric of his sleeve; and then suddenly her eyes opened, and she moved a little, so that she was more erect, and she released her hold on him.

"I have to tell you a long story, Mr. Caterson," she said slowly.

He nodded, and something in her eyes made him summon courage too. "I want to hear it, then," he assured her.

"It's about the boys," she added, choking huskily. "About your boys."

And he thought he had known this; yet at the word a black curtain fell before his eyes, and he stared at this dark screen silently, as the audience in a theater, when the lights are dimmed, grows quiet and

Eventful days . . . . OF FALL AND WINTER

WHERE will you find days . . . like the days of late fall and winter . . . in Southern California? Hillsides after a summer's rest turning a tender green. Mountains glistening under their caps of snow. Golden oranges ripening in the valleys. Palm trees waving graceful fronds. Mountain islands . . . rising from the sea, 20 miles or so off shore. Days of spring sunshine . . . days of joyous living . . . sunsets over the sea . . . colorful nights full of gayety and interest.

Here you will find social life showing its brightest . . . its most decorative features. You may dine among the kind of people you like to meet . . . and know . . . in a patio overlooking the sea . . . on a palm shaded veranda, where white capped mountains spread glorious pictures before you . . . or in a desert oasis with mountains, sky, and plain conspiring to enchant you.

You may dine in a great hotel in the "big town" where food is "garnished with celebrities and seasoned with stars" . . . you may dance in a great ballroom and rub elbows with famous men and women of the stage and screen. Every kind of sport is waiting for you and outdoor life, all winter.

You will find interest even in the industry of this Southland. The vast oil fields of Los Angeles County spreading an unforgettable picture . . . and the miles on miles of orange groves . . . for the County's agricultural output approximates $95,000,000 yearly.

And you can stay all winter at a cost no greater than for your living at home. For Southern California is an all year resort. Most of its hotels, except in the desert, are open twelve months in the year.

This year come early before winter really "sets in" . . . before you get "that cold." Send now for the de luxe book "Southern California through the Camera" . . . 71 photographs in gravure.

Southern California

"A Trip Abroad in Your Own America"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. L-11
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, California
Please send me your free book "Southern California through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange
☐ Riverside ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name_____
(Please Print Your Name)
Street_____
City_____ State_____

POST Toasties

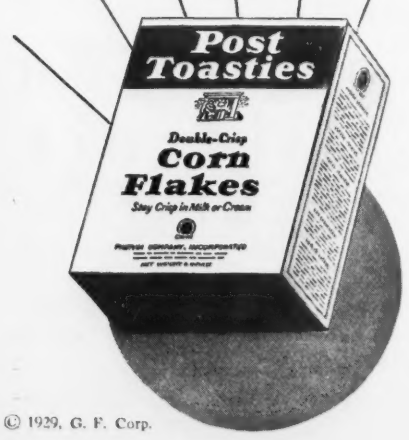
The Wake-up Food

...oven-crisp flakes rich in quick new energy

FOR BOYS

AND GIRLS

AND YOU!



© 1929, G. F. Corp.

stares at the curtain there about to rise. He waited, seeing nothing; and Miss Elcess after a moment began to speak, now more readily and freely. Yet was there something murmurous in her tone, as though she spoke in sleep, or from the abysses of a dark and dreadful dream.

"I was with Mrs. Caterson before the twins were born, you know," she said gently, as much to herself as to him. "For she wasn't very well, and we were concerned for her. So I was with her for weeks before, at your home. She wanted to stay at home, but Doctor Sprague would not have it so, because he was afraid of some emergency. He wanted to have every means at hand, and so he said she must come here."

She paused, and Caterson tried to speak; but his lips emitted no sound.

"So I was always near her, at your home. I loved her, Mr. Caterson. Everyone must love her, and I did; and I watched over her in every way. And when the time came, too soon, you and I together brought her here. You remember?" She smiled slowly, and she was for a moment infinitely older and wiser than he, as women in these matters are. "You remember how nervous you were, Mr. Caterson? You were much more trouble than she was. Oh, I had a time with you!"

HE DID remember, so vividly. It had been worse on this occasion than when the first baby came; the girl baby who stayed so short a time.

"You couldn't be with her, because she was distressed for you, so you walked up and down outside and smoked cigars till there were ashes and butts all along on the snow. It was March, you remember, and fresh snow on the ground.

"And you walked up and down. I could see you from the window. Till after a while there was no more time to watch you, and we all went up in the elevator. And after we came down again Doctor Sprague stayed with Mrs. Caterson, while I ran to tell you. And we were all so relieved, because she was all right, and the babies were all right; and they were twins, and there is always something funny about twins." She smiled slowly, turning her head to look at him. "It's supposed to be a joke on the father," she explained. "So we laughed about that, because it was nice to laugh about something. And you came up, but you couldn't stay but a minute, because she was very weak and tired."

She hesitated, and her voice suddenly shook, as though she were broken on the rack.

"You didn't go in to see your babies," she reminded him. "I couldn't take you, but I told you where to go; but you forgot. You kissed Mrs. Caterson's hand, and she went to sleep, and you went stumbling away, and went home. You remember?"

HE WAS watching her with a fearful apprehension, his cheek drawn into deep furrows; but he nodded hurriedly. "Go on," he bade. "Go on."

"And Doctor Sprague went home too. Poor Doctor Sprague! You remember he died eleven days afterward? Yes. He might know now if he were alive ——" She hesitated, continued slowly: "He went home, and he told me not to leave her, because she was very weak. But the floor nurse came in while I went to make sure the babies were all right. They were in the room with the other babies. You saw them afterward. Little iron cribs like baskets, in rows along both sides of the room, and a place for cards on the foot of each crib, with 'Baby Smith' or 'Baby Jones' written on the cards. And I wrote 'Baby Caterson' on two cards for my babies. Your babies, Mr. Caterson, I mean. They were asleep. Such fine little boys." She seemed suddenly to choke again. "I remember how glad I was that they were so well, because so many twins die, you know. Almost half of all twins born do die, Mr. Caterson. In spite of everything!"

He thought, in a bewildered fashion, that there was a plea for forgiveness in her tones; but while he still puzzled over this, she went on:

"They were in the hospital nighties, that night, because we hadn't been ready for them quite so soon. But I saw that they were asleep and well. There was another nurse there, putting another very new baby into a crib beside theirs. That baby's mother was going to die, she told me; and there wasn't any father. Some woman had been kind to this girl, had sent her here; that was all. Her baby was very small, too, as yours were."

"AND I went back to Mrs. Caterson and let the floor nurse go. It was almost two o'clock by that time, and Mrs. Caterson slept so quietly; and I sat beside her so that I would be there if she needed me. The hospital was very still, that night, I remember; only once in a while I would hear a nurse go softly past the door."

She hesitated for a moment as though summoning her memories; and Caterson leaned forward tautly, laying his hand upon her arm with an instinctive gesture. But at her slow glance he withdrew it, uttered some low word.

"Mrs. Caterson woke up," Miss Elcess said then, and her voice was stricken. "She had dreamed that her baby was dead, and she woke up crying and trying to sit up, and I had to move quickly, and hold her; for she was desperate with grief. She cried out that her baby was dead, and I told her she had two babies, and they were both fine, and tried to quiet her. She was so terribly sure, and so frantic!"

He said with a heavy nod, trying to keep his tones steady: "She told me next day about that dream."

"She wanted to go to her babies," Miss Elcess explained. "I had to hold her. She was so weak that it was not hard to hold her. But she was torturing herself, and I was afraid she'd make herself ill; and she was sure her baby was dead. So at last I told her that if she promised to lie quietly I would bring the babies in to her. There was nothing else to do. And she promised, and I flew along the hall to the baby ward, to their little iron cribs."

"THERE was no one there, just then; just one dim light burning. I picked up one of the twins, and then the other; and the second one squirmed, and made small, spitty noises. And I started toward the door, and then I realized that the first one did not squirm or move. And I knew, even before I looked. One of them was dead, Mr. Caterson. Mrs. Caterson was right! One of them was dead."

"Dead?"

She nodded dumbly. "I heard Mrs. Caterson calling," she went on in a dull monotone. "Her room was only two or three doors away, and even through the closed doors of the baby room, I heard her call. There was only a desperate minute, Mr. Caterson. I turned back to the line of cribs, and picked up the nearest baby, and put the little quiet one down in its place, and ran back to Mrs. Caterson. She was fighting to sit up, and I thrust the babies into her arms, and her face shone, and she lay down with one of them on either arm. I had no chance to think of anything except to quiet her, you see."

Caterson there beside her, perceiving at last the clear lineaments of fact through the mists of his formless fears, became steadier. He grew calm.

"You took another baby instead of—ours," he repeated.

"Yes." The sick woman hesitated, then she said again: "Yes." And she added: "I had only a minute. I had to do something."

"You did the best thing," he told her steadily. "But—what followed after, Miss Elcess? What was the end of it?" His

(Continued on Page 203)

For SAUCES

Kitchen Bouquet

JUST A LITTLE ADDS A DELIGHTFUL "BOUQUET" TO MEAT or FISH SAUCES

New Style Spoon FREE!

A long handle Mixing-measuring Spoon sent FREE and a 10c Trial-size Kitchen Bouquet to induce trial of this popular flavoring. Send 10c today to Kitchen Bouquet, Inc., West Hoboken, New Jersey.

Metropolitan Museum Colorprints

Eight Portfolios of Six Prints Each 8x10 inches

Egyptian Faience; Near Eastern Ceramics & Miniatures; Paintings—Italian, American, Dutch & Flemish; Tapestries; Textiles

Price per portfolio $6.00; per print $1.50

Address THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART Fifth Avenue, New York. Ask for Circular Z

30 Christmas Greeting Cards

$1.00 POST PAID

Supervalue in quality and design. Better than ever. Each card represents the most careful workmanship. All in brilliant color harmonies and have that decorative charm and beauty so much to be desired. All are in envelopes with colored linings to match. *If you can duplicate for less than $2.00 elsewhere, money cheerfully refunded.* Our Special Price—Box of 30 for $1.00. No. 8119

FREE GIFT BOOK 222 Pages of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, and charming moderately priced Gifts for every occasion. Do your Christmas shopping in the comfort of your easy chair—*direct by mail*—and save both time and money. Write today for this Free Book.

BAIRD-NORTH CO. Address: DEPT. H.J. at BOSTON, MASS.

This English Room of Tranquil Loveliness

heralds the vogue for comfort

COMFORT is coming into its own, smarter than ever before. The room with too few easy chairs is disappearing from the mode. It is the promise of restfulness in furniture which attracts one to this calm, exquisite room, undeniably English in its simplicity, friendly warmth, and above all, ease. Haven't you often wanted to make your living room over into just such an appealing blend of luxury and charm? *A Karpen dealer* will show you how you can achieve this very interior, or how, with the addition of even one of these superbly comfortable and attractive Karpen chairs, you can transform an entire room at very moderate cost. You may prefer the lounge chairs, one in tapestry, the other in Crewel embroidered tapestry, or the delightful lady's chair, in damask. All possess the improved Karpenesque cushion-back, soft as down yet strong as steel, and prized Karpen character and craftsmanship. They will be featured by *Karpen dealers* in November.

KARPEN *Furniture*

KARPEN FURNITURE

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE KARPEN FURNITURE

Featured at special introductory prices by Karpen dealers in November:

6 B Lady's Chair—Mahogany, green damask $114.00
in other damask, tapestry or mohair.....$108.00 up
6 A Lounging Chair—Tapestry.....$106.00
in other tapestry, damask or mohair.....$100.00 up
6 C Wing Chair—Mahogany, tapestry.....$131.00
in other tapestry, damask or mohair.....$101.00 up

Mail this Coupon for "Beautiful Interiors"

A colorful, absorbing book on interior decoration by Edgar W. Jenney. Full of ideas for your home. Send this coupon now, with 10c for mailing costs, to S. Karpen & Bros., 801 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 37th and Broadway, New York; or P. O. Box 604, Huntington Park, Calif.

☐ What dealer near me can supply the chairs featured in November?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

L-11

CITY.....STATE.....

They're called SHOWER BOOTS *madam*

The very latest vogue in stormy-day protection for your dainty shoes

JUST ask for them in any good store . . . the clerk will know what you mean!

Just say, "Let me see some Goodrich Shower Boots" . . . and watch him bring out the smartest, lightest bit of outer footwear you ever saw!

Introduced only last year, Shower Boots set a new vogue in rainy-day footwear. And for good reason!

To begin with, they're just as smart as any shoe or slipper you see in today's best shops. Cut to fit with glove-like perfection . . . so neat the trimmest ankle gains new grace . . .

And in beautiful tonings of tan and henna, black, and gun metal moiré rubber, they fit perfectly into any ensemble.

More . . . Shower Boots are all-rubber, with the exception of a neat cuff of fabric. They're perfectly washable . . . a damp cloth removes grime and mud . . .

And they weigh just 7 ounces!

See the new fall Shower Boots at your favored store at once! They are being shown with the new Goodrich fabric Zippers . . . smart new numbers of the famous Zipper line that match the Shower Boot for modishness and fit.

The break of winter is not so far away. Go shopping for your Shower Boots now . . . and you'll be ready to meet bad weather with full protection for costly, dainty footwear.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, California. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

You'll be charmed with the new models for fall. Never has outer footwear had such smartness . . such trimness of line . . such harmony of color . . and they weigh only seven ounces.

Below—A smart two-tone henna Shower Boot . . . with the beautiful new moiré rubber finish. Only seven ounces in weight . . . as light as your daintiest evening slipper.

The new Shower Boots are just as smart and dainty as the modern business girl.

No need now to worry over heavy overshoes when you enter a club or hotel.

Below—The brown Shower Boot . . . new moiré rubber finish.

Above—a new Goodrich fabric Zipper . . . brown and gray tweed.

Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

(Continued from Page 200)

tone, in spite of him, rose to a keener pitch. "Please—go on," he urged.

"Mrs. Caterson went to sleep with the babies on her arm," the woman went on. "And after a while I tried to take them, but she roused, and her arm curled to enfold them, to hold them. And when I tried again, she still would not let them go, even in her sleep. Then she woke, and lay half awake till dawn, watching her babies through half-closed lids; and I saw that she was growing stronger. But I dreaded the morning, and I did not know what I was to do."

"But what did you do?" he cried, goaded now. "What did you do?"

The color drained from her pale lips. "I didn't do anything," she confessed.

"What happened?" he insisted. "What happened in the morning?" His eyes flickered, gleamed with sudden desperate hope. "Was the other one all right after all, just asleep?"

She shook her head, and after a moment she said in a slow, resolute tone:

"This is what happened. At daylight Mrs. Caterson went sound asleep, and I could take the babies away. I hurried back to the baby room with them. I expected questions, reproaches, perhaps hospital discipline. But I met no one; only in the baby room there was a nurse bringing a bottle for a morning feeding, for a baby that was not nursing; and I saw that the crib where I had left the—other one was empty."

"THERE was not even a card on the end of the crib now. I put my babies back in their places, and I asked the nurse where the other baby was—without telling her anything.

"She told me it had died in the night. I remember she said it was a good thing, because the baby's mother was dead now, too, and there wasn't any father. She said it had died, and of course they had taken it out of the baby room. And at first I was terrified, and I didn't dare tell the truth; and then I knew that the truth would—kill Mrs. Caterson perhaps. And so I kept still.

"I meant to tell Doctor Sprague. But Mrs. Caterson was ill, you know; she was very ill, for days, and they thought she wouldn't live. So I had no time to think of other things, and in the end I never told him at all."

She hesitated; she said pitifully:

"It's been a good deal to carry, Mr. Caterson. I never meant to tell you. But—it's easier, now that I have told."

"But didn't anyone see the difference?" he protested. "Didn't anyone notice it?"

She shook her head.

Soberly accepting the situation, he faced the question that now must be asked. And he thought suddenly of these boys of his—these two boys who had for twenty years been his sons. Tony, tall, and keen, and lovable, and fine; Sandy, the plodder, stolid yet substantial too. They had always been so desperately proud of Tony; but neither had Sandy ever given them cause for shame. Proud? Yes, infinitely proud of each one he had been.

AND now, in this moment just ahead, he must lose one of them. One was his true son, one was a stranger. It need not, he told himself, make any difference. The boys were after all both his boys, if twenty years of love and care could make them so. He tried not to ask the question; tried to argue that it need never be asked. He would not even tell Mrs. Caterson. There was no need for her to know; no need that she should ever know. He need only learn to dissemble, to support this burdensome truth alone.

So after a moment he lifted his head to put the steady question.

"Which one is—our boy, Miss Elcess?" he asked quietly. "Tony or Sandy? Which one is our own?"

She swung to meet his glance; and in her eyes he had, even before she spoke, his answer. Yet she spoke evenly enough, bravely enough.

"I don't know, Mr. Caterson," she told him in tones like the stroke of doom. "I was so desperate to get back to Mrs. Caterson that I—didn't pay close attention; and afterward I couldn't remember. I don't know!"

And at her word the man relaxed in his chair. His face became expressionless, but there was that in his breast like the keen and darting bite of a white-hot blade.

VIII.

WHEN Caterson came back to the present world, he asked another question:

"Miss Elcess, why haven't you told us long ago?"

The woman nodded, as though she had been expecting this inquiry. "It wasn't anything I ever really decided," she told him. "I don't suppose most people ever have occasion to make any great decisions. I expect our lives are made out of little decisions, little defeats and little victories. It always seemed that this was decided for me, just as the thing itself was taken out of my hands by the situation at the time, Mr. Caterson. I only did in each particular moment what I had to do."

"I can understand your not telling anyone then," he admitted. "I can understand your desperation and your fears, Miss Elcess. But why haven't you told us since?"

She smiled faintly, her eyes closed, her head moving on the pillow.

"The other baby had no one to love him," she reminded him. "And you and Mrs. Caterson had lost a baby. You needed a baby, and he needed a father and mother, and it seemed to me as though the whole thing had been planned to make you all three happier.

"I thought at first I would tell you some time, and then for years I thought I would never tell you; but when I grew ill I knew I would have to tell you, before I died."

She hesitated, added ruefully: "I hope you won't be unhappy about it—after a while."

He nodded, willing to reassure and comfort her, yet still driven by amazement into questioning.

"Who was the other baby?" he asked. "Who was his mother, his father?"

SHE shook her head. "I didn't dare ask any questions," she pointed out. "I felt, I suppose, the way a criminal must feel, that everyone is watching him suspiciously. I was afraid any question from me would make other people curious, start some investigation.

"Only, I know there weren't any relatives. The mother who died hadn't any people living. I heard the nurses say that. They were all saying it was a mercy the baby died too."

She hesitated, smiled faintly. "You can find out," she reminded him. "You can go back to the hospital records and find out if you want to."

But Caterson shook his head. That sleeping dog, he knew, must be allowed to slumber undisturbed.

When he left her he had a word or two with Miss Foley in the corridors. She thanked Mr. Caterson again for coming. He made some polite and acquiescent reply, and turned toward the elevator and so emerged at last into the street.

He perceived, and with an increasing certainty, that he must never tell Mrs. Caterson. Since Miss Elcess had spoken, he himself could never be completely happy again; and if he were to tell Edith that one of these boys she loved was not in fact her own son, she must for the rest of her life be as perplexed and sad as he. So he must bear the load alone, and so he did resolve.

Yet, even in this moment, Caterson could foresee what the years were like to bring. There would always be, like a specter between him and his sons, the question

(Continued on Page 205)

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE *squeezed* for you *strained* for you

READY TO SERVE

THAT'S Florida Gold Grapefruit Juice! The pure, unadulterated juice of the finest fruits that Florida yields . . . tree-ripened in Florida's golden sunshine.

Pure! Unadulterated! There's no makeshift about Florida Gold. It's the same luscious juice that sparkled in the ripening fruits, with all its exhilarating fresh fruit flavor and its precious vitamins B and C. Just enough pure cane sugar is added to temper the natural tartness.

Sealed right in sunny Florida in these handy little containers. For your delight! For your convenience! And, certainly, for your economy! . . . Ready to serve as it comes to you.

Nothing to do but puncture the can. Into your ice tumbler streams a wonderful breakfast fruit drink. And use it to "perk up" your fruit punches . . . your fancy beverages. Bracing as a whiff of sea breeze . . . and a lot more nourishing.

If your grocer hasn't any yet, mail your coupon.

Fruit Products Company of Florida. Also Packers of Florida Gold Grapefruit Hearts.

FLORIDA GOLD *Grapefruit Juice*

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

FRUIT PRODUCTS COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich.

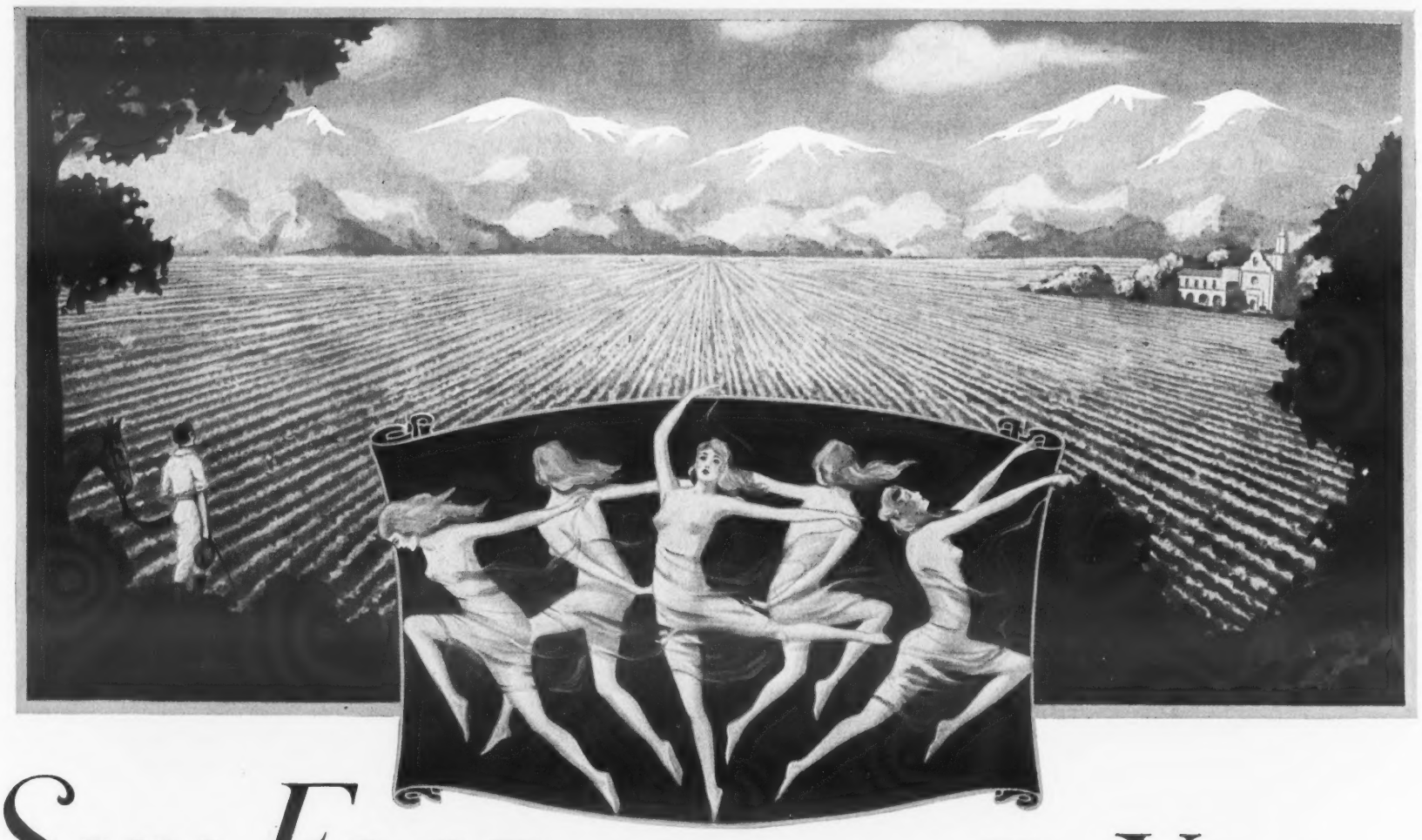
Please send me one half case (12 cans) of Florida Gold Grapefruit Juice at the special introductory price of $1.80 which I enclose.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Your grocer's name _____



SUN FOOD - *Grown For* YOU *in the Heart of the* Golden West

SUN NYMPHS, so the ancients believed, drew their life from the rays of the sun. And such was the magic of this "sun food" that the matchless grace and beauty of these nymphs made mere mortals mad from looking upon them.

Iceberg head lettuce is a true "sun food." It is Nature's concentrated sunshine. Grown under the cloudless, sapphire skies of Arizona and California, its golden-green heart is packed by the blazing sun with a harvest of vitamins and mineral salts.

Science has known for some time the amazing part these elements play in human health and happiness. Now we can tell the wonderful story to the world because, for the first time, there is enough Iceberg head lettuce to go around.

This year 60,000 carloads—900,000,000 heads—will be shipped from Arizona and California. A vast industry has been organized to fill the Nation's salad bowl. Great rivers have been diverted from their courses to make barren deserts blossom as the rose. Millions of dollars have been invested, and now long trains of refrigerator cars are speeding across the continent, laden with lettuce.

Iceberg head lettuce contains all the known vitamins. "A" promotes growth. "B" builds strong nerves. "C" is an energizer. "D" makes strong bones and teeth. "E," just recently discovered and found most abundantly in lettuce, also plays an extremely important role in the development of every human being into a perfectly normal man or woman.

And the mineral salts in lettuce—iron, calcium and phosphorus—are equally essential if we wish to make our bodies fit temples of the soul—if we wish to make ourselves attractive to others. These mineral salts clarify the blood, promote growth and replace broken down tissue.

You should eat Iceberg lettuce every day—at least half a head. If you do, your body will never suffer from lack of vitamins and mineral salts, for you eat it raw, without impairing these elements by cooking. It is one of the cleanest, purest foods in the world. It is packed in ice as it comes from the fields and is shipped in iced cars. It reaches you as crisp and fresh as if plucked from your own garden. It is available every day in the year, and it comes to your table, on drab winter days, like a gift from the sun-god.

Cut a large head of Iceberg lettuce crosswise into inch sections, shredding finely leftover portion. Place each round on a salad plate and slice through several times without disturbing shape. For each salad mix 1/2 cake Philadelphia cream cheese with some chopped pecans and shredded lettuce and form into a rough peak to represent an iceberg. Color some mayonnaise green, spread it over lettuce and place iceberg in center.

What Science Says of Lettuce

Lettuce is a 'sun-food.' The sun has packed it with vitamins which are essential to general health and to that abounding vitality we all crave. Also with an abundance of mineral salts which regenerate the blood, aid digestion, promote growth in the young and replace broken down tissue in the adult. Lettuce also contains a slight sedative element which induces natural, restful sleep and soothes jangled nerves.

It is a delicious dish, and it satisfies hunger without piling up fat that smothers girlish curves.

Ask your grocer for Iceberg head lettuce. And write, using coupon below, for the booklet, "*Charging the Human Battery*"—finger-post on the road to radiant health.

WESTERN GROWERS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
Department A
Los Angeles, California

Please send me, free, your little book called "*Charging the Human Battery*," revealing the most recent scientific findings upon health, growth and vitality.

Name.....

Address.....

ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE

Nature's Concentrated Sunshine
from ARIZONA *and* CALIFORNIA

© 1929 W G P A.

(Continued from Page 203)

which was the true and which the false one; and he perceived in this situation all the possibilities of tragic grief which it must at times present. Grief which he must bear alone.

He came by and by into the street that led up over the hill to his own home, and while he was still two or three blocks from the house he saw that there was a light in the bedroom window. This meant that Mrs. Caterson was still awake. He had not till this moment realized the imminence of the necessity of confronting her, and in a sudden dismay he pulled in beside the curb and stilled his engine, and tried to order his thoughts to meet her questions. But after a little, without having planned what he would say, he started the engine again, and so came home at last.

He had left a light burning in the hall, and when he reached the top of the stairs he pressed the button which extinguished it; so passed into his own dressing room.

He undressed very quietly, and he put his clothes away upon hangers, or in the laundry hamper, with a meticulous care entirely foreign to his ordinarily careless habit. He sought small pretexts, each time-devouring. Thus it was some time before, having switched out the light in his dressing room, he quietly lifted the latch of the intervening door and passed into the bedroom beyond.

BUT when he did so he saw at once that her eyes were open, that she was watching him, that she smiled faintly at his cautiously silent entrance. He stopped uncertainly, astonished and dismayed, and he said huskily: "Oh, you're awake, Edith?"

"Yes, Joe," she replied. "Yes, I haven't been asleep."

He nodded automatically, without being conscious of the gesture. The windows were open and the room was full of crisp, fresh air. She said softly:

"Get into bed, Joe. You'll catch cold."

But still he did not move. He stood there, remembering his resolution not to tell her, and small beads of perspiration formed upon his brow. He stared at her unseeingly, and she watched him, and after a moment she smiled, in a fashion astonishingly full of understanding and of comfort.

When she spoke again his ears were incredulous. He could not believe he heard aright. For she said, in a tone full of infinite wisdom and reassurance:

"To bed with you, Joe, my dear! It's all right! Don't be so distressed. You see, I already know!"

IX.

IN THE major crises of domestic life women are apt to evince a greater degree of strength and of composure than do men. This may be because in such matters there dwells in woman an ancient wisdom. Affairs of birth and life and death have from the beginning been her more direct concern. She is more used to meet these three somewhat terrifying phenomena face to face and steadily.

But whether this be the cause or no, the fact remains. If the cook leaves, or hot water mars the dining-room table, or ink is spilled upon the choicest rug, a man can view the matter with composure, while his wife may approach hysterics. But if there is a child to be born, it is the woman who approaches the matter the more calmly; and if Death knocks she will fight him to the end with a calm and steady courage, and meet defeat at last with a resolution beyond man's utmost powers.

And so she said gravely: "It's all right, my dear. I know." And he sat down wearily on the bed.

"Know?" he protested. "Edith, you —— What do you mean? What is it that you know?"

HER eyes closed for a moment, and he thought she would weep; but she opened them again and smiled.

"Get into bed, dear Lad," she insisted. And as he moved slowly to obey her: "No, dear. In my bed, here. We must talk together for a while."

And when he came to her she folded him in her arms, tucked his head upon her shoulder as though he were still a child, stroked his forehead tenderly. "There," she whispered. "There, poor boy. Be still."

His cheek pressed hers. "But Edith," he whispered. "You can't—know? What she told me!"

"It's about the boys, isn't it?" she challenged gently.

"Yes. Yes, it is."

She turned out the light above their heads, so that they lay in darkness, and the darkness somehow sheltered and protected them. She said slowly:

"I remember the night I bore them, Joe. So clearly. And afterward I slept, and in my sleep I knew—one of them had died." She hesitated, and when he did not stir she reminded him: "You know, I told you my dream in the morning, Joe."

"Yes, but it was—just a dream," he urged.

"You thought so," she assented. "And perhaps I thought so. I was willing to think so, my dear. For the boys were there beside me in the morning. And Miss Elcess tending us all."

"Yes," he agreed.

SHE waited a moment. "Tell me," she said at last. "Tell me what happened tonight. She sent for you. Is she very ill?"

"She expects to die," he assented. "They've decided to operate on her in the morning. She seems to know it's hopeless, and Miss Foley, the superintendent, as much as admitted this to me. A cancer, I think. So she sent for me."

"I've known for many years," Mrs. Caterson repeated. "You remember how she has always liked to come to see us, to see the boys. I've seen her watching them; seen the burden in her eyes. There really is an understanding between women, Joe."

And she added softly: "I didn't know on the surface of my mind, perhaps. I learned to forget that old dream. But it was always there, waiting to be remembered. Waiting to explain so many things."

And a moment later she said in tender chiding: "You must have seen in her attitude all this time that something was wrong, my dear; must have seen that something tormented her."

"I didn't notice," he confessed; and she smiled there beside him at the blindness of this man, and of all men.

"She told me tonight what happened," he said at last. "The whole thing!"

"Yes?"

Multiply Christmas by Twelve

AT A TRIFLING COST you can send each of your friends a gift that will put Christmas joy into each month of the year. It will provide adventure and romance for their evening leisure, acquaint them with women's newest activities, help them plan or beautify home and garden, smarten their dress, bring spicy variety to their tables.

Why not give to your friends the pleasure you receive from the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL? We will ourselves announce your gift subscription, *in your name*, with a Yuletide picture well worth framing—sent in time to arrive in the Christmas mail.

Bacterial Mouth

(You have it)

Don't let it ruin happiness

THOUGH you may have your share of beauty and attractiveness you will never realize to the fullest the happy moments of life—if parted lips reveal dull, dingy teeth scarred by decay and denuded at their necks by receding gums.

It's a barrier to happiness brought about by a condition that authorities call "Bacterial-Mouth."

You have it. We all have it. And the ordinary tooth paste won't touch it. But Kolynos will.

This double-strength dentifrice—prescribed by leading dentists—is distinguished by marvelous antiseptic and cleansing properties. It polishes teeth to natural whiteness and kills germs that cause infection and decay.

Volatile, Antiseptic Foam
To Remove Bacterial-Mouth

Dry-Brush Technique
To Polish Teeth Whiter

For the best result, squeeze a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, the technique dentists approve. Scrub teeth and gums.

As it enters the mouth Kolynos multiplies 25 times and bursts into a surging, cleansing, antiseptic foam that penetrates every crevice . . . kills germs . . . neutralizes acids that cause decay . . . checks tartar . . . quickly purifies mouth and polishes teeth white as can be—without the slightest injury to gum tissue or enamel.

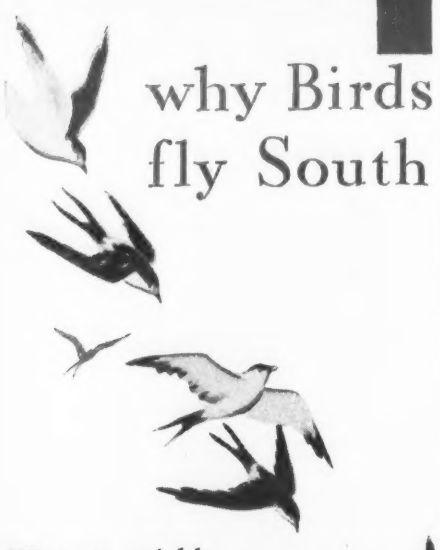
For 3 hours after each brushing this Kolynos foam continues to clean teeth and combat germs.

Switch to Kolynos for two weeks or a month and see how lustrous white your teeth can really be, how clean your mouth can feel. In 3 days—6 brushings—Kolynos begins to show its effectiveness in a way that will delight you—whiter teeth and pinker, firmer gums; cleaner, cooler, more refreshing mouth. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist today. *Or mail coupon for generous 2-week tube of Kolynos!*

KOLYNOS
the foaming antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

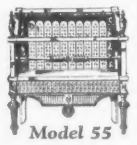
Large 2-week tube FREE

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 11-LJ-31
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name
Street & No.
City State

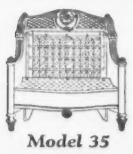


why Birds fly South

BIRDS quickly sense the diminishing ultra-violet and infra-red solar light waves in the fall. That is their signal to seek a warmer, sunnier clime. Children, too, need sunshine all year 'round. Called back to school and confined to indoor playrooms when the dark days start, they lose that fresh vitality which bloomed in the summer sun. The magic rays of sunlight are essential to growth and development—and they are approximated, by artificial means, in the gas-burning Humphrey Radiantfire! ¶ The Radiantfire—essential in the home for its heating efficiency alone—contains a large amount of the vital infra-red and some of the ultra-violet rays of the sun. ¶ Here is heat in abundance—flexible, convenient and economical—*plus health!* It can be quickly and easily installed in any home, with or without a fireplace. There are 32 attractive models from which to choose. Visit your local gas company or Radiantfire dealer now.



Model 55



Model 35

Free!

Here's a book all parents should have. Write for this amazing story, "When Heat is Health," by Floyd W. Parsons.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT CO.
Kalamazoo, Mich. 44 W. Broadway, N. Y. C.
135 Bluxome St., San Francisco, California

TURN ON THE SUN WITH
The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

"There was—another baby born in the hospital that night," he explained. "The mother—I don't know whether she was married, and the father dead, or exactly what the story was. Miss Elcess never dared ask questions about it afterward. But there was a boy baby, and it happened he was a very small baby, as ours were. Some woman had befriended the mother, sent her there for proper care. The baby's crib was beside those where our boys were laid."

"I see," she assented; and for all her steady courage, there was an ache in her grave tones.

So in a hurried rush of words, forgetting all his resolutions, he made clear the whole. She did not speak during this recital; there was no need of her prompting. Once begun upon the tale, his tongue ran swiftly. Her voice when she spoke at last was clear and steady.

"I see," she said again. "Poor Miss Elcess! How unhappy she has been."

"I can't believe it, even now, Edith. I can't believe it's true. She's imagined it. Her mind must be shaken by pain or illness or something. Edith, it can't be true."

She touched his brow with her cool palm. "My dear, it's quite true," she assured him. "But what difference does it make? What difference does it make to us, Joe?"

"BUT it's incredible," he protested. "Someone would have seen at the time; seen the difference between them."

"Not so easily," she assured him. "Babies are not much different, except that some are bigger than others. If they weighed the same. And this wasn't one of those things anyone was likely to suspect, or challenge, Joe. It was so ridiculously easy and natural. It happened of itself. No, dearest Lad. No, it's quite true."

He was silent for a moment, said at last: "Edith, you're a wonder to me! Did you really know? Tell me, how long have you known?"

She answered softly, half to herself: "I knew, yes. The way we do sometimes know things, with the back of our minds. Nothing ever happened to bring this into the front of my mind before; that's all. And—it didn't matter. They were my boys. I nurtured them and tended them and loved them; I put myself into them, till they were crammed full of me. They were mine!" She hesitated, on a sound like a sob; but after a moment she went on, steadily again:

"But, Joe, my dear, when they didn't look alike, then I knew my dark dream was a true one."

"Twins don't have to look alike," he protested.

"I know," she agreed tenderly. "That would satisfy a man.

"But, my dear, mothers aren't very often mistaken in matters that concern their children. We usually know!"

He said no word, lay quiet there beside her, and after a little she continued thoughtfully:

"But it didn't make me unhappy, Joe. It needn't make you unhappy now. We've got them both, and they're fine boys, and that's all that matters, isn't it?" And when he did not at once reply she added, as much to herself as to him: "Tony's made us proud of him so many times!"

HE STIRRED suddenly. "Sandy's a substantial sort of boy," he urged, as though this were to dissent from her praise of Tony.

Something in his tone perhaps perturbed her, for she did not immediately speak; but when she did, it was comfortingly.

"They needn't ever know about it," she pointed out.

"I hope not," he agreed. "That—worried me! They jar on each other sometimes, as it is. If they knew this, there'd always be a deeper pit between them. Real friction, I'm afraid."

And he added, with a masculine eye to practical detail: "But—we might quietly take some legal steps, in case the question is ever raised. Adoption?"

"Who can ever raise a question?" she chided him laughingly. "Don't be absurd, Joe."

"A matter of inheritance," he urged. "You can't be sure."

"Nonsense," she protested. "We're giving them their best inheritance every day; giving them ourselves. The rest doesn't matter. But nothing's going to happen anyway!"

"And of course, if we did anything of that sort, they might find it out," he doubtfully agreed.

"We'll just love them both very dearly, and that's all that matters," she told him.

HE SAID, ruefully, after a moment: "I didn't mean to tell you this, Edith. I thought it would be too much for you to bear. You're a wonderful creature. You're so wise and fine and strong and—everything. You know, my dear, I love you."

"Do you?" she echoed, smiling in the darkness.

"More each day."

"There are so many days in twenty years. Twenty-three years, now, isn't it? Almost twenty-four. What children we were, Lad!"

"I've been happy," he said.

"I've been happy too."

His cheek pressed hers strongly and she lay in his arms; but after a moment she said: "We must be so good to them, Joe. Sandy needs love especially. He doesn't know how to—compel it from people, as Tony does. But he wants it, only you have to understand and give it to him."

"His college work has picked up this year," Caterson remarked. "I've been worried about him sometimes. I don't want him to lead the class, or anything of that sort; but I want him to get by."

"Never worry about Sandy," she bade him gayly. "Only love him."

Somewhere two or three miles away a clock struck thrice, the slow strokes booming.

"Time we were asleep, my dear," she said.

"I'll get into my own bed," he decided. "So I won't disturb you." He kissed her. "Good night, Lady!"

Her arm tightened around his neck. "And it's all right, my dear," she whispered. "All right, remember. Believe me, Joe."

"All right if you say so," he promised, and kissed her long again.

A moment later, when they were settled in their own beds, she spoke dreamily.

"I'll go in and see her tomorrow, and tell her not to be unhappy about it, and comfort her."

"I doubt if you can see her tomorrow," he suggested. "Perhaps in a day or two."

"A day or two, yes," she agreed.

AND for minutes then, neither of them spoke. Caterson was wide awake, staring at the windows. His wife had given him full measure of comfort; but there was one dark enigma, still unanswered. Unless she could answer it. She who was so wise. He was driven in the end to speak to her.

"Edith," he whispered. "Asleep?"

"Not quite, my dear," she confessed.

The question broke from him like a cry. "Edith, which boy is ours?"

A long silence lay beside him; a silence so long that it ached, and it burned. Mrs. Caterson did not answer him, and he thought she must have fallen asleep between her last word and his question, she lay so still.

But suddenly she moved, and sat up; he heard the stir of her coverlets. Then the light snapped on, and he saw her, leaning on one elbow, staring at him. Her

(Continued on Page 208)

I Am a NONE SUCH Pie

"Don't often get the chance to sit for my picture! Yet I'm about the oldest national dessert in America—been made this way by good home-makers for the past 43 years, and always of None Such. Still, I've been welcomed to more family dinner tables this year than ever!"

WISE home-makers know what an all-the-family treat a None Such pie is. What delicious goodness in fruits and spices hides under its flaky, golden crust. How wholesome and digestible it is. And how easily and quickly made—with None Such, the standby of three generations of good cooks.

Have *you* baked a None Such Pie—lately? These crisp fall days were made for this delightful dessert! There's a tested recipe on the tin or package. Just 'phone your grocer.

Merrell-Soule has compiled a new recipe book that tells how to make 49 other appetizing None Such delicacies. There's a copy waiting for *you*. Send for it to-day.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Inc.
350 Madison Avenue
New York

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Legg's OLD PLANTATION SEASONING

A Tantalizing Flavor All America Loves!

At your grocer. Or send 10 cents for household package and book of tempting recipes.

DEPT "M"

Gives new zest and savor to the most familiar foods. A complete, wholesome seasoning for poultry dressing, meat loaf, roasts, sausage, gravies, etc. Brings to your kitchen the delicious tang of southern cooking. Try it!

A. C. LEGG PACKING CO. INC.
BIRMINGHAM ALA. U.S.A.

SANFORD'S PASTE

Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

SO REAL

she stole away on tiptoe

JUST the other day we heard of a woman who stopped at a friend's to call. She was about to ring the door bell when she heard unfamiliar voices within. After listening a moment she tiptoed away, saying to herself: "They have guests; I'll call some other time." Guests? Yes, indeed—*but they were in a broadcasting studio far away.* Such is the reality—the *un*-mechanical perfection of Atwater Kent tone.

On the Air: Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

SO MUCH BETTER

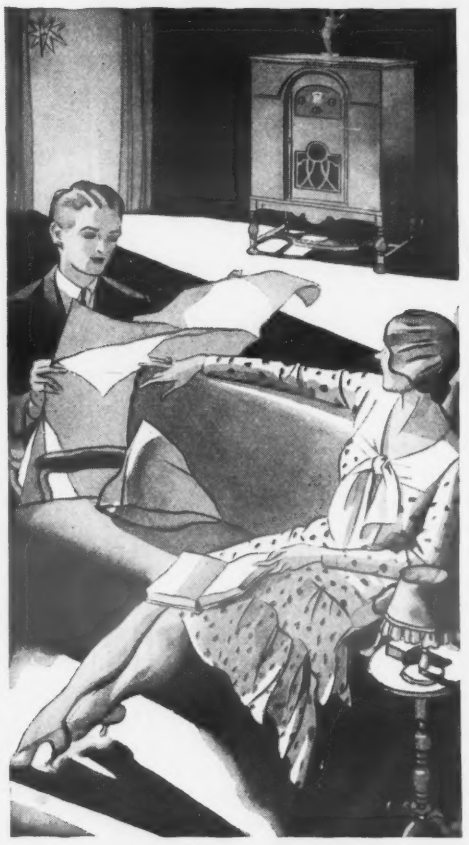
there's just no room for argument

IT'S not merely the wonderful Screen-Grid tubes. It's the way the new tubes are *completely used* to make radio so much more enjoyable that there is no room for argument. You get more stations and more distant stations, and separate them with needle-point precision. You get clearer, richer, Electro-Dynamic tone—from the trill of the piccolo to the lowest bass. You get more volume than you can use, controllable at will. And you *don't* get any *hum!*

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID



SO BEAUTIFUL

—with your own choice of cabinets

NOW you can have a cabinet just like your neighbors'—or as unlike it as your home differs from theirs. With Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio you make your own selection instead of being restricted to one or two designs. Highboy or lowboy, simple or elaborate, sliding doors or swinging doors, or without doors, for a large room or a small room—now *you* do the choosing, just as you choose other beautiful furniture for your home.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4701 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

See?

It matches Perfectly!

Look closely—be exacting as you will. No matter what fabric color you have chosen—you will find a perfect match for it in J. & P. Coats and Clark's O.N.T. Mercerized Threads. No matter what fabric—silk, wool, rayon, linen, cotton. No matter what shade or tone, tint or hue—you will find a thread to match, and every color boilfast.

Use these sturdy threads to hold important seams securely. Use them for smart finishing—their perfect texture blends into the fabric to make stitching lines of beautiful simplicity. Use them for easy sewing—silky smooth, they flow evenly through the needle. They never fray, never snarl, never fade. At your favorite notion counter—100 yards, 5 cents.

FREE! COLOR GUIDE

To help you plan your new clothes, we have had prepared by Mary Brooks Picken, famous fashion authority, a "Color Guide for Fall and Winter". It tells what new colors are best for your type and shows how to choose fabrics and threads to match for the clothes you are planning. It is free. Just send this coupon.

J. & P. COATS and CLARK'S O.N.T.
MERCERIZED THREADS in Boilfast COLORS

SPOOL COTTON COMPANY
Dept. 10-L, 881 Broadway, New York

Please send me free your "Color Guide for Fall and Winter"

Name.....

Street (or R. F. D.).....

City.....*State*.....

(Continued from Page 206)

eyes were wide and stricken with dark fears.

"Which one?" she echoed.

He scrambled to a sitting posture, leaned to catch her in his arms. "Miss Elcess didn't know!" he confessed. "She didn't know, Edith. I thought you must know."

She caught his arms in her hands. "She doesn't know?" she cried, and her tone was as fierce as a flame. "She gave me someone else's baby, and she doesn't know!"

"Edith," he begged. "Please. Don't!"

Her fists beat at him. "She took my baby," she ejaculated. "Now she's taken both my boys from me."

Even in that moment, while he strove to comfort her, he could know astonishment at her grief and rage. She had been able to face bravely the fact that her baby had died twenty years ago; but this lesser loss, this minor torture wrung from her keen outcries half hysterical, and marked her countenance with deep lines of anguish and of pain.

"My dear," he whispered. "We have them both! They're ours!"

"But not to know, not to know!"

"Dearest, dearest!" he urged. "We love them both alike."

She would have risen, would have leaped out of bed. He had to restrain her forcibly. "I want to go to her," she protested. "I must, Joe. I must talk to her. We can compare notes, we can figure it out between us, Joe. Tonight. Before they operate on her. Joe, Joe, let me go!"

"Dearest, she doesn't know," he urged.

"I want to go!"

"If you go," he argued, "it will make a tumult at the hospital. Make talk, Edith! Guesses, whispers. Wait till tomorrow, the day after!"

And he added: "If I thought she could tell us, I'd take you over right away. But, dearest, she doesn't know."

"I have to talk to her," she repeated piteously.

But in the end he was able to persuade her to some composure.

"We'll remember something, between us, she and I," she whispered, reassuring herself, comforting herself. "And anyway, Joe, we have them both."

"And love them both!" he reminded her.

"Oh, we do love them so!" she echoed. "But I can see her tomorrow, Joe? Or the day after. Promise me, surely. There'll be something we can find!"

So in the end she was persuaded; and with the quick spring of hope, it seemed to them both that what she said was true; that when she and Miss Elcess could talk together calmly they must discover some point, forgotten till now, which would distinguish their true son.

For not to know the truth would be intolerable, a long anguish hardly to be borne. It seemed to Mrs. Caterson in this dark moment that merely to contemplate that possibility was to despair. She could lose a son long dead with only tender grief; but to be unable to recognize a son alive was not to be endured.

(To be Continued)

If You Want More Money--- Write Me

Whether you want money for charming clothes or money to spend for Christmas you may follow the plan of Mary Ross on this page.

WITH fall spending time at hand what woman isn't interested in money?

Perhaps you are longing right this minute for *money* for a smart new hat or a snug coat . . . *money* to pay an annoying bill or start a bank account . . . *money* for light-hearted Christmas spending.

If you are like most women I know, you're eager to earn money of your very own in leisure time for all these things.

Mary Ross is happy because she can feel well-dressed wherever she goes. She seems always to have the few extra dollars that bring smartness. Her smile twinkles so happily because she hasn't a money worry. In fact, she has not stopped with earning and spending—she has made investments that are climbing higher and higher in value.

The plan she uses is so attractive, so easy too. I'll gladly tell you all about it.

I'll gladly enroll you in The Girls' Club, whose purpose it is to help ambitious women like you earn money in leisure time.

Do not hesitate. Do not let your timidity stand between you and success.

One of the nicest features of our Club work is that you need no training or experience.

$100.00 For Christmas

When Mrs. Anderton started out she was timid and afraid. Yet she added more than $100.00 to her Christmas fund last year through our Club.

$4.80 in One Afternoon

When Miss Elizabeth Gibson joined The Girls' Club, her first $5.00 seemed like a small fortune. Yet, now she earns as much as $200.00 a month. Other brand-new members have surprised themselves by earning from $1.50 in brief hours to $4.80 in pleasant afternoons devoted to Club activities. Yet, they hadn't dreamed of the generous sums they could earn until they wrote me about our Club plan.

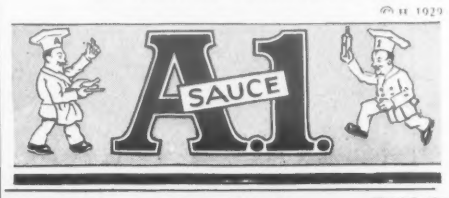
Write Today

NOW is the time when profits are highest and money is easiest to earn in The Girls' Club.

Now is the time that it will pay you best to write me a letter like this: "*Dear Manager: Please tell me how I may earn money for the things I want.*" (And tell me your age, if you wish.) Not a cent will it cost you. The Club supplies, without cost, full information and valuable helps. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
428 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

London's immortal chop house . . . The Cheshyre Cheese. What famed dishes here. Grilled Dover Sole... Ye Rump Steak with Kidneys . . . everything with a wondrous flavor. Here, and many places where tasty food is served, A. 1. Sauce does the seasoning. A delicious seasoning . . . flavors mingled with flavors...that makes everything you sprinkle it on tastier. And inexpensive . . . so inexpensive . . . anywhere. *Send to Heublein & Bro., Dept. 311, Hartford, Conn., for free recipes, "25 WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART."*



NEW
MUFTI
CLEANING COMPACT

PURSE-SIZE

Keep this attractive Mufti Cleaning Compact with you always—removes any spot instantly. A real aid to personal appearance at parties—dances—when dining out—or traveling. Contains vial of Mufti and individual cleaning pads. Given to you as proof that Mufti is The Perfect Home Cleaner.

Test This Amazing Cleaner!

On gloves, ties, delicate silks, velvets or costly woolens—Mufti removes any spot quickly without the slightest harm to the material. Its faithful performance is produced by the scientific blending of eleven important ingredients. Positively nothing like it—does not ring and leaves no odor.

FREE OFFER

We will send you the Mufti Cleaning Compact free on receipt of 10¢ to cover postage and mailing. Or, the compact is given with each purchase of a regular 60¢ bottle of Mufti at any Drug or Department Store.

MUFTI COMPANY
2710 McMicken Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Compact Given With Each 60c Bottle!

BECOME A NURSE

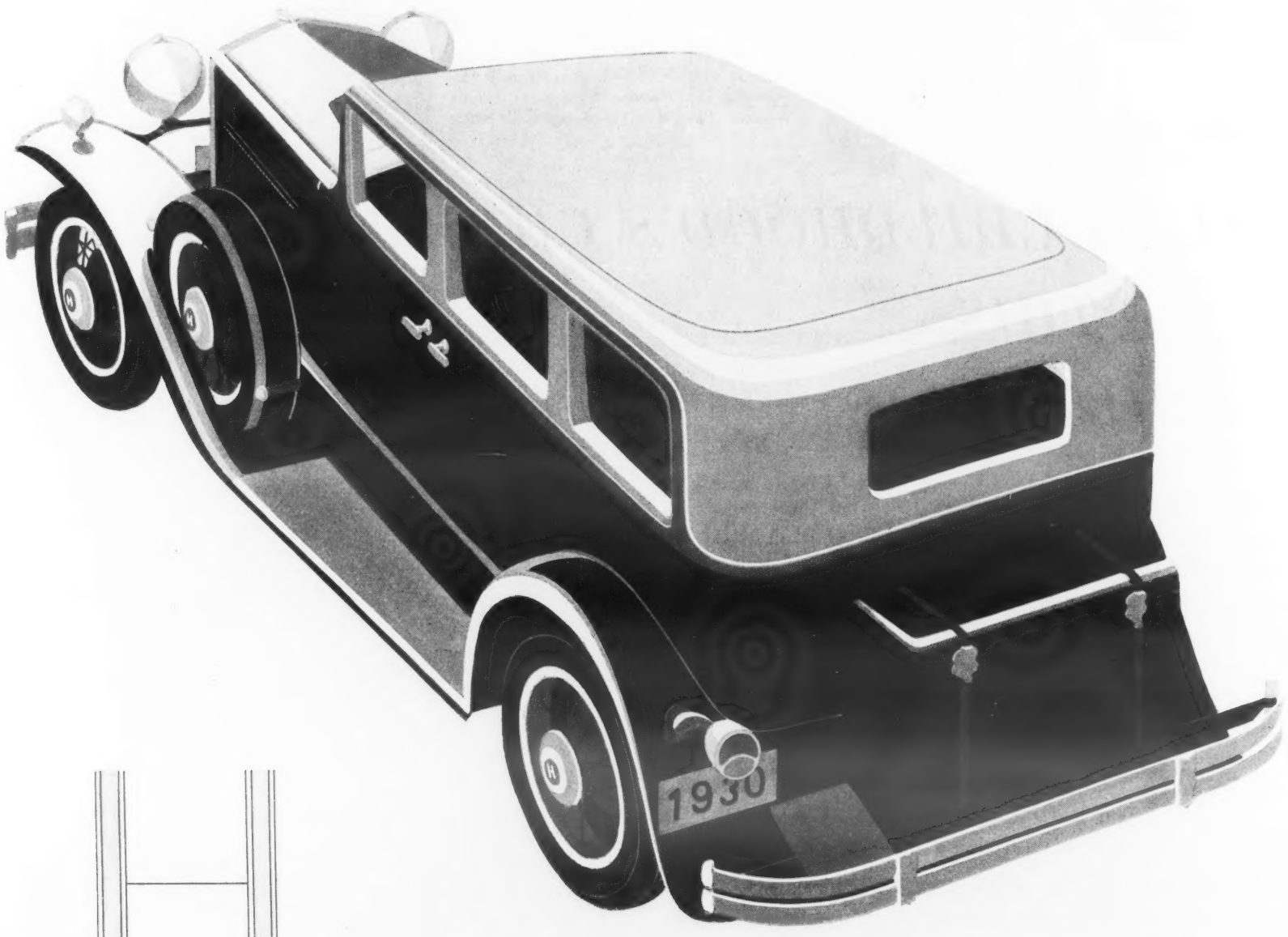
THIS school will give you, in your own home, the most complete and practical preparation for nursing obtainable outside the hospital. More than 30,000 students have enrolled during 25 years.

Our Graduates Earn $30 and $35 a Week

The ideal study for all women. Money refunded if dissatisfied after two months' trial. Write for catalog and pages from course. Minimum age, 18.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
823 Fourth Street Jamestown, N. Y.

"THE GOAL OF YEARS HAS BEEN ATTAINED"



UPMOBILE · PRESENTS

the · *greatest* · Six · in · its · History

The temptation to build a car for the vast "thousand-dollar" market comes insistently to nearly every motor car maker. It has been coming to Hupmobile for years. But Hupmobile has steadfastly refused, pending the time when it could build, not just another automobile, but a GREATER Hupmobile, irrespective of a lowered price . . . Today, this goal of years has been attained to the fullest, in the superb new 1930 Hupmobile Six. *This car is a Hupmobile, 100%.* Powered by the selfsame motor that made the Hupmobile Century Six the greatest success in Hupmobile history. Built in every detail to Hupmobile precision standards . . . But it is a handsomer, faster, and smarter Hupmobile. Stepped up from 57 to 70 horsepower. Made smoother by the counterweighting of the famous Hupmobile crankshaft, and by rubber-cushioned engine mountings. Made more comfortable by more seat and leg room, and by many engineering refinements, adding speed, safety and ease of driving . . . Now Hupmobile's long renown as "The Car of the American Family" gains new emphasis . . . 25% more power . . . Yet priced at 25% less than its illustrious predecessors!

AT $1060

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY

5 PASSENGER 4-DOOR SEDAN	$1060
CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET	1075
COUPE	995

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horsepower. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m. p. h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile Century Six engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft and rubber-cushioned engine mountings; minimum vibration at any speed . . . Improved 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . Long springs of matched tensions, with improved hydraulic shock absorbers, not subject to temperature variations . . . Foot operated dimmer control . . . Non-glare slanting windshield, full ventilating type . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Unusually generous head room . . . Further advancement of Hupmobile's introduction of tailored sheet metal concealing chassis attachments . . . Sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps with concealed hub bolt . . . New front fender parking lights of same design as headlights. Custom equipment—6 wire or disc wheels, two spare side-mounted in fender wells . . . available at slight extra cost.

To avoid any possible disappointment, arrange at once for Christmas photographs. An hour or so some morning this week is all that's required. Telephone your photographer today

CAPTURE CHILDHOOD'S CHARM for the FAMILY THIS CHRISTMAS

PHOTOGRAPHS of the youngsters . . . what priceless presents they will make at Christmas time. For aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, no other gift could please them half so much as this enduring record of childhood's charm.

And how pleasant to reflect that by a click of the photographer's camera, you have, in one brief moment, stayed the hand of Time for a generation. No matter how quickly the children change—how rapidly the years roll by—nothing can rob you of this precious record. It is yours. Yours for always and always. Yours to tuck safely away for that time that is both the dream and the dread of every mother—when baby days and baby ways are but a misty memory.

But it must be *this* Christmas. The few-year-olds eagerly on their way to Grown-Up-Land will not wait. You must capture childhood's charm *now*—or not at all.

And how delightfully simple it is! A few pleasant moments in an inviting studio; a charming, natural pose, quickly achieved by that modern craftsman, the nowadays photographer. And in a twinkling an interesting young personality has been put on paper.

To yourself—to the children—and to all who hold them dear—you owe an early visit to your photographer. Now, before the busy season, is the best time to arrange an appointment for Christmas photographs. Telephone today.

Capture baby days and baby ways with a photograph

The Master Photographer catches the real spirit of you

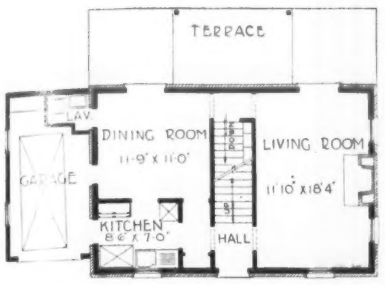
Don't you owe a visit to your photographer?

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER

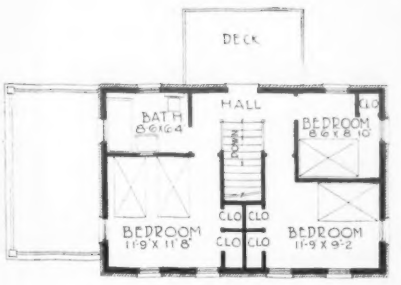
INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHS

Live Forever



First floor of modified Georgian Colonial garden home.



The second floor contains three bedrooms and bath.

This modified Georgian Colonial house provides comfort at low cost.

A New House-Plan Service for $1.00

***Designs by* J. HAROLD HAWKINS**

***Sketches by* C. D. DAVIDSON**

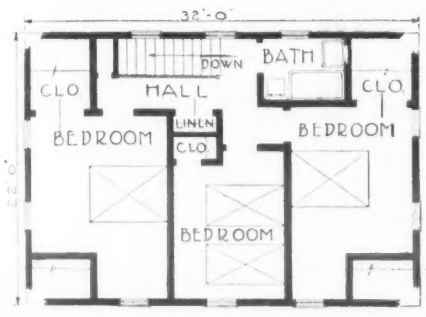
HAVE you ever fussed with a cumbersome blue print that was hard to handle and difficult to read? Have you longed for a method of house-plan presentation that would be as easy to read and understand as an ordinary pattern?

Then you will be interested in the JOURNAL'S new method of showing house plans inaugurated this month.

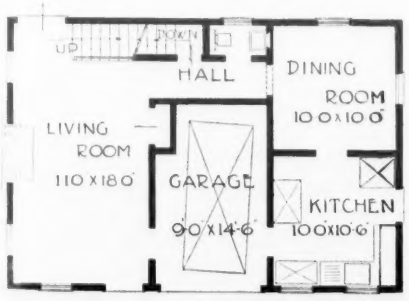
JOURNAL "House Patterns," as we call them, contain all the working drawings, elevations and details usually found in blue prints. In addition, there are many perspective drawings of rooms and features, which make it easy to visualize a room when looking at the floor plans. All essential specifications of building materials, equipment and methods of construction are printed on the working drawings themselves, so that it is easy to read one in connection with the others.

JOURNAL House Patterns have a further advantage: Your carpenter, builder or contractor can use them in making as many blue prints as are necessary for use of workmen on the job, without additional expense for redrawing.

JOURNAL House Patterns are now available for any house shown on this page at $1.00 a complete set. Address, Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Three large bedrooms and generous closets are provided.

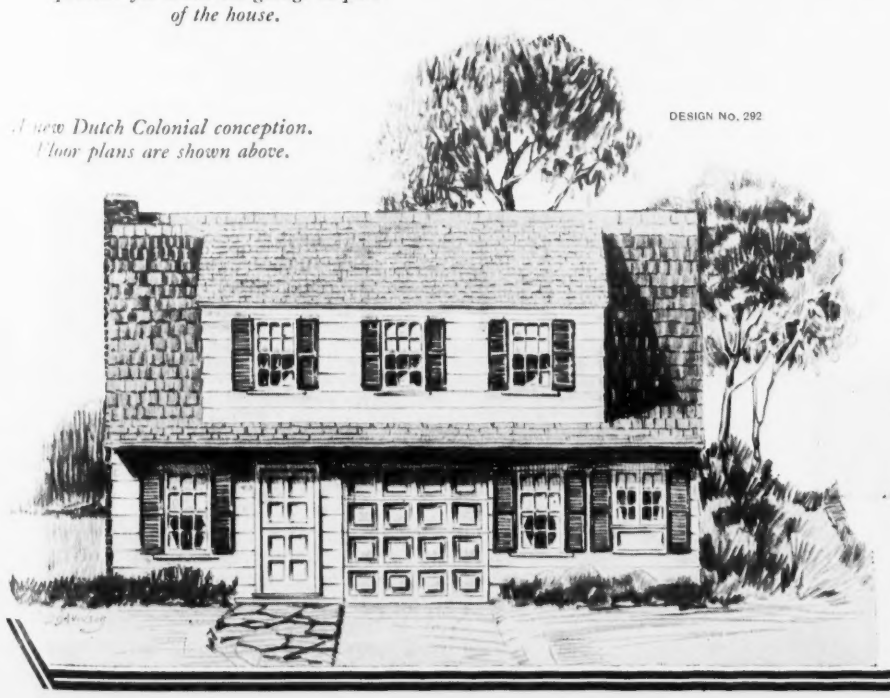


This Dutch Colonial garden home provides for a one-car garage as part of the house.

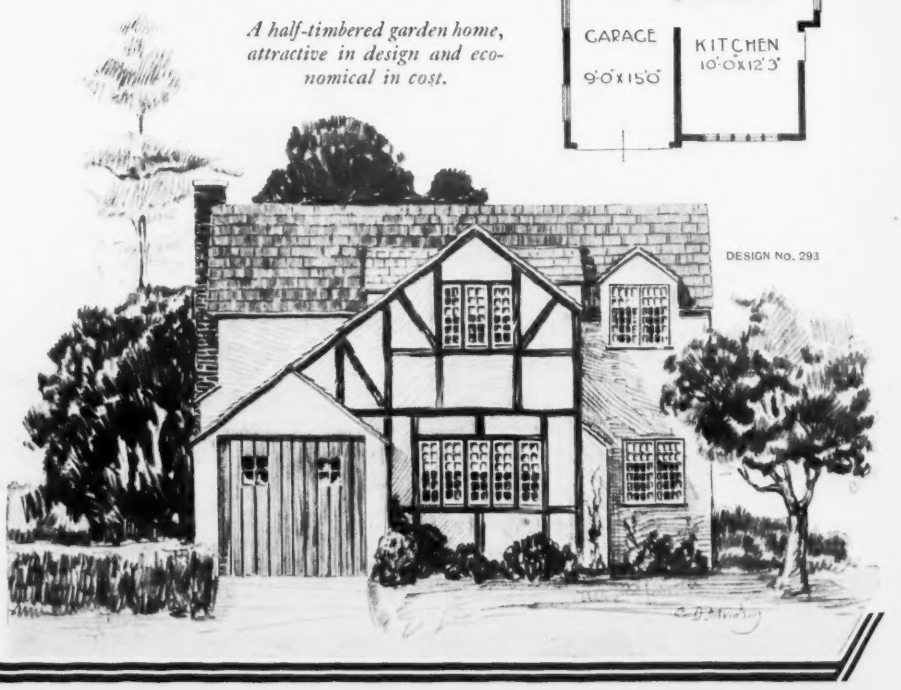
Three Small Garden Homes

THESE three small houses are further examples of the adaptability of the JOURNAL "garden home" method of arrangement. Service quarters are nearest the street, living quarters to the rear, away from noise and confusion and overlooking the garden. House and garage are used to screen the grounds and afford privacy, even on small building lots. Each house has three bedrooms and ample closet space, and all are within the purse of the average home builder. Each of the houses can be placed attractively on a fifty-foot building lot.

A new Dutch Colonial conception. Floor plans are shown above.



A half-timbered garden home, attractive in design and economical in cost.



With its rich green, red and gold tapestry covering, this davenport bed—No. 1747—provides a distinctive lounge piece for the living room and a convenient, restful bed for two whenever needed. As illustrated..... $190

Tailored in rust mohair with reversible spring-filled cushion in moquette, Chair No. 352 combines beauty of line and fabric with inviting comfort. As illustrated..... $87

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

Designed to serve *night* and *day*

... *and* Kroehler-made *to last*

The trim looking, modern Kroehler Davenport Bed, illustrated, lacks nothing so far as *fine furniture* is concerned. The modish design is obviously *up-to-date.* The covering is smart and of exquisite quality. The cushions are deep and luxurious. It would make any living room enjoyable.

Yet this piece is a davenport *bed*—as *modernized* by Kroehler. With or without matching chairs, it is popular today in homes and apartments *everywhere* because of the *double service* it gives.

Every night, or only when extra sleeping accommodations are needed, it may be transformed into a full-size, comfortable bed, by one simple, easy motion. Ample space is provided for mattress and bedding. And to have this modern "guest room" costs the price of the davenport alone—this *moderate* price being made possible by Kroehler manufacturing methods.

"Kroehler-made" means *made to last,* as many thousands of people know today. The quality that is so evident on the outside goes all the way through. The frame of any Kroehler davenport or davenport bed, regardless of the price you pay, is of finest quality hardwood with moisture removed to prevent warping. Corners are glued, doweled and corner braced. Contrast this with cheap, soft wood, merely *nailed* together.

Kroehler Hidden Qualities

Webbing is replaced by a patented, Kroehler-designed, Spring Steel Underconstruction. It never pulls out, breaks through, or sags. Gives box spring comfort and never needs replacing. Seat cushions are constructed of many finely tempered, small springs, interlocked to form a single flexible unit. Filling is of choice quality moss. Only highest grade, clean, white, felted cotton is used for padding. These features contribute to the unusual lasting comfort of Kroehler sofas and chairs.

The folding steel frame of the davenport bed is fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs.

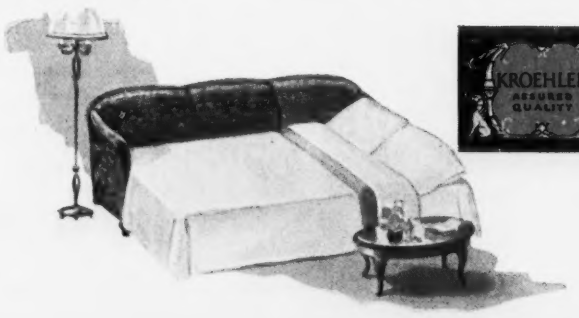
The covering fabrics used on Kroehler-made pieces are stylish, colorful and of extra-fine quality. You may choose from beautiful silk damasks, rich tapestries, fine mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette. Also fine quality leathers.

If you do not know the name of a nearby Kroehler dealer, write us. We will send his name and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill., *or* Stratford, Canada

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N.Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER



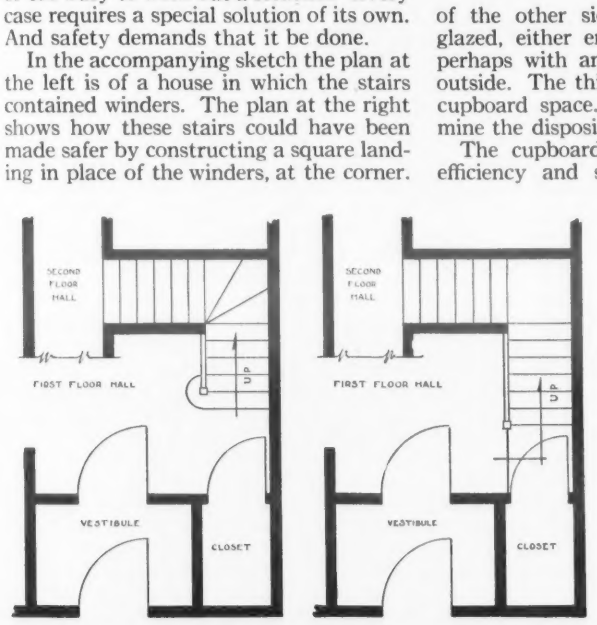
This Kroehler Label identifies the genuine

Aids in Remodeling

Competent Architects Make These Worthwhile Suggestions

SAFER STAIRS. Accidents are happening every day on winding stairs. A large percentage of falls are due to the triangular-shaped treads called "winders." Make your stairs safer by building them without winders. It is never absolutely necessary to build stairs with winders. There is always some way to change the layout or plan so as to provide a broad landing at each turn of the stairs, and thus eliminate the winders, although oftentimes it requires considerable ingenuity. But in the end you will have not only safer stairs but better-looking ones. The builder or architect who says "It can't be done" is either too lazy or too busy to work out a solution. Every case requires a special solution of its own. And safety demands that it be done.

In the accompanying sketch the plan at the left is of a house in which the stairs contained winders. The plan at the right shows how these stairs could have been made safer by constructing a square landing in place of the winders, at the corner.



These drawings show how dangerous stair "winders" may be eliminated. Plan at right shows the proper treatment for safety.

The two steps lost by this change could be placed at the foot of the stairs as shown.

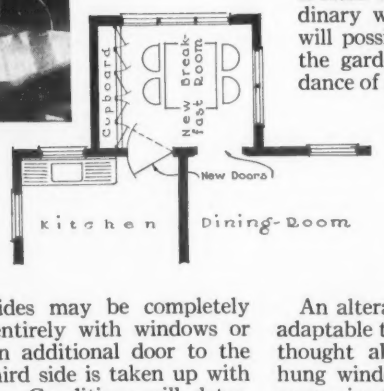
—MILTON TUCKER, *Architect.*

COMBINED PANTRY AND BREAKFAST ROOM. The owners of the small house in which the dining room is placed directly next to the kitchen, as is so often the case, will eventually be faced, in the interests of good housekeeping, with the necessity for a pantry. With this situation will also probably be the desire for a breakfast room or alcove and a generally increased area within the house. In many of these smaller dwellings there is opportunity to add both without undue expense for the valuable space obtained.

One exterior wall of the small house usually forms one side of the dining room and the kitchen. A little wing may be added to this wall, in which is contained and combined both the pantry and breakfast room. The addition is placed so that it centers, more or less as the conditions demand, on the partition that separates the existing rooms; from each of these rooms a door is cut into the new work. These doors should be placed as close together as possible and carefully designed for their greatest service. From the dining room simply an opening will probably be best.

These two openings will fill most of the space on one side of the new room. Two of the other sides may be completely glazed, either entirely with windows or perhaps with an additional door to the outside. The third side is taken up with cupboard space. Conditions will determine the disposition of these three walls.

A room like this added to a house serves as both pantry and breakfast room.



Plan the room so that it centers on the partition between kitchen and dining room.

The cupboard must be of maximum efficiency and so arranged that meals eaten here are most easily taken care of. There are many efficient ready-built cupboards on the market. The efficiency should not preclude the use of glass doors behind which favorite pieces of china are displayed, or other artistic endeavor.

When the room is in use as a pantry, the combination of table and cupboard makes it very handy, particularly when entertaining is being done. As a breakfast room it is cheerfully light and convenient to the kitchen.

Rearrangement of a part of the kitchen may be necessary. The new door into it may call for the moving of a cupboard or shelves.

Presented herewith is a successful example of a pantry-breakfast room comprising the design described. In addition there was valuable closet space obtained under the roof, for the second floor.

Plans will vary for each individual case and should be carefully studied before any actual construction is attempted. In this way many ideas, not expressed here, will come to mind.

—LLEWELLYN PRICE, *Architect.*

FROM WINDOW TO BALCONY DOOR. A small balcony, reached by a French window, forms an attractive element in a house both from within and without, and is often to be desired in place of the ordinary window. The full-length doors will possibly frame a pretty picture in the garden, while admitting an abundance of sunlight and air, and will allow many pleasant moments on the balcony. Frequently there is the usual type of window existing, which may be converted into doors opening upon a small platform, without undue expense and trouble in making the improvement.

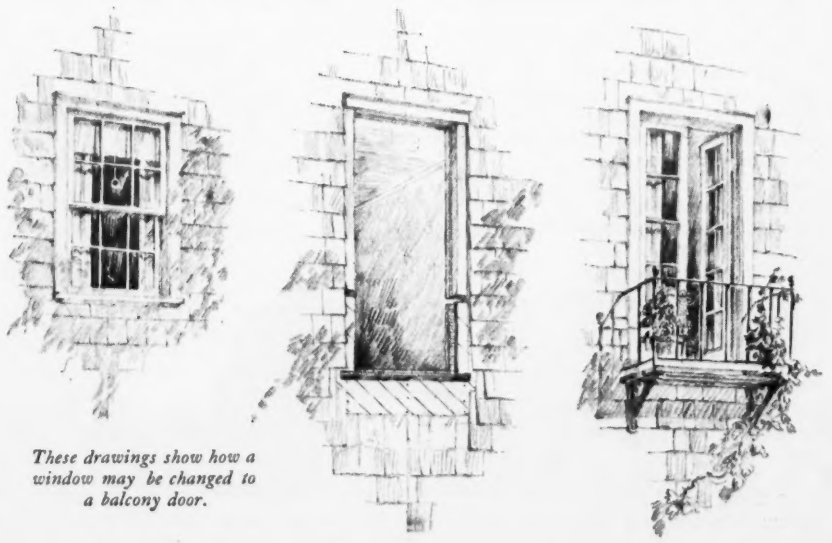
An alteration of the simplest kind and adaptable to many houses will explain the thought above. There exists a double hung window, the top and bottom sash measuring together thirty-four inches wide by fifty-two inches high, and the sill between two feet six inches and three feet above the floor. After first taking out the sash, the exterior and interior trim is carefully removed, except at the top, followed by the sill. The plaster below the opening is scored down to the baseboard and cut away, but not knocked off; the corresponding area on the outside is then removed. The properly constructed house will now allow the wall to be easily cut down to the floor line, leaving the opening ready to rebuild.

The balcony may be only a ledge or sill with protecting rail, but preferably it would have enough projection on which to stand comfortably. Wrought-iron brackets can be firmly fixed to the outside wall and support a planked flooring, with railing of the same material. Or, for economy's sake, simple cast iron is thoroughly acceptable. Then, again, the balcony may be built entirely of wood.

If the existing window is a casement, the alteration amounts simply to enlarging it in the simplest manner. The window in a masonry wall may call for the removal of the entire frame, but this should be avoided if the work can be properly done otherwise.

The drawings show such an alteration as here described, made to an old Southern mansion many years ago and which has added to its charm.

—LLEWELLYN PRICE, *Architect.*

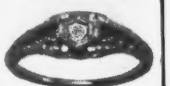


These drawings show how a window may be changed to a balcony door.

BRODNAX

GEO. T. BRODNAX, INC.
MEMPHIS, TENN.

All illustrations having been made from actual photographs, and descriptions being accurate and without exaggeration, you can order direct from this advertisement with confidence. The House of Brodnax is the South's finest jewelry store and one of America's larger diamond dealers. Our Mail Order Dept. has customers in every country of the world. We guarantee complete satisfaction, and if you will use the coupon at bottom of column we will be pleased to send our **New 1930 Catalogue** of 200 pages, illustrating thousands of articles at money-saving prices.

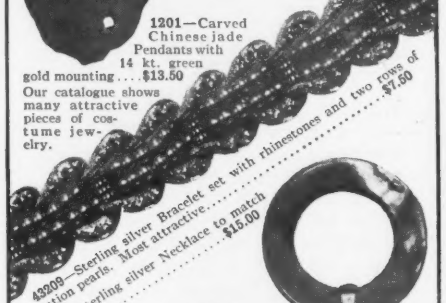


15245—A dainty ring for the little miss. 14 kt. white gold set with 1 diamond and 2 heart-shaped imitation sapphires, lacework mounting....$7.50

15255—A remarkable value is offered in this 3 stone diamond ring of 14 kt. white gold lacework design . . $15.00

1201—Carved Chinese jade Pendants with 14 kt. green gold mounting....$13.50

Our catalogue shows many attractive pieces of costume jewelry.



43209—Sterling silver Bracelet set with rhinestones and two rows of imitation pearls. Most attractive.....$7.50

43277—Sterling silver Necklace to match Bracelet.....$15.00

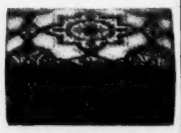
42615—Perfume Flask of sterling silver. New shape, hammered panel. (Shown ½ size). Fine value....$1.50

42616—Rattle with mother-of-pearl ring and sterling silver bell. Teddy bear enameled in red, black, green, yellow and orange. (Shown ½ size).....$2.00

42614—Bill Clip of sterling silver with chased borders and space for 3 initials. (Shown ½ size). Good weight.....$1.00

22345—3⅞ inch Ash Tray and Snuffer of bright brass finish. Donkey snuffer. 2 pieces....$2.00

27438—An attractive 2-light Candelabrum of sterling silver at a remarkably low price. 4 inches high, chased design, grey finish. Each, $7.50. Pair..$15.00



37647—Cigarette Box with genuine Florentine leather cover, illuminated cover. Special value. 3¾ x 2⅝...$1.00

22846—Antique brass finished Twine Holder with ball of twine. Ornamental as well as useful. (Shown ¼ size).....$2.50

37648—Genuine ostrich single fold Bill Book. Holds both size bills, space for identification card, leather-lined, laced edges. (Shown ¼ size)..$5.00

GEO. T. BRODNAX, INC.
20 South Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

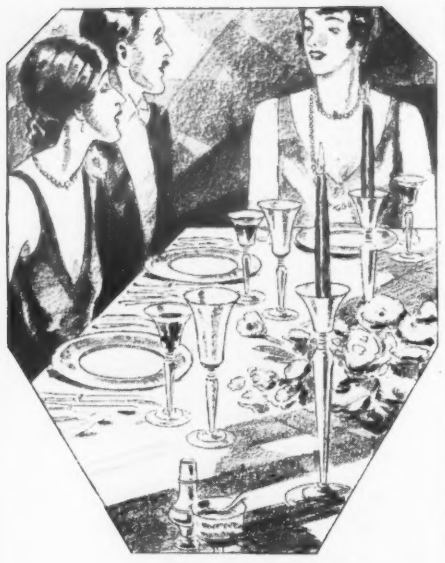
Please send your 1930 Catalogue to:

.....

.....

.....

BRODNAX



...When you're Most particular-
SKINNER'S!

When everything must be "just so" —when silver must gleam like new —when linens must be laid with painstaking care—when everything on the table must radiate perfection; quite naturally would you choose Skinner's.

For Skinner's easily meets the most exacting demands. Its remarkable superiority comes from the amber durum wheat of finest quality from which it is made, and from the improved processes of its making.

Its superlative quality makes possible macaroni recipes which are surprisingly tempting alike to family and guests. Its additional cost is so trifling that it can be used whenever macaroni is served. 10c

SKINNER'S
The Superior
MACARONI

Other Skinner Quality Products
SKINNER'S Spaghetti and Egg Noodles
SKINNER'S Fruit Pectin
(Flavored and Unflavored)
RAISIN-BRAN . . . . CHEESRONI

LHJ 11
Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb.
Please send me—free—your new booklet of macaroni recipes and suggestions for novel menus.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
Grocer's Name.....

Excellent Bridge Prizes

MARY ANN SHELL PANS

WELCOMED by any hostess because these pans make new and modern effects possible in cakes, entrees, salads and desserts. Made in many sizes, round and square. Sold by department stores, hardware stores, and gift shops. Write for recipes. Edward Katzinger Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dressing Table with Folding Wings $7.95

THE VERY LATEST DESIGN
Practical, convenient and so usable. Large and roomy. Made of beautiful birch—with patented folding wings. 30" high. Kidney shape top 33" x 16". Shelves. An artistic creation.
EASY TO FINISH
Comes complete, unfinished, ready to put together, finish and drape (as illustrated), according to your own color tastes. 15-yr.-old can do it. You save big money. Price without drapes only $7.95 prepaid. Order today. Catalog free.
Geneva Mfg. Co., 399 Stevens St., Geneva, Ill.

November in Your Garden

INTENSIVE gardening necessitates thorough preparation of the soil; mere spading of the surface will do for some things but it is not the most efficient. Digging or, better yet, trenching will provide real preparation and plants will flourish as never before.

Digging the garden consists of removing the first layer of soil at least the depth of the spade—a foot deep is better—and thoroughly digging up the next layer or foot, at the same time adding well-rotted manure, compost or similar material. Then you may step back a foot or two and place the top layer from this space upon the lower layer just prepared and dig up the lower layer here exposed. When you reach the end of the garden, the soil first removed may be used to fill in.

Trenching, however, is the more efficient method to prepare the soil. In this we remove the top layer back two widths and the next layer half as far, then break up the third layer, adding well-rotted manure and compost. The second layer from the second width is then thoroughly broken up and placed on the lower layer just prepared, and the upper layer from the third width on this. In this way the entire garden may be worked over, leaving the soil to a good depth thoroughly pulverized and still keeping the layers in their respective positions in relation to the surface.

Spading, digging or trenching is best done late in the fall, leaving the surface as rough and uneven as possible, so that the frosts and moisture of winter may mellow the soil. The surface texture will be greatly improved by this practice.

—ROMAINE B. WARE.
(National garden authority and writer.)

If Your Garden is to Satisfy

WHEN we look through some garden gates, there is an impulse to flee even before we enter. Something of the felon's fear, just as he crosses the prison threshold, possesses us. We realize our mistake too late; we would recover our freedom while we can. Why do we have this fleeting feeling of wanting to escape? It seems that a garden should always lure us on, with its invitation of perennial interest, of peace and contentment, of surcease from all the imps of the man-made day.

The reason is that the gardens which arouse this feeling are too glaringly man-made. There is an obvious artificiality about them that even the soul instinctively shrinks from. Dials, gazing globes, prim benches, close-cropped and correctly placed hedges, paths that march in unerring precision, stiff and well-laundered beds erected with mathematical exactitude—these are the artificialities that inspire the mild terror in our hearts! A garden must be neither Nature's nor man's. A happy, medium note must be struck that conceals the artisanship of the one and the frowziness of the other.

Sow Hardy Annuals Now

LATE-FALL sowing of flower seeds is sound practice because it is in accordance with Nature's methods. Any gardener knows that many of the hardy annuals, and most of the biennials, will frequently self-sow, and that the resulting volunteer plants are almost invariably earlier to start, more hardy, and more vigorous than those from spring-sown seed.

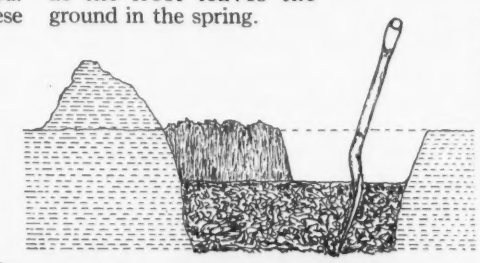
Why not, then, take advantage of these facts? We can get earlier bloom, and by supplementing the fall-sown crop with another spring sowing, considerably prolong the season of bloom.

The number of flowers which may be fall sown is sufficiently varied to make the effort well worth while. Among those annuals which are always satisfactory are ageratum, sweet alyssum, snapdragons—antirrhinum—calendula, calliopsis—coreopsis—candytuft, clarkia, cosmos, delphinium—annual—dianthus, gaillardia, babysbreath—gypsophila—kochia or burningbush, marigolds, lupines, nicotiana, pansies, petunias—bedding varieties—phlox drummondi, verbenas and zinnias.

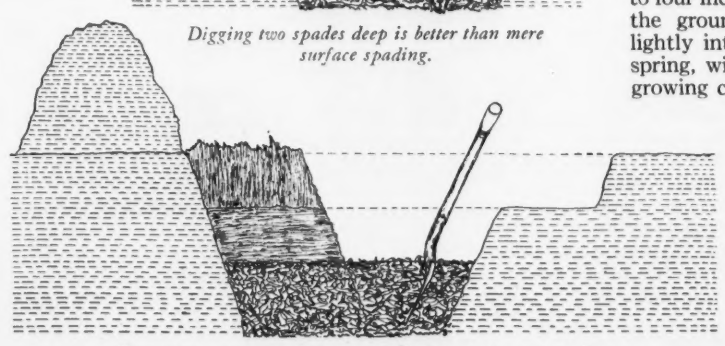
In making selections from these and the many others available for fall sowing, keep in mind the purpose for which they will be wanted. For borders, for instance, use ageratum, alyssum, petunias, verbenas; for cutting, calendulas, calliopsis, snapdragons, clarkia; for tall backgrounds, delphiniums, nicotiana, cosmos.

In sowing annual flowers in the fall, do not plant too early. The object is to have the seed remain dormant until spring. Put it in, therefore, just before the ground may be expected to freeze, any time up to Thanksgiving, according to location and season. Be sure to use only fresh new seed.

Good drainage is essential to success; seeds kept soggy may decay. Use plenty of sand or sifted cinders where seeds are to be sown. Peat moss or leaf mold added will prevent puddling and packing of the surface. Cover seeds lightly, as for spring sowing, and care should be taken to prevent washing. After the ground freezes, scatter leaves, straw or marsh hay for a light winter mulch, but remove this as soon as the frost leaves the ground in the spring.



Digging two spades deep is better than mere surface spading.



Trenching, the most efficient method of preparing the garden.

Fall Care of Broad-Leaved Evergreens

SUCCESS with broad-leaved evergreens depends to a large degree upon winter care. In this respect they differ entirely from most of the deciduous shrubs. The effect of winter injury may not be noticeable at the time, but nevertheless results in the plant's dying, with no apparent cause, the following spring or summer.

The first thing to provide for is abundant moisture about the roots. The foliage continues to give off moisture to a considerable degree even through the winter months. Therefore, never allow the soil about broad-leaved evergreens to freeze up for the winter in a dry state. If the earth has become hard about them so that rains run off the surface without soaking in, loosen it thoroughly with a prong hoe. If copious rains do not come, use the hose with no nozzle, letting the water soak in freely all about the plants, making a shallow trench or ditch to hold it temporarily, if they are on sloping ground. Winter mulching—mentioned later—also helps keep the soil moist.

When winter protection for evergreen shrubs is spoken of, the amateur erroneously jumps to the conclusion that what is meant is protection from cold. This is true only of a few things, such as half-hardy or near-hardy azaleas, some hybrid rhododendrons, box near its more northern limits. The real dangers, especially for the first season or two, are wind and too bright winter sunshine. The former is apt to cause too rapid evaporation and consequent drying out of the leaves and green wood; the latter a burning or "scalding" of the foliage. Evergreen boughs or scrub-oak limbs with the foliage attached, stuck firmly down into the soil around or among the evergreen plants, will give protection from both sources of injury. A winter screen of boards, burlap, reed mats or cedar picket fencing will accomplish the same purpose still more effectively, but is more expensive; climate and exposure, and the consequent degree of protection required, will determine which it is best to use, as a little care will insure good-looking screens.

Some of the broad-leaved evergreens demand, and others thrive best in, an acid-reacting soil of fibrous or peaty texture. This should be provided at the time of planting, but also must be maintained afterward, especially if the native soil is alkaline and lacking in humus. And the evergreen shrubs are shallow rooting in proportion to their size. An annual mulch of acid—hardwood—leaf mold or of peat moss, two to four inches thick, put on just before the ground freezes, and then dug lightly into the surface soil in early spring, will help to maintain correct growing conditions. If the native soil is very alkaline, a top dressing of aluminum sulphate may well be applied each spring, as fall and winter rains will have leached out most of that put in the soil the previous season. An acid condition must be maintained.

—F. F. ROCKWELL.
(Author of many books on garden subjects.)

Here in New York today... there in your store tomorrow

. . . these lovely dresses new winter coats . . that yesterday were in Paris

Frocks of velvet, silk crepe and light-weight woolens. Coats in the new lines of fall, made of lustrous broadcloth, velour or smart tweeds.

PARIS styles are no farther away from you than the nearest J. C. Penney Company store.

If you went personally to the great dressmakers, the famous couturiers of France, you would have to pay large sums for their creations. By going to the J. C. Penney store in your own town, you can choose . . . for only $14.75, $24.75, $34.75 . . . authentic copies that cannot be distinguished from their expensive originals.

This is our service to the ladies of your community

As you know, many stores receive new styles only a few times a year, when the merchant makes his regular buying trip to market. Not so with the J. C. Penney Company's buyers, who spend *all* their time at the sources of style.

Women in 1,400 towns all over the United States find that the J. C. Penney Company is bringing Paris vogue and Fifth Avenue styles to their own local store. Not once a year, not even once a month, but continuously . . . as fast as new modes appear from day to day.

You can see for yourself how we can sell you a new afternoon frock or a smart winter coat for only $14.75, $24.75, $34.75. It is because we are buying for our 1,400 stores at one time.

The largest department store in any city would hardly dare to offer its women customers 500 green dresses exactly alike in style. We, however, often buy 500 of the same dress, *with all the saving that that means*, and yet do not send more than one to any of our stores.

In your own city you will find that we can show you new styles today . . . *newer* styles tomorrow . . . because our millions of customers have given us unequalled prestige in the great style centers of the world.

In Paris . . . in New York . . . among the leading manufacturers, we not only buy for less, but we are given *first choice* of the newest creations. We are able to bring you the finest the market affords, at lowest prices and sooner than other merchants can offer it.

. . .

If you do not know the location of our store nearest you, write us for this information and for a free copy of our "Store News" illustrated in rotogravure. Address J. C. Penney Company, 330 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

J.C.PENNEY CO. INC. DEPT. STORES

The largest department store in the world . . . under more than 1400 roofs!

Write for THIS Beautiful GIFT BOOK

222 PAGES

MAKE your Xmas gift shopping a pleasure as well as a saving—send for the beautiful new *Jason Weiler-Baird North Co. Gift Book*—the largest and finest Catalog ever published devoted exclusively to Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silver, Novelties and Gift Articles. Two hundred and twenty-two pages—beautifully illustrated—from which you will delight in choosing distinctive gifts for everyone on your list—at any price you want to pay.

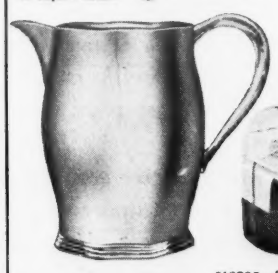
We guarantee values that are equal to the best in America—quality that needs no apology and 24-hour service that assures you of prompt delivery. (We pay the postage.) . . Clip the coupon NOW—Mail it today for this FREE CATALOG DE LUXE.

31175J.—Solid White Gold Brooch—pierced open work. Mounted with full cut, blue-white Diamond and 2 Synthetic Blue Sapphires. $10.00

31240J.—Ladies' Solid White Gold Ring set with imitation blue Sapphire, Ruby, Amethyst or Aquamarine. $3.95

51281J.—Sterling Silver Napkin Marker—in any initial. Makes a very acceptable gift. Illustration is half actual size. We receive many orders for these napkin markers for entire families. State initial desired. . . . $1.00 each

The Free Catalog Shows More Than 5000 Gifts From Which You Will Delight To Choose.



52761J.—Solid Pewter Pitcher in Paul Revere design—a typical Colonial period pattern of rich simplicity. An ideal gift. Holds 2 quarts. . . $6.45

81338J.—Smartly designed, frosted Glass Box filled with finequality Powder and Puff. Choice of Carnation Pink or Jade Green colored glass with decorative silk tassel to match. May be used as a Bon Bon dish. Price $1.00

41601J.—Ladies' 18K Solid White Gold Wrist Watch including flexible bracelet. The 15 jeweled movement is a guaranteed accurate timekeeper. Latest style enamel dial with raised gold numerals. 3-piece case is practically dust-proof. . . Special value. $18.50

——CLIP COUPON - FILL IN AND MAIL——

Or Mail Postal Card or Letter Request With Your Name and Address to

JASON WEILER-BAIRD NORTH Co.

302 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers since 1870

Please send FREE 222-page Gift Book

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

How to Care for Evergreens

By P. M. KOSTER

IN ORDER to be successful with conifers, we must start right, the main factor being to choose the proper varieties and to refrain from undesirable varieties; furthermore, to plant only such varieties as are hardy in the section in which we live. Some authorities on conifers recommend planting only those which, after having been planted fifty years or more, are still beautiful. Several, they point out, are well-shaped and pretty when young but are short-lived and lose their attraction when older. This is a weighty argument when choosing varieties for planting in public parks or very large estates, but for the smaller garden it has no importance. And, speaking about beauty—should the beauty of a young lady be measured by the good looks of her grandmother or great-grandmother?

We cannot be too discriminating, however, in choosing varieties suitable to our climatic conditions. A certain variety, planted in a protected place, may live and even do well for some years, but surely a winter will come which will make it unsightly or kill it. We must not run this risk—there are plenty of hardy varieties to choose from.

The very same principle, to be on the safe side, should induce us to leave varieties alone which are weak growers or which are subject to insect pests and diseases. I, myself, have grown numerous varieties which, even with expert care in the nursery, were not satisfactory, like the Green and Golden Japanese juniper, Lee's juniper, *Picea albertiana* and many others. They are very interesting and certainly belong in a collection of conifers in arboretums or large estates but not in the average garden; they require too much care. Sickly looking plants are like half-withered flowers—they have no attraction!

Often the place a conifer occupies in a garden decides its fate. Planted close to a wall, exposed to the hot sun, no conifer will thrive, neither on a windy corner nor in a place where it has to be cut back continually in order not to obstruct the view from windows or porches.

Good Varieties

THE list of varieties given at the end of this article is a list from which a garden owner can choose safely; it contains all desirable forms and colors, and the varieties given are the least subject to insect pests and diseases. Some are not hardy in the North and are marked as such. I have also designated those which will grow into large plants and those which can be kept in check by pruning.

Juniperus virginiana, the redcedar, is not included in the list; I do not consider it a desirable variety. The large plants of this variety, so widely used in new plantations, seldom, if ever, have been transplanted; they are mostly dug on wet grounds where they grow in groups together, protecting each other. Planted out by themselves, under entirely different and uncongenial conditions, they never feel happy. They are valuable when a short, temporary effect is desired, but I have not yet seen any of them giving permanent satisfaction.

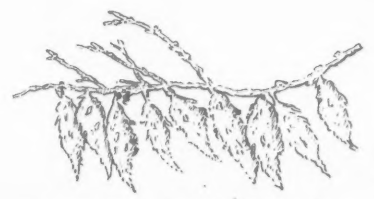
Keteleer's juniper, *Juniperus virginiana keteleeri*, a fast-growing variety of a very pleasing green color, not affected by disease, soon takes the place of the redcedar.

In a garden, as elsewhere, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and the best prevention against trouble with our plants is to see that they are planted right. If we have, in an existing garden, plants which are not healthy, we should transplant them and create better conditions for them.

Conifers will grow in any soil; it is wise, however, to make poor soil fertile by mixing it with rotted manure or bone meal, but, as for all other plants, drainage is most imperative. It can be obtained by digging very deep and wide holes when planting and by adding a liberal share of peat moss to the soil. Do not set conifers deeper than they were before; only allow an inch or two for the shrinking of the soil. We can save ourselves a great deal of trouble by giving a heavy mulch after planting. It makes watering unnecessary; we know how cold water from the hose prevents root action, but is sometimes necessary to save conifers.

Cross section of a badly grown plant built on three uprights, with branches in the ground. Two uprights must be cut off as indicated by lines.

Cross section of a well-grown plant with one main upright and a small stem which allows cultivating or mulching under the plant.



The bagworms feed on all conifers and many other trees like maple and poplar. They must be carefully looked for and destroyed.

The pineapple-shaped swellings, galls, are caused by the sucking of the insect at the bottom of the eyes; later the galls harbor the female lice, which emerge in the spring. The galls must be picked carefully and burned. The insect lives exclusively on conifers.

As already stated, the right kind of varieties, planted right and sensibly placed, are not likely to be bothered by insects or diseases. What if they are? We must fall back on spraying. A splendid investment in any garden is a compressed-air sprayer. Very handy instruments can now be bought for small gardens.

In my nurseries in Holland I sprayed all conifers with a six to seven and a half per cent solution of a carbolineum emulsion. This carbolineum is now obtainable in this country. The spraying must be done before the conifers start growing but late enough to give insect life time to awake from its winter lethargy. One thorough spraying destroys practically all insects and all eggs; I found that plants badly infested with red spider were in perfect condition the summer after spraying and did not need any attention at all. A few varieties suffered somewhat from spraying with carbolineum emulsion; but it is safe to say that these very same varieties are not worth having in an ordinary garden—they will not live there, anyhow.

Another effective, simple way to fight insects is to use the water hose, to which a spraying nozzle is attached; if the foliage is sprayed often, particularly from underneath during dry periods when insects develop rapidly and do most harm, the cold water will kill them. Spraying with water also works in a biological way—it cleanses the foliage and promotes growth.

Pests

SPRAYING without power is wasted energy; most insects are protected with numerous little hairs which prevent any spraying fluid getting in contact with their bodies unless applied with force.

Leaf-eating insects, as opposed to sucking insects, can be fought effectively by dusting with arsenate of lead. Inexpensive, small dusters can be bought which are very effective.

There are two kinds of insects which can be controlled by hand-picking—namely, spruce gall louse and bagworm.

The first is often found on blue spruce and Norway spruce; it causes green or reddish swellings resembling very small pineapples. Bagworms feed on deciduous plants as well as on conifers; they can be easily detected by the little bags hanging from the twigs of the plants after September. The galls and the bags must be gathered carefully to get all of them.

The tips of arborvitæ are often infested with a leaf miner. The white tips of the plants will show it and they must be cut off. While gathering all these things, we should carry a small stiff brush to brush off anything that looks suspicious.

Worse than insects or diseases are the effects on conifers of a dry winter, following a dry fall. We cannot prevent the dry winter, but we can prevent the damage by saturating our plants with water in late fall. Let the hose run without nozzle an hour a day until the ground is thoroughly wet, and then mulch. The mulch will retain the moisture, prevent sudden freezing of the roots as well as thawing and freezing in late winter or early spring when the days are warm with frost at night. We must prepare our plants to stand winter hardship, we must let them meet winter conditions with their cells swollen with sap, ready to surrender some, but with sufficient reserves to come out victorious!

A great deal could be said about pruning conifers, but at this time I can discuss only the fundamentals.

Plants of upright growing habit should be built on one main stem. They often have two or more, and this is no objection so long as the plants are small; but when they grow into large plants, wind or snow and sleet will bend the uprights sideways. They will break or they may come back halfway, but the shape of the plants will be spoiled. From such "double-stemmed" plants the weakest must be cut back far enough to prevent falling sideways. This cutting may cause a hole but it will soon fill in again.

(Continued on Page 219)

Now
A TIDAL WAVE OF COLORFUL TONE
When "The Rhapsody In Blue" *surges through your Majestic*

Wailing clarinet—dynamic piano—syncopating saxophone—warm, radiant melody of brass—every instrument in its true tone color—lifelike in character—life size in volume. You can almost *see* the players. It's as if the greatest jazz and dance orchestras in the world were performing right there in your own living room—when you own a Majestic Radio.

Reach out where you will—for any program desired—local or hundreds of miles away. Majestic brings it to you instantly—clear, colorful, true and at full life size volume. Tune some hard-to-get station. Note how easily you pierce "impossible" interference—with Majestic's unequalled single-channel selectivity.

And whether near or far—at every point on the dial Majestic's powerful, COLORFUL TONE is always there—on every note, from topmost treble to deepest bass.

On a par with its magnificent performance is Majestic's cabinet beauty—of correct period design, in matched burl walnut and rare imported Australian lacewood, hand-rubbed to a rich and flawless satin finish.

Five minutes with a Majestic dealer—or a trial in your own home will convince you of the tremendous difference between Majestic and any other radio. The convenient Majestic Finance Plan makes the Majestic extremely easy to own and enjoy.

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

Majestic beauty as illustrated in this authentic early English period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker . . . Tune in Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Headliners of the stage and screen.

Grigsby-Grunow Company, Chicago, U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

Majestic
RADIO

A velvet surface . . . new pastel shades . . . this is the mode in writing paper today

Is my writing paper up to date? Is it modern? Will it give my friends a 1929 impression of my personality, just as my clothes do? These are questions any sensible woman asks herself.

And, as you see Eaton's Highland Vellum . . . as you admire its fine, flat, smooth surface when your pen glides over it . . . as you note its delicate, feminine, pastel shades (blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory, white) . . . there is only one answer, "Yes, it's modern. Yes, it's the mode."

Made by Eaton, Crane & Pike, style leaders for generations, Eaton's Highland Vellum is of the same high quality and correctness for all social and personal correspondence as the famous Eaton's Highland Linen. For more than twenty-five years Eaton's Highland Linen has been on the writing desks of literally countless

American homes. But now this new, smart, velvet-surface paper is available in Eaton's Highland quality.

Eaton's Highland Vellum comes in a convenient package of 24 sheets and 24 envelopes at 50 cents, larger sizes priced proportionately. Then there are novelty packages, too, with gayly lined envelopes in attractive colors, priced from $1 to $3.50. Eaton's Highland Vellum (white) for men, too.

You will instinctively appreciate the quality of this paper the minute you look at it. You only have to use it *once* to know the satisfaction your friends and relatives will get when they receive your letter. Of course, you're going to write to them! Today, possibly. Write that letter on Eaton's Highland Vellum. Obtainable wherever fine stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

EATON'S *HIGHLAND VELLUM*
HIGHLAND LINEN

(Continued from Page 216)

In the following list of desirable conifers no descriptions are given, since they can be found in all catalogues offering conifers. I do give, however, some useful indications relating to height, form and pruning. In each instance the average height when full-grown is given. The varieties marked * are hardy south of Philadelphia or Washington and in the Pacific Coast region.

Conifers, the height of which cannot be kept in check by pruning without disfiguring the plants:

	FEET
Abies concolor, white fir	75
Picea omorika, Serbian spruce	50
Picea orientalis, Oriental spruce	25
Picea excelsa, Norway spruce	75
Picea pungens glauca kosteri, Koster blue spruce	35
Pinus cembra, Swiss stone pine	30
Pinus nigra austriaca, Austrian pine	50
Pinus strobus, white pine	75
Pinus sylvestris, Scotch pine	50
Pseudotsuga douglasi, Douglas fir	75

Conifers, the height and width of which can be kept in check by pruning:

	FEET
**Cedrus atlantica glauca*, blue Atlas cedar	50
**Cedrus deodara*, Deodar cedar	50
**Chamaecyparis lawsoniana erecta viridis*, upright Lawson cypress	25
**Chamaecyparis lawsoniana*, triomphe de Boskoop	30
Chamaecyparis (retinospora) obtusa, Hinoki cypress	30
Chamaecyparis (retinospora) obtusa crippsi, Cripps golden cypress	25
Chamaecyparis (retinospora) pisifera aurea, golden Sawara cypress	30
Chamaecyparis (retinospora) plumosa, plume cypress	30
Chamaecyparis (retinospora) plumosa aurea, golden plume cypress	30
Juniperus virginiana keteleeri, Keteleer juniper	50
**Taxus baccata*, English yew	50
**Taxus baccata fastigiata*, Irish yew	25
Taxus cuspidata capitata, upright Japanese yew	40
Thuja occidentalis pyramidalis, upright American arborvitae	30
Tsuga canadensis, Canadian hemlock	75

Conifers, globes, bushes or trailers. The globes must be carefully pruned in order to have well-shaped plants; from others, entire branches can be cut out to keep them in check; others again, should not be pruned at all as they are very slow growers. The type of plant will indicate the way it should be pruned. If in doubt, consult your local nurseryman:

	FEET
Juniperus chinensis pfitzeriana, bush form, Pfitzer juniper	5
Juniperus depressa plumosa, spreading, purple-spreading juniper	2
Juniperus squamata, trailing, Japanese trailing juniper	2
Juniperus squamata meyeri, bush form, Meyer juniper	4
Picea excelsa maxwelli, dwarf bush, Maxwell dwarf spruce	3
Pinus montana mughus, dense dwarf bush, Mugho pine	4
Taxus baccata repandens, spreading English yew	2
Taxus cuspidata brevifolia, spreading Japanese yew	5
Thuja occidentalis globosa, ball-shaped, Globe arborvitae	3
**Thuja orientalis aurea nana*, globe-shaped, Berckman golden thuja	4

Detroit

(Continued from Page 21)

It is in Detroit that the pace for production and wages was set for an entire astounded world, and there the pattern is being molded for a future standard of prosperity of almost unbelievable proportions.

We live today in what future ages will refer to as the industrial renaissance, and the most significant social change of this era has come out of Detroit, in several ways. There was the idea, which the East found so fanastic, of higher pay and shorter hours for workers. There was the popular-priced automobile, which brought quick transportation within reach of the masses, and sent two million families in the United States touring for their vacation in one summer. Two million families—possibly ten million people acquiring new contacts, new ideas, new standards, with the inevitable result of a changed social structure.

There is nothing placid or tranquil in the whole city. Speed is the devil which possesses Detroit. It is not a sophisticated city; in some ways it is almost naïve, taking a boyish pride in setting an impossible mark and then exceeding it. That is important; merely to succeed is to fail. To keep a prosperous business running smoothly year after year in Detroit is to be insignificant. To catch the public imagination, one must smash year after year the record of the one before.

Detroit is not sophisticated; it is plain hard-boiled—the most intensely practical city in the world; a city of frostbitten, reticent fighters in the business and industrial world; of arrogant society leaders whose arrogance is not intended for unkindness, but merely for emphasis upon their newly found position. Yet the gray-haired, earth-bound fellows whom no one would accuse of possessing a spark of sentiment, whom many consider to be prostrate worshipers at the shrine of the dollar alone, have vision and courage, even altruism, to a degree hard to equal.

In Detroit a county commission consisting of a printer, a brick manufacturer and a farmer, built the first concrete road system in America. From that example sprang the thousands of white highways which checker our vast country, even as countless numbers of the happy motor cars that roll along these highways also sprang from Detroit. A group of men nobody had ever heard much about, whose names are today household words, stole the automobile industry right from under the nose of the East, while bankers were trying to decide whether they wanted to control it or not.

More recently Detroit had a park which most cities would have considered a failure—Connors Creek Park, which wasn't doing so well as a playground. It was turned into an airport. Detroit does not apologize for her failures. She turns them into successes.

If Detroit can lick you she will despise you. If you can lick her, great will be your reward. It is a city for square jaws, fitted to take hard wallops and still remain beneath smiling lips.

Nowhere else in the world is so much pride taken in the spending of large sums of money. Wherever two people gather together, from Grosse Pointe to Bloomfield Hills, the sums that are discussed are stunning to the unaccustomed ear. The first thing to be heard about anything is how much it cost. Lawrence P. Fisher has paid $25,000 merely for the interior decoration of his private passenger aeroplane by Capt. H. Ledyard Towle, color expert of the General Motors Corporation in Harley J. Earl's department of art and color, whose entire job is to experiment with mixing and combining colors in new, futuristic manners so that Detroit millionaires may be able to find another channel for spending their money. Chas. T. Fisher's Detroit broker called on him one morning, apologetically saying, "We are awfully sorry, Mr. Fisher, but it will be absolutely necessary to have more margin on this stock." "How much will you need?" Hesitantly—almost fearfully—"About $40,000." Mr. Fisher turns nonchalantly to his desk, and as he writes the check remarks casually, "My New York broker needed $1,200,000 this morning."

(Continued on Page 221)

Each gift is announced with a strikingly beautiful gift announcement, *bearing your name.*

Here's a Gift of Twelve Surprises

YOU know a woman who finds her greatest pleasure in her home or among her flowers; another who enjoys a good story; a third whose desire is to be always well dressed. You can give each such friend a gift that will bring not only a genuine thrill on Christmas morning but a charming surprise every month in the year—with each issue of the Ladies' Home Journal.

Hand your order—early—to one of our authorized representatives, or mail it with remittance to the address below, giving your own name and address as well as the names and addresses of the friends whom you select.

Ladies' Home Journal

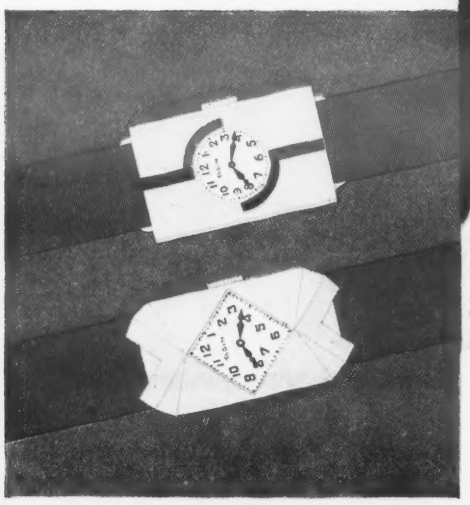
Every month for $1 a year (Foreign $2.50)

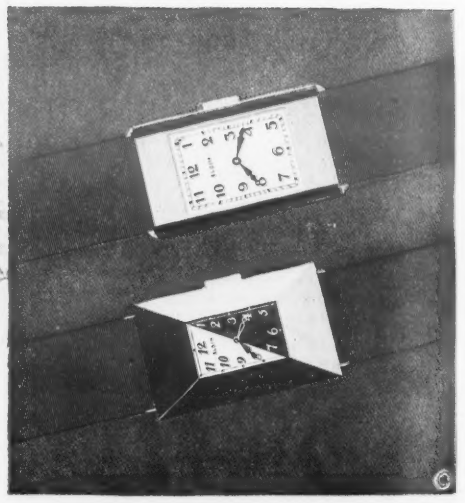
444 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Two Other Choice Gifts

Especially for Men
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Weekly—52 issues—$2 (Canada $3)

For Those Who Love the Country
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Monthly—3 years for $1 (Foreign $2.50)





A portrait of Hope Livermore (Mrs. Arthur Richardson) especially painted by Floyd Davis. Lelong designed her evening frock of eggshell white chiffon, embroidered with glittering strass on bodice and skirt. The hem-line is petal-like and charming.

HOPE · LIVERMORE

[MRS. ARTHUR RICHARDSON]

HER CLOTHES BY *LUCIEN LELONG* . . . HER WATCH BY *LUCIEN LELONG* . . . AND *ELGIN*

Every now and then, in the social columns of the newspapers of New York, you will see an item something like this: "Mrs. Arthur Richardson (Hope Livermore) sailed for Paris today aboard, etc., etc., etc. . . ." And you know, if you know her, that she will be sure, sooner or later, to appear at the salon of Lucien Lelong, for Lelong clothes are favorites of hers. But her Lelong-designed Elgin Parisienne wrist watch she purchased at her nearest Elgin jeweler's only a short stroll from her home. Usually one must go to Paris for Parisian elegance and chic in the original . . . but as far as your watch is concerned Paris comes to you. For Elgin engaged the greatest couturiers to create new watch-case designs. Outwardly the Lelong Parisienne Elgins are smart as his smartest costumes. Inwardly they are staunch and trustworthy as Elgin efficiency could make them. The chic of Paris to look upon . . . the timekeeping accuracy of Elgin to depend upon. Designed in Paris . . . made and cased by Elgin. The highest practices and ideals of American manufacture dwell in every one. Your own jeweler has six Lucien Lelong Elgins to show you . . . three enamelled, three plain . . . all $35. (Four of them are shown above.) And three diamond-set Parisiennes by Callot Soeurs at $75. And many more by Agnès, Premet, Jenny, Louiseboulanger, and almost all really great Paris authorities.

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE
THIRTY FIVE DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 219)

Nor is it merely in business matters that large sums pass with a casualness that is bewildering. These same "Fisher boys," who have become an institution of which Detroit is proud, can give with a bigness equal to that with which they have made their money. In 1925 the Y. M. C. A. began a campaign to raise $5,000,000 by popular subscription to erect new buildings. Three men, Abner Larned, the late Edwin Denby and the late John W. Staley, called on Frederick J. Fisher to ask a subscription from the Fishers of half a million dollars.

They began in a matter-of-fact way to tell of the campaign, its needs, and then: "Mr. Fisher, nothing but a miracle could put this campaign over. That miracle might as well happen now. If the Fisher brothers would give $500,000 . . ." "What!" said Mr. Fisher, and Ned Denby kicked the Abner Larned shins warningly. Then: "Come back Monday," and Mr. Fisher was gone. Monday morning when the three returned the Fisher boys were all there. "You get your money," said Frederick Fisher simply. "In that case," replied Mr. Larned, "we shall name a building after you." "That is quite immaterial," answered Mr. Fisher.

Do not get the impression, however, that one could walk into the office of a Detroit millionaire and depart with a million carelessly thrust in his pocket. Detroit millionaires are fond of spending money, and not bashful about admitting it. They've had fun in their own fashion getting it, and they have fun spending it. George G. Booth retired from the newspaper business and he and Mrs. Booth gave away their fortune of $12,000,000 to further their two hobbies—education and the liberal arts. James Couzens, retiring from manufacturing to give his attention to law-making in the Senate, after a notable career as mayor of Detroit, is giving his millions to hospitals and a Children's Foundation. William H. Murphy, capitalist with wide business interests, was for years the principal support of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. When Ossip Gabrilówitsch was invited to become the resident conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra his reply was that he would accept gladly provided that Detroit built a suitable hall for the presentation of the concerts, a matter which the town had overlooked—characteristically, for Detroit is too busy playing the big game of business to think of all the cultural details. William H. Murphy, a hard-headed business man, raised the funds for the building of Orchestra Hall, conceded to be one of the finest homes of symphony in the country. Detroit got Mr. Gabrilówitsch.

A Go-Getter City

DETROIT gets what it goes after. Unless Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire may be considered a rival, there has been no more widely discussed portrait than Romney's painting of the Countess-Duchess of Sutherland. Early in 1929 Lawrence P. Fisher congratulated himself that he had obtained this art treasure for his Grayhaven home. The announcement of his purchase of it through Howard Young, New York City art dealer, was followed by information from the Duke of Sutherland that the original still hung on its ancestral walls. Immediately the London dealer, Mr. Nicholson, refunded the purchase price, said to have been $150,000, to Mr. Young, who recovered the spurious picture. Anywhere else in the world but Detroit this might have ended a fiasco, but not with Lawrence P. Fisher. It had been announced that he had bought the original Romney. Quite aside from its art value, or his pleasure in its beauty, he would not rest until that fact were true. Great inducement must have been offered the Duke of Sutherland—it is rumored that the final price was $250,000. In June, Mr. Fisher was able to claim, without fear of disputation, that the original Romney was in Detroit.

Romantic Detroit—the gateway, since early days when there was "no more beyond" and Detroit was the farthest outpost of the West. Gateway to the West in those days, when all the covered wagons plowed bravely through tenacious Michigan mud. Gateway of commerce now, trim freighters loaded high with cars going directly from Detroit docks to European ports and back again, in addition to tremendous daily rail shipments. Gateway between two great nations. Nowhere else in the world can the spectacle be witnessed of hundreds of commuters going to their daily work from one country to another, yet when the new Ambassador bridge is completed Detroit and Windsor will be like one city, though of differing allegiance.

The Spirit of Youth

PIONEER DETROIT—the last stand of the old pioneer spirit of America; as feverish as the gold fields, as ruthless as the lumber battles, as far-reaching and constructive as the struggle to subdue the soil; the men who have made the automobile industry, and have been made and broken by it, are all men of the true old pioneer stamp, loving a fight for the sake of itself, and taking the gain as incidental to the pleasure. They have called their like from all corners of the world, so that Detroit is essentially a city of pioneers, with all their faults and greatnesses.

What Europe contributes to Detroit does not float on the surface of the city; it is assimilated, and becomes an integral part of the place, often a helpful and essential part. A Pole, Thaddeus Wronski, has been chiefly instrumental in giving to Detroit civic opera. Others had tried, appealing to the cultured, and failed. Mr. Wronski "sold" civic opera to the hard-headed merchants of the Board of Commerce.

Youth is a keynote of Detroit. There is a bond salesman who at twenty-eight—eight years out of college—plans to retire with a comfortable income in two years. He is typical. Ponce de León should have come farther north in search of the fountain of youth, for surely these piercing, hard-jowled financiers of Detroit know where it is.

Two men were standing by a window in the Ford laboratory waiting to discharge some errand. Outside was a small car with the engine running. A tall, gray-haired man walked briskly across the room, vaulted out the window, entered the car and drove off—Henry Ford's customary way of reaching his car.

The leading speed maniac in town is Gar Wood, a man past sixty, for whom motorboats and aeroplanes can never go fast enough. People never grow old in Detroit. That is why nearly all of the big business men have hobbies. To the casual observer it would seem that the motor kings of Detroit go on a busman's holiday when they play, so familiar are the yacht and motorboat on the Detroit River, and so frequent the hum of the privately owned aeroplane. While they love to play with these expensive motor toys, they all have other hobbies more or less bizarre and refreshing.

Hayward Murphy, son of the late William H. Murphy, has made a glorious success of his hobby. Always fascinated by fire fighting, for years Mr. Murphy was unofficially present at every important fire in Detroit. Now he has his reward—he is president of the Board of Fire Commissioners, and has a beautiful shiny red car to ride around in. Mr. Murphy has had a fire-alarm bell installed in his bedroom so that he can know whenever an alarm is turned in at night.

Alvan Macauley, president of the Packard Motor Car Company, amuses himself in his leisure moments by building workmanlike furniture which can really be used.

FAMOUS FEET

© B. & B., 1929

how they're kept free from corns

NORMA TERRIS'
Famous Feet

"I refuse to be hostess to a corn. And I never expect to, with Blue-jay at my service." So writes this winsome member of the Show Boat cast.

. . .

In its 29 faithful years Blue-jay has conquered many millions of corns. It has conquered them with a Blue-jay that stops shoe-pressure at once and ends the pain in an instant. And with medication in just the right amount to remove the corn without injuring delicate skin-tissue. The new Blue-jay, with the new creamy-white pad, is now at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

CONTINENTAL NETS

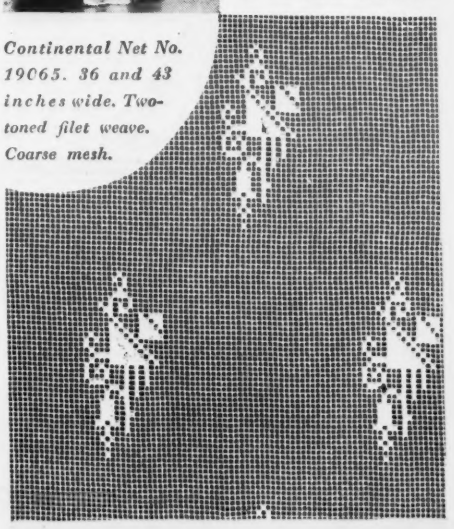
. . . if you approve the trend to tailored simplicity

NET is the ideal material to interpret the new urge for sophisticated simplicity . . . whether for the hard-to-drape window shown above or for the ordinary window that the tailored glass curtain suits so well. Net is practical, too . . . wears better . . . stays fresh longer . . . launders better.

See the new Scranton Continental nets and curtains . . . moderne designs in white, ecru, natural and two-tone colors, also the new Sun Tan Shade. The better Department Stores now have complete Fall stocks.

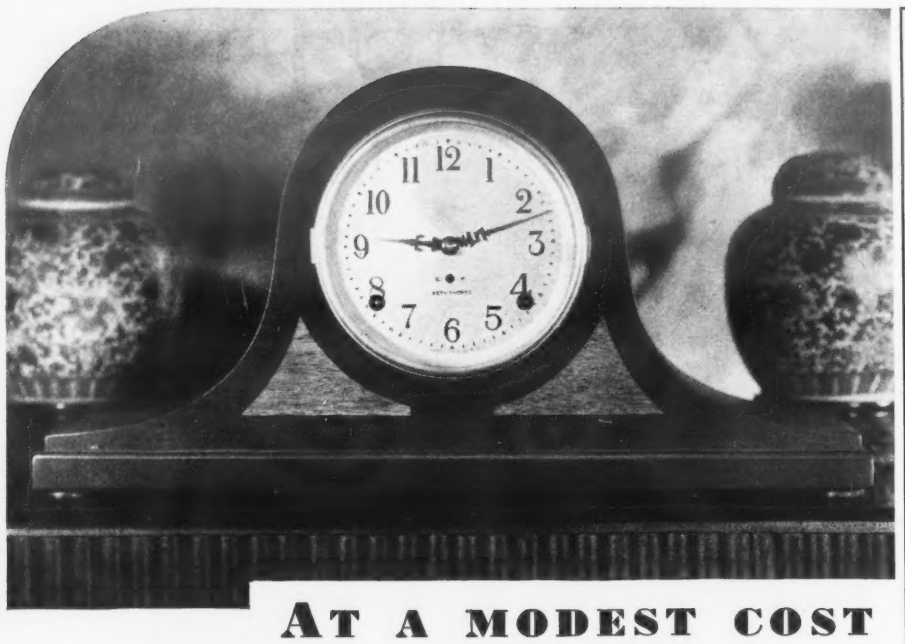
Send 10c for booklet showing 77 ways to drape your windows. Scranton Lace Co., Dept. 208, Scranton, Pa.

Continental Net Curtains, presented to over 100 decorators at the Scranton Style Show in the Hotel Biltmore.



Continental Net No. 19065. 36 and 43 inches wide. Two-toned filet weave. Coarse mesh.

SCRANTON *Drapery Fabrics*



AT A MODEST COST

A Clock with Century-Old Traditions

Beauty . . . lifetime accuracy . . . and century-old traditions—in a clock that costs but $13.50! This is Sentinel No. 2—an outstanding value built with the same exquisite care and practiced skill that made Seth Thomas Clocks famous in Colonial days.

On mantel, desk, or bookcase, this design of classic simplicity adds dignity and decorative beauty. Two-toned mahogany case, spiral gong, 9 inches high. For FREE booklet write to 19 West 44th Street, New York.

In larger cities, our dealers are listed in classified telephone directories under the name Seth Thomas.

Prices are slightly higher in the Far West and Canada.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

DOLLFUS-MIEG & Cie

Société anonyme

MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS

Founded in 1746 A. D.

BRODER STRANDED SEWING KNITTING DARNING TATTING PEARL AND CROCHET COTTONS

DOLLFUS-MIEG & Cie, SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME — HIGH QUALITY — D·M·C — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. — FAST COLORS — MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS

SILK AND LINEN..... THREADS COTTON BRAIDS BOOKS.. ON ART NEEDLE-WORK...

COTTON, FLAX & SILK THREADS
for Art Needlework

D·M·C COTTON TAPES

Can be procured from all Art Needlework Stores

THE D·M·C LIBRARY

which is unique in its kind, contains a series of works dealing with every subject connected with Art Needlework.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Joy are radio addicts, but do not tamely profit by sets others have made. They construct their own. Mr. Joy is even so enthusiastic about radio that his chief means of communication between his Grosse Pointe home, his farm at Mt. Clemens, his office and his summer home at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, is by radio messages sent by his own transmitting set.

Sheer joy in energy and activity actuates all true Detroiters.

Detroit women are no less energetic than the men. In the Mount Vernon Country Club, twenty-eight miles from the city, midway between Bloomfield Hills and Grosse Pointe, women golfers of Detroit, which includes several prominent champions, are financing a club which is one of two in existence in the United States. Here the greens will be primarily open to women, and men guests will be only privileged players at set times. It is going to be a sporting course, and every woman hopes that there will be days when the men watch with hungry eyes while only women can play.

Detroit society is of two sorts—the kind that is dictated by the business position of the head of the house, and the kind that is acknowledged by Miss Sara Burnham, who has become another Detroit institution. Miss Burnham, long identified with the most select social life of Detroit, is the power behind the throne who says who shall or shall not be invited to the most important social functions. She is the kind and gracious protector of the social gates of Detroit.

The new million-dollar woman's club—the Colony Club, which is to have a membership of under two thousand—has a ballroom which is a debutante's dream come true, and it has been named the Sara Burnham ballroom as a tribute to one who has devoted so much time to keeping the social sea smooth in so complicated a town as Detroit.

Even with the Colony Club the women of Detroit are not going to have quite so exclusive an organization, nor so interesting, as the men have in the Yondotega. There is no million-dollar club house for these men, but a little, old frame house surrounded by a high wall, with the river behind, and it is the most coveted club in Detroit. To belong to it means—well, what does it mean? Not wealth alone, not family; no one who is not a member knows just what is necessary for inclusion among the very small chosen few. To belong means that you are "it" in Detroit.

But even the clubs in Detroit are penetrated by the aroma of gasoline—it is motor money which has built them, and motors that are talked in them. One can never forget the automobile in Detroit—especially if one is crossing the street.

A Detroiter motoring through the Balkans ran hub-deep into mud on an atrocious Bosnian road. In no time at all the usual crowd of curious peasants collected. The Detroiter tried to make them understand that he wanted another car—horses—oxen—whatever might be available to haul him out. They shrugged. They jabbered. Then Pete arrived. They fell back before him. Evidently he was a person of authority.

"Detroit!" he said. "I worked for Ford once."

At his command the car was hauled by Bosnian man power to a better thoroughfare. All over Europe there are men who have gone home to boss local affairs after having worked for Ford. They have carried throughout the Continent word that Detroit is the most efficient and go-getter city in the world.

Detroit agrees with them.

That Cold

(Continued from Page 29)

"I never see such a hand as you-all are with flowers! . . . You-all know Mr. Walter George?"

Yes, it seemed, they did, though not to say intimately, but he had come once or twice to Crab Hill with Percy, and everybody liked him. "That man's a cut above mos' folk around heah!"

"He's a high yaller."

"Percy say he got a powerful good place and money in the bank. Moah'n that, he got education and he got family. His folks was raised with the best white folks."

"How come you know him, Petunia?"

"He heah me talk about you-all to someone I met on the street cyar, and he introduce himself. I got it in my bones that he coming this way this day."

"Then," said Mrs. Jones, "we'd better put his name in the pot."

They had to prepare dinner, a real holiday dinner, but Petunia, as company, and grandma, as having done her part in life, sat on the porch. The small children played in the yard, among the chrysanthemums and the asters and the zinnias. Grandma was old and small and withered. Petunia, who was largely made, though not a young giant, could have carried her about. Grandma smoked a pipe. After a time she took it from between her lips to ask, "How yo' mother?"

"She's dead, grandma. Long ago. Don't you remember?"

Grandma said placidly, "You're a liar," and smoked again.

Petunia nursed her rayon knees. The sun mounted to the zenith. "I reckon by this time Nelly's got the house clean. . . . 'Is it possible I am speaking to Miss Sandys?' Things sho do happen on my holidays!"

Rosalia called her to come help set the table.

When the table was set Maria and Constance and Rosalia went to change their dresses. Petunia sat beside the corner table and looked for the hundredth time at the Joneses' photograph album.

The girls reappeared, dressed in their best. Marianna Alicia burst indoors: "They's coming! Percy and Breckinridge and Mr. Walter George!"

The dinner was such a good dinner. The company around the table had such a good time. Armistice Day was such a success. Petunia thought, "I ain't caring what her old text was! I likes him. O Gawd, make him like me, way up in C! . . . Appears that he likes Rosalia, too, but he ain't precisely co'ting her. Besides, she got Jim Reedy, down the river."

After dinner was no time to waste. Like a golden balloon rose before Petunia, Maria, Constance and Rosalia, and Percy, Breckinridge and Walter George the golden afternoon at the golden, new amusement park; with to follow, when the stars came out, a tremendous moving picture. . . . Ephraim and Marianna Alicia, who belonged to Mrs. Jones, and the three smaller children, who belonged to Constance, who was a young widow, had their own lesser golden balloons. Mrs. Jones had hers of rest in the porch and Brother Armstrong and Susan coming in at gate to sit with her and converse of Crab Hill and the church. Grandma had her silver balloon of her chair and warmth and her pipe and a pretty procession miles in the past.

Percy lived, as they said, dashingly—a limber, yellow fellow. Breckinridge had the soundness of a big, dark tree. He was grandson, son, brother and uncle to the Jones family, and his boughs protected them all, but Percy was no blood kin that they knew of, only they had known him always. The delightful, the stranger element was provided by Walter George.

(Continued on Page 224)

The kernels give character to DEL MAIZ CORN

Escalloped Del Maiz

For Thanksgiving dinner, there is no more truly American vegetable than Escalloped Del Maiz Corn.

Mix two beaten eggs, two cups of Del Maiz Corn, one cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, a speck of pepper.

Pour into buttered baking dish. Melt 3 tablespoons butter and add to one cup bread crumbs and sprinkle over the top of the corn.

Place in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven - 350 degrees F. - until firm with crumbs well browned.

A cook book of corn recipes only—"Thirty New Ways To Serve Del Maiz" — giving a number of other delightfully different recipes for serving this new breed of golden corn will be sent you free on request.

By its deeper . . . plumper . . . kernels you will see at once that Del Maiz is a distinct new breed of corn . . . not just another brand.

These deeper kernels have been developed through years of selective breeding of countless strains of the choicest seed. They give you more meat of the corn without fibre or cob.

The deeper, sweeter kernels . . . and the golden color . . . are the first things you notice about Del Maiz. But this perfected corn also brings you new uniformity . . . the result of controlled planting, picking and packing.

Within five short hours from the time Del Maiz Corn reaches the moment of its perfect flavor in the field, it is sealed in sanitary enamel-lined containers ready for your table.

"Del Maiz" on the label is more than a name for a brand of corn. It means a new breed . . . a new standard of kernel character.

If your grocer cannot supply you with Del Maiz, please send us his name.

MINNESOTA VALLEY CANNING CO.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

A New Breed of Corn - - - Not just another Brand

Guard the health of your family
Use Sapolio to clean, scour and polish kitchen pots, pans and cutlery. It's standard among all-round cleaners to keep cooking utensils really clean and wholesome. Sapolio is safe to use for cleaning in any room in the house. No disagreeable dust or odor.
Made only by Enoch Morgan's Sons Co. New York
SAPOLIO
1869 - SIXTY YEARS OF GOOD SERVICE - 1929
This brilliant man
walks up and down
Upon the streets
of Spotless Town.
The glitter
of his shining star
Arrests attention
from afar.
It lights the beat
and goes to show
That nought can beat
SAPOLIO
SPOTLESS TOWN SERIES #4

Want $50.00 Extra For Christmas?

AMONG the things Mrs. Fannie M. Slack wants for Christmas each year is more money—for herself and for tasteful gifts. Being ambitious, she long ago discovered that she could easily earn it herself. In a single week we have paid her more than $25.00 extra, just for sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*.

In Your Spare Time

WE WANT more workers to represent our publications, locally, just as Mrs. Slack and Mary Ellen Barbour, whose pictures you see here, are doing. The work is easy, pleasant and dignified. You do not need previous experience to succeed, and your time is your own. We will pay you liberally for results whether you have one or ten hours to spare—but if you want $50.00 this month do not delay.

You'll welcome Christmas with a happy smile like Mary Ellen's when you have plenty of money in your purse. You'll give the loveliest of gifts, as does Mrs. Slack.

The Curtis Publishing Company
447 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I am interested in your cash plan for more money. Please tell me about it, without cost or obligations.

Name..... *Age*.....
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

(Continued from Page 222)

Petunia's large eyes grew immense, staring at her great golden balloon floating so richly in a blue heaven.

"He's a tiptopper. Never in mah bawn days did I meet such a man befo'! . . . He likes Rosalia, but he's maybe coming to like me bettah, and she's got Jim Reedy."

It was high afternoon when they reached the new amusement park, for they had a good way to go, over various lines of transit, and all crowded on Armistice Day. But the very going proved vastly entertaining. Percy amused them so! Breckinridge had a great, honest laugh. The girls laughed too. "Ain't he killing?" Percy cut more and more monkeyshines.

HERE at last the amusement park, and the men bought the tickets. Everybody going in. A lot of white folks and quite a number of colored folks. Everybody well-behaved, in a well-behaved part of the world. What a paradise of fantastic buildings and tents and structures out of dreams and buzzing talk and laughter and sunniness and blaring music! Petunia thought, "And Elvira's there, cooking away." Walter George was speaking critically. "It isn't much of a place. If you could only see Coney Island!" Petunia admired him so, the profound traveler! "What'll we do right away?" asked Rosalia. "Let's do everything right away," recommended Percy. "Like this!" He turned rapidly upon his heel, then came to a stop. "Lawd have mercy, I see the Ferris wheel!"

Constance would not go up. It made her dizzy to look at the thing. That left Maria and Percy for one seat, and somehow or other Rosalia and Walter George were placed in the next. "I don't find myself mindin' moah than is necessary," thought Petunia. "He was the Joneses' guest to dinner. He has to beau her. His manners is perfection." She and Breckinridge took the third seat. . . . It was thrilling when they were all fastened in and cautioned and the engine worked and the immense wheel began to turn, and they were now creakily and now smoothly leaving the earth behind. Now the amusement park began to be below them, like a coat of many colors. "We're even with the tree tops," said Breckinridge. "I like it quiet up here. There isn't anything to be afraid of, Petunia."

"I'm not afraid," gasped Petunia. "Not with all you men along!"

"I'm always thinking God's along," said Breckinridge.

THAT was like Breckinridge, to say a thing like that and yet not to let it interfere. Breckinridge was likable, though he was so much slower than the others. Petunia felt suddenly how much she had always liked Breckinridge. He was the kind of person you could always—not just sometimes—feel confidence in. Always! Breckinridge would always be like a rock in the midst of any dizzy adventure. She thought, "He's the kind of person Gawd listens to. And he wouldn't be always showing you texts either."

Up and up and up, and there spread the city and the river and the fields, and the distant woods all dressed in amber and maroon and the jade of pine trees. They poised up there, they tilted, they began to go down. She seemed to perceive that Rosalia was uttering squeals of terror. At any rate she wouldn't squeal. She thought, "If I'm killed Elvira'll say. . . . But I just ain't going to be killed. Gawd never did mind a little pleasure."

They came to earth without accident and rose again on the outward curve. Down again, up again, down again, up again, down again. Released from the wheel, Maria said, "My Lawd, who ever thought that out?" Rosalia affected speechlessness and clung to Walter George's arm. Petunia thought, "Straighten up, Miss Rosalia! You ain't really scared, you's flirting." Walter George smiled upon them all. "That wasn't anything, ladies! If you could see the devices they've devised at Coney Island!" Petunia was visited by an intuition as swift and conclusive as an arrow. "He's a high yellow and educated and though he's got dash he ain't wild like Percy, but he's patronizing. He's patronizing us that ain't on the limb with him. O Lord, I ain't never liked a patronizing person!" Percy was grinning. "Let's go shoot the chute." "No," said Breckinridge. "Constance don't want to and it's her party too. Let's just walk about a little and look at things. There's a band concert at four o'clock." Petunia, gazing at Breckinridge, suddenly saw that besides being big and strong he was handsome. "Ain't it funny, but I never saw him that way before. . . ."

Just to move round about in so gayly crowded and talkative a place, with all the shows and all the booths, was enough to make Old Misery, had he been along, joyful. He was not along. A gypsy was sitting in the door of a tent. "I'll tell your fortune—tell your fortune—dark skin or light skin. Everybody's got a fortune. It imports you to know it. Tell your fortune, gentleman! Tell your fortune, lady!"

"LET'S stop right here," said Walter George. "What's the harm in knowing what's going to happen. Maybe then you can do something about it."

They all had fine fortunes, though with certain perils darkly indicated, enough to keep up the excitement. But their barks steered past secret enemies, loss of worldly goods and public ills into havens of wealth and love and station. Constance was elated. Life was not over for her, the gypsy said. Percy could not make out something that the kerchiefed and besequined woman had told him. "Look here! I got a friend, she say, and I got an enemy, and they both of my height and shade, but I better lay the one low, she say, and hold fast to the other, and the sign of them is ——"

"I don't hold with fortune tellers," said Maria. "But they is exciting." They had a pink lemonade and kept on talking while they sipped. "How you think she know? She told me things was the gospel truth!"

They were walking now, and Walter George with Petunia. "She told me, Miss Petunia, that my life would be affected by somebody named for a flower."

"That must be Rosalia. She have roses in her name."

"Petunias ought to be in every garden. Big, dark, velvety ones."

"He is mos' awfully handsome," thought Petunia. "And he know so much!" And at that moment they came to the scenic railway.

ON THE scenic railway they were all pleasantly together. The car in which they were seated plunged into a tunnel. A hand pressed Petunia's, but the darkness was of the shortest and she did not know whose it had been, whether Percy's or Walter George's or —— No, it wouldn't have been Breckinridge's. He didn't do things like that. Out they shot into colored light and a miniature mountain pass with a wild waterfall and twisted fir trees and a castled crag. "Oh, we're traveling!" breathed Petunia. The gorge narrowed and the spray of a second waterfall made a real moisture. Some strange creature, jumping from a tree, shouted at them. They passed into a spangled grotto where gnomes, big-headed and goggle-eyed, looked from behind stalactites and stalagmites. "Are they real?" quavered Constance. "No, goosie!" answered Rosalia, looking superior. "Somewhere in the Bible," said Maria, "there's talk about 'many inventions.'" Breckinridge was laughing. "When I was little I used to have a little being lak that to play with. I could see him just as plain with his long

(Continued on Page 227)

Lucretia Vanderbilt suggests her luxurious aids to beauty...

Each of these luxurious toiletries is delicately scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt perfume. And each is encased in a lovely container of rich blue and silver . . . designed by a Parisian master . . . and fully worthy of its precious contents.

A Perfume . . . intimate, seductive, daringly youthful . . . extracted from rare flower oils that, like old wine, have been aged for years. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6. In my new purse size, encased in soft leather: $2.50.

A Face Powder . . . soft as mist . . . made from a formula once reserved for French and English royalty . . . and only recently rediscovered by me. In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Price, with downy velour puff, $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

A Double Compact . . . fluffy powder in four flattering shades . . . rouge of satiny smoothness . . . and an unbreakable mirror. When opened, the thin metal case discloses its entire contents to view. Price, with metal mirror and two wool puffs, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

A Triple Compact . . . identical with my double compact . . . except that a dainty lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

A Lipstick . . . chic and witching . . . in Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite . . . the last-named changing upon application from orange tint to vivid red, depending upon skin texture. Price, $1.00. Refills, 50¢.

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 102 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Connecticut, mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

Lucretia Vanderbilt

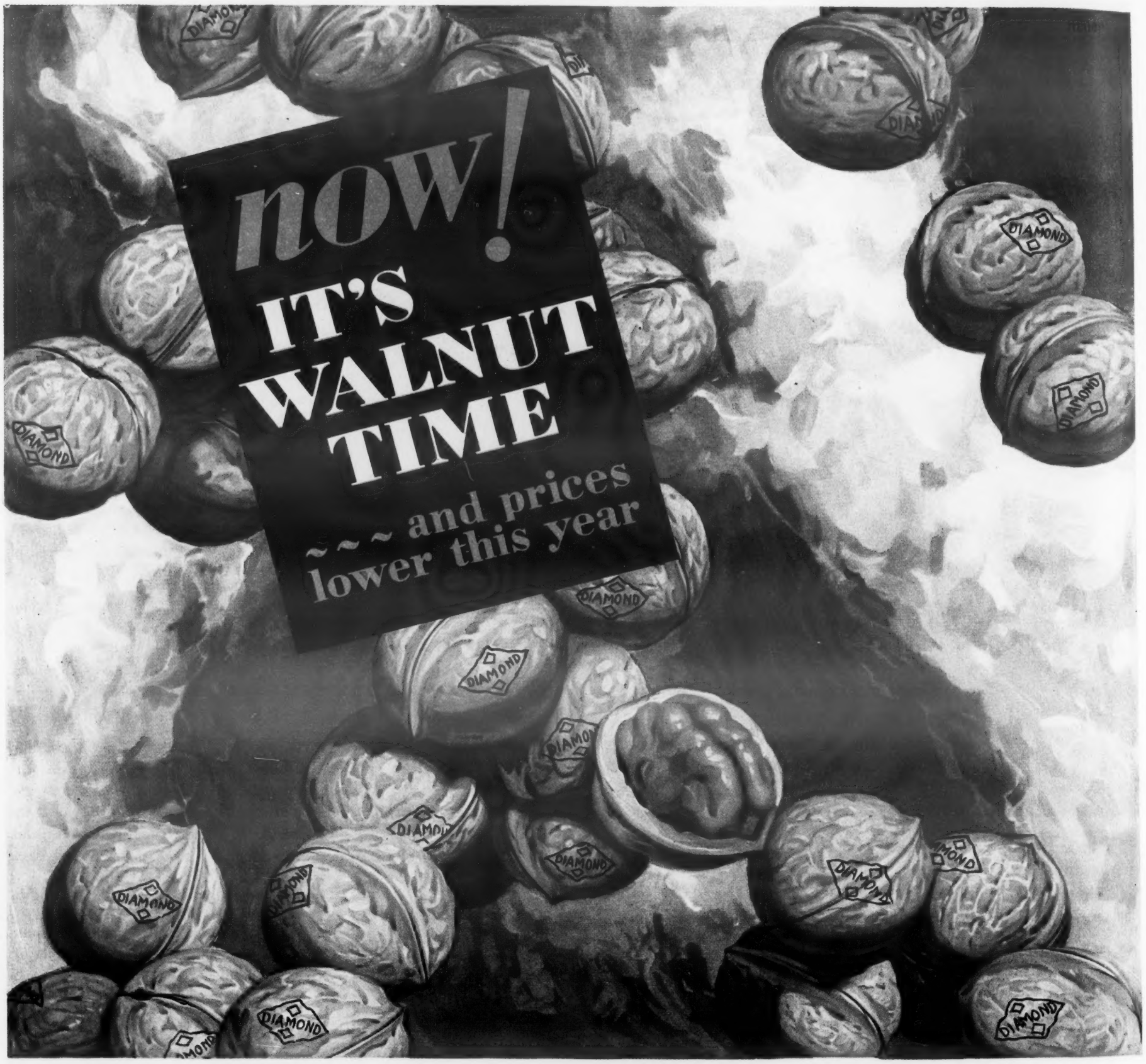
POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

*Customer's Name*_____

*Address*_____

L. H. J. Nov.



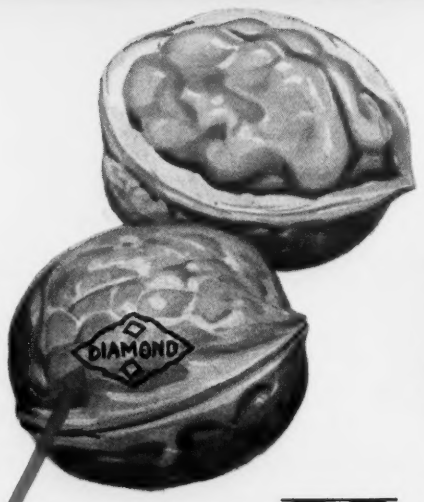
New-crop Diamond Walnuts are on the market again! Our 5,126 California Growers have just harvested a fine crop for you—and fast trains have been rushing them east.

Naturally, you'll want to fill the Walnut Bowl so the family can help themselves often. And keep an extra supply in the kitchen for use in crisp-weather menus. Just be sure you get the best Walnuts—especially this year, when prices are so reasonable. The safe way is to *look for the Diamond trade-mark on the shell!*

Your Grocer probably has new-crop Diamond Walnuts—or he can quickly get them for you. Better order some today! Then write us for free recipe book!

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Dept. G-3, Los Angeles, California

A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 5,126 growers. Our yearly production over 70,000,000 pounds.



Remember, there are *two ways* to get Diamond Walnuts: *In the shell* (each nut Diamond branded); or *shelled* (mixed halves and pieces—kept always fresh and sweet, in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins, for instant use). On *shelled* Walnuts—as on Walnuts *in the shell*—the Diamond brand guarantees California's finest—plump, tender full-flavored kernels. Many women have proved that it pays to keep *both* on hand!

DIAMOND *branded* WALNUTS
CALIFORNIA'S FINEST

(Continued from Page 224)

beard and his pack on his back. I reckon I saw a picture book and it put it in my haid. But I outgrowed him. . . . I wish we had brought Ephraim and Marianna Alicia along."

They were out of the grotto, and had arrived in the midst of a picture of tropical forest and elephants feeding. "That's meant for Africa," quoth Percy. "Do you-all feel at home?"

"My home is America," said Walter George sententiously. "It's been my home a long time." The five others nodded their heads. "Of course it's America," thought Petunia and thrilled and scarcely saw the next fantastic bit. An inner string of picture and voice presented itself. The airship seen from the Jones' flowery yard . . . the Ninety-ninth marching up High Street, playing Dixie . . . the old flower woman . . . "Sweet po-ta-toes! Sweet po-ta-toes!" . . . The white columns of Mrs. Raleigh's house and a microphylla rose that she admired . . . Elvira's room with the little white curtains and her Bible by her bed. . . . "I wonder what was that text!"

The scenic railway returned them through the tunnel to its first station. Petunia kept her hands locked under her coat. "I don't encourage no flirting in the dark—I ain't a flirter, anyhow!"

HERE they were, out again in the broad light, upon the highly decorative street through the amusement park. "I liked that," said Breckinridge. "Now let's go hear the band concert. It's four o'clock."

The band played marches and patriotic airs, and played dances and lullabies and love music, and played Way Down on the Swanee River and Auld Lang Syne. It was growing cool, and long, thin shadows overstretched the bright earth. The band crashed into the Anvil Chorus. The concert ended. With a mighty rustling as of all autumnal birds rising from a field, the crowd left the seats and began to scatter. Percy cut a pigeon wing. "Now let's go shoot the chute!"

That was an experience reckless, daredevil and awe-inspiring! Petunia felt exaltation. "Maybe it's kingdom come—maybe it's kingdom come!" But she would not for worlds have screamed like Constance or clung like Rosalia. "When I gwine die I gwine die straight—straight inside anyhow!" The music still pounded in her ears and here they were doing this awful thing! "But I won't show the white feather! I ain't ever gwine show the white feather!"

AT LAST it was over, and well over—shooting the chute. As they tore themselves away from it Breckinridge and Petunia found themselves again together. "I liked the music better," said Breckinridge.

"I've always thought I was bawn for excitement," said Petunia. "But they's excitement and excitement. I don't know as I wants to see the world go to pieces."

The others were ahead among the glittering booths. "He's mighty attractive."

"Percy?"

"No, Walter George. He's got a good place too. He calls it a 'position,' and I don't know but he's right. And he ain't wild like Percy pretends to be. He's a dashing fellow, but he's reasonable."

"You're reasonable, Breckinridge. You always has been."

"I'm reasonable, but I'm slow. I've had to look after things so, I ain't never had any time to be fancy. It ain't my meaning that Walter George is fancy like Percy tries to be. He ain't—not like Percy. But he's got a feel of—of broadcloth about him all the time. Broadcloth ain't sleazy. It's mighty good to have."

"I wonder what you talking about anyhow," said Petunia, and put her hand to her eyes.

"What you crying about?"

"I don't know."

"Is you tired, honey? You work pretty hard."

"I don't work any harder than Elvira or Rosalia or anybody. You work pretty hard yourself, Breckinridge."

"I got to. Anyone that came with me would have to take pot luck ——"

Percy was calling them. "Merry-go-round. We're going on the merry-go-round!"

The merry-go-round went round and round in a brilliant, circular procession. Children and grown people sat fantastic beasts—beasts out of heraldry and children's painted books. The music undulated in a twinkling, smiling stream. It was now dusk and the lights of the amusement park shone out like suns and wreaths of suns. Percy rode a donkey and Rosalia a hippogriff and Walter George an Arabian steed with flowing mane, and Maria and Constance beautiful ponies, and Breckinridge and Petunia lions.

"A lion and a lioness," thought Petunia. "I love Breckinridge. I gwine marry Breckinridge."

ELVIRA, though she was tired with her day's work, kept awake for Petunia, who was to spend the night with her. Not later than eleven Petunia arrived, supper and the moving picture and the street cars accounting for her evening. "I'm thankful you's heah at last!" said Elvira, sitting up in bed. "What did you do, all this living-and-dying day?"

"I had a good time. I had the best time, Elvira, I ever had in mah life! Most come of it, I tell you, most come of it! Something come of it that gwine last me through to heaven. Breckinridge and me gwine marry!"

"Well, you might have done worse," said Elvira. "Did you read that text I marked for you?"

"No, I didn't," said Petunia, taking off her shoes. "And I ain't gwine read it neither. It was you picked it out; Gawd didn't pick it out."

"It was what He said ——"

"Well, He don't mean that there ain't exceptions." Petunia put on her nightgown and slipped into bed beside Elvira. "Elvira, ain't you glad Breckinridge and me is happy?"

Elvira put her arm around her sister. "Yaas, honey, Ise glad."

Seven-in-the-morning glow struck the alley gate and the brick kitchen and the brick-paved yard and the big sycamore and the magnolia and the white pillars of Mrs. Amyas Raleigh's back porch. A bird was singing just like spring. Out on Ludwell Street old George Washington Harris lifted his voice. "Sweet po-ta-toes! Sweet po-ta-toes!" An early hand organ burst into something ancient and sweet. Mrs. Amyas Raleigh, looking out of her window, thought, "It's sweet—the world does manage sweetness oftener than you'd think."

PETUNIA came through the alley gate and up the walk. Mrs. Amyas Raleigh leaned from the window. "Good morning, Petunia! How is your cold?"

"Good mahning, Miss Kate. Mah cold's bettah."

"I'm glad of that! Rest in bed will help most colds. Well, the house is ready for you, for I'll tell you what you already know, and that is that there are greater treasures than Nelly! I'm glad to see you back!"

Petunia in her blue gingham, going into the parlor with her broom, put her hand into her pocket and found there three aspirin tablets. She regarded them contemplatively and then the three vases of flowers, one upon the piano, one upon the table and one before the pier glass. "I heah say aspirin make flowers hold up they heads just lak they was back in the gyarden." With which she dropped the tablets into the vases.

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

Follow the New Fashion-

Tinted Bed Sets

THE vogue for delicately colored pillow slips and sheets of linen, crêpe de chine or cotton can be easily followed at great savings by tinting your white ones . . . Just dissolve a package of Putnam Dye in a pint of boiling water and bottle it. This Tinting Fluid can be used like blueing to keep the tint uniform. Clear, even shades are assured. Rose, blue, orchid, yellow, peach and pale green are the favorite colors used by women of fashion. The same 15-cent package of Putnam fast-dyes or tints all materials in one operation. At your druggist's.

Color secrets revealed FREE!

Send for new Revised Edition, "The Charm of Color," a beautifully illustrated guide to Dyeing, Tinting, Bleaching, Dry Cleaning, etc.

To remove color, use Putnam No-Kolor Bleach

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

for Tinting *or* Dyeing

Monroe Chemical Company,
611 Oak St., Quincy, Illinois

Please send your free booklet to

Name.....

Address.....

Children love "Junket Sundaes"

Orange Junket
Serve this delicious healthful dessert to build strong little bodies.

Chocolate Junket
Marshmallows, whipped cream and a cherry give this dish of chocolate junket the tempting appearance of a "sundae."

Icy-cold junket, topped with nuts, fruits, marshmallows, whipped cream or syrup appeals to children just as ice-cream "sundaes" do . . . No need to coax them to *drink* milk when you can get your children to *eat* milk by serving junket . . . Doctors advise junket because it appeals to little folks, tastes good to small palates, and will not tax tiny stomachs—for junket contains enzymes* that make it even more digestible than milk.

*ENZYME—The active principle provided by Nature in Junket which makes milk more easily digested and healthful.

Junket
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

makes Milk into
DELICIOUS DESSERTS

Flavored Junket—even easier and quicker than Junket Tablets—is sweetened and may be had in 6 tempting flavors:

Vanilla **Chocolate** **Lemon**
Orange **Raspberry** **Coffee**

FREE—Recipe Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams. Or send your grocer's name, with 10c (stamps or coin) to cover postage and packing—for book and trial package of Flavored Junket. If preferred, ask for Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored. Write Dept. 211, The Junket Folks, Little Falls, New York. (In Canada, The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.)

SAVE MONEY
Get My Factory Price

On Campbell's improved **"Kitchen Queen" Electric Fireless Cooker Range.** Place your entire meal in the Range—come back hours later and find it cooked to perfection. Save time, work and worry. Low FACTORY PRICE and small monthly payments. *Write for free book and special offer.*

The Wm. Campbell Co.
Dept. 800, Alliance, Ohio

CAMPBELL'S
ELECTRIC RANGE

Candy Making
Home made Pays Big

Our Home Study Course on making & selling, taught by successful candy manufacturer. Candy is the only business where the *little fellow* has the *big fellow* at a disadvantage. Turn your **kitchen** into a small candy shop—make money from first day. Many now rich started with no capital. We furnish tools. Free Book explains. **Capitol Candy School, Dept. AW-1908, Washington, D. C.**

WEDDINGS
ENGRAVED OR PRINTED INVITATIONS ETC.
FREE SAMPLES: 100 VISITING CARDS $1.00
CAPITOL SOCIAL ENGRAVING CO.
428 EVENING STAR BLDG. WASHINGTON, D.C.

Decorative Painted Glass

All designs included in No. 712. For information about purchasing unpainted glass send a two-cent stamp to the Needlework Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Designed by Edna Selena Gave

A gift for the bedside table—a blue glass lamp painted in shades of blue and topped with a parchment shade.

An oval bon-bon dish, of soft green glass; the stylized design is in blue, yellow, orange and jade.

For the friend who breakfasts in bed—a rose glass sugar and creamer decorated in soft pastel colors.

Left—The flower lover will enjoy arranging flowers in a fan-shaped decorated green vase.

Charming accessories for a colorful bathroom are bottles and glass covered jar partitioned for powder, bath salts and cotton; they are decorated with brilliant flowers.

For the friend who loves colored glass, bowl and candlesticks.

The flower design is painted in attractive pastel colors on the set.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York. Dresses, 35 cents; Transfers, 35 cents.

A Natural Leader

THE Woman's Club Pageant went through without a hitch. The course of lectures on home making and interior decoration was splendidly managed from beginning to end. Every speaker arrived on the right day, the committee was always on hand and the newspapers carried good advance notices and a digest of each lecture.

Some women seem to have a natural ability to run things. This executive capacity wins for them influence, honor and valuable friendships. For club work today is the most important phase of modern social and civic life. The old sewing circle has developed into a complex, organized business. An active club woman is called upon, sometimes on a minute's notice, to direct affairs which would baffle trained business men.

Club life offers such an attractive field for the exercise of this latent managerial talent of women that we believe a hearty welcome awaits a book written by Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson, Director of Good Citizenship Bureau of the Woman's Home Companion. It offers literally every tool an active club woman needs in her work: how to organize a club—constitution and by-laws, financing operations, proper form for motions, amendments, resolutions, committee reports; how to conduct a meeting, parliamentary procedure, etiquette, minutes; how to secure publicity, raising money, book-keeping, lists and records. With this priceless little book a woman with no business training is equipped to assume any club duty.

Written by
Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson

This Club Manual is published by the maker of Corona Typewriters. It is offered to club women for the nominal price of twenty cents, in recognition of the fact that modern club work cannot be conducted acceptably, efficiently and intelligently without the aid of a typewriter.

Many educated women are finding an interesting outlet for their surplus time and talents in writing for magazines and newspapers. All such work must be typed to have much chance of acceptance.

A Corona will simplify the conduct of household affairs—bills, orders, accounts, etc. Carbon copies of correspondence are a safeguard.

The New Corona is one of the most highly developed instruments of precision ever made. It is the product of twenty years of striving by able typewriter engineers to incorporate in a small, compact typewriter every essential for personal writing. The New Corona is so sturdily built and all working parts are of such fine materials and are so accurately made that a Corona should give a lifetime of service.

It is amazingly easy to learn to operate a Corona. In a week you will be able to type as rapidly as you can write. Thereafter typing will be automatic. Ideas will simply flow from your fingers without conscious effort.

You will never fully appreciate Corona until you have tried it in your home. Therefore we should like to arrange with our local dealer to have a Corona delivered for such a test. This would impose no obligation on you and would enable you to discover how easily and simply a Corona is operated. When you have decided that you need a Corona, you can, if you wish, pay for it gradually.

The New Corona, with standard keyboard, costs $60. Corona Special, with three row keyboard (a splendid little machine), costs $39.50. Attractive carrying case is included. In any case, send twenty cents in stamps for your copy of the "Club Manual"—the edition is limited. L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc.
57 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

This delightful library corner is in the home of Mrs. Alexander Greene of Forest Hills, New York. Mrs. Greene is Vice Chairman of Music Committee, New York City Federation of Women's Clubs; Vice Chairman Fine Arts Dept., New York State Federation of Women's Clubs; Chairman Music Committee, Forest Hills Woman's Club.

CORONA *A UTILITY OF MODERN LIVING*

Insist on this label. It guarantees slipper style and quality.

This Christmas, to be certain of giving real quality and in-built slipper comfort look for the Maid-Rite label. It guarantees newest-styled, leather models that look better and wear longer. For men, women, misses and children. Most moderately priced for their quality—$2.50 to $5.00—at all good shops.

Write for our fashion booklet "Beauty from Foot Comfort."

MAID-RITE Corp.
35 York Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAID-RITE

LEATHER SLIPPERS FOR THE HOME

She Earned $58.00 *and Such Prizes!*

Every girl needs plenty of extra money around Christmas and that time is drawing near. You can earn the money and gorgeous prizes—just as Mary Carolyn Hurst did—through the pleasant Curtis plan.

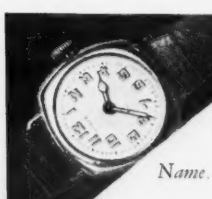
ONLY a short time ago, Mary Carolyn Hurst, the fun-loving schoolgirl, at left, dreamed of earning her own money, *sometime*.

Then one day she read in *The Ladies' Home Journal* about how schoolgirls were earning plenty of money and prizes. She sat down then and there and wrote for the details.

Now—though using only her spare-time hours—*she has earned $58.00 for clothes and spending money through our pleasant subscription plan.* And she's won these gorgeous prizes:

A Camera to record Good Times
A Smart Desk Set for Her Room
A Sports Watch for Hikes
A White Gold Watch for "Best."

You can earn as easily as Mary Carolyn did. Just fill in the handy coupon below for the details. How surprised you'll be! How thrilled! . . . Do it today.



The Curtis Publishing Company
449 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I want to earn Money and Prizes, too. Please tell me how. I understand that I'll be under no obligations.

Name.....*Age*.....
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street.....
City.....*State*.....

Quaint Wool Embroidery

By Courtesy of Rose Lindley Kent

THE art of embroidering with worsted dates from the earliest days and has a charm and softness in its reproduction of colors that can be equaled only by the old hooked rugs. From the perishable nature of wool, few old pieces have survived in so perfect a condition as the stool cover illustrated below.

The original of this charming bit of embroidery, No. 691, was done on black horsehair, with the wreath pattern worked out in soft, mellow-colored wool yarns. The green of the leaves and stems is the predominant color in the work, shaded from a pale yellow to a deep reseda. Rich crimsons were chosen for the dahlias, wild roses, old-fashioned bleeding hearts, strawberries and currants. A pale-yellow rose and a white daisy relieve the intensity of the brighter shades on the opposite sides of the design, and blue, mauve, pink and brown are represented among the smaller flowers that are worked in through the leaves. A fat, yellow canary with a bright bead eye perches on a green-leafed twig in the center of the wreath, adding a charming note of color and personality to the embroidery as a whole.

Dyeing in those days involved quite a different process from the easy, quick methods of today. Natural products were brought into use and the colors were prepared at home from cochineal, indigo, nuts, logwood, buckthorn, madder and various red woods and berries. Alum, sulphur, niter, cream of tartar and even quicklime and honey were also brought into play, being often necessary in the preparation of the wools to receive the dyes and to make them more lasting when once applied. In spite of our marvelously scientific ways of dyeing today, it is hard to equal the charm and color of the vegetable-and-root-dyed wools that have been handed down to us from the olden days and have lasted so beautifully.

Directions

PETALS. The wool yarn should be laid lengthwise and drawn together by running a needle and thread backward and forward through the yarn as invisibly as possible. After the strands have been thus held, fold them in the shape of the petal required and sew it on the background.

TO SHAPE THE PETALS. Yarn, long or short, may be shaped around pins stuck into cardboard to hold work in place till caught together with needle and thread. The petals can be rounded to a cup shape by drawing the outer edges taut.

LILY CUPS. Make with long petals lined with white; then fold back on the outside and catch with tiny stitch.

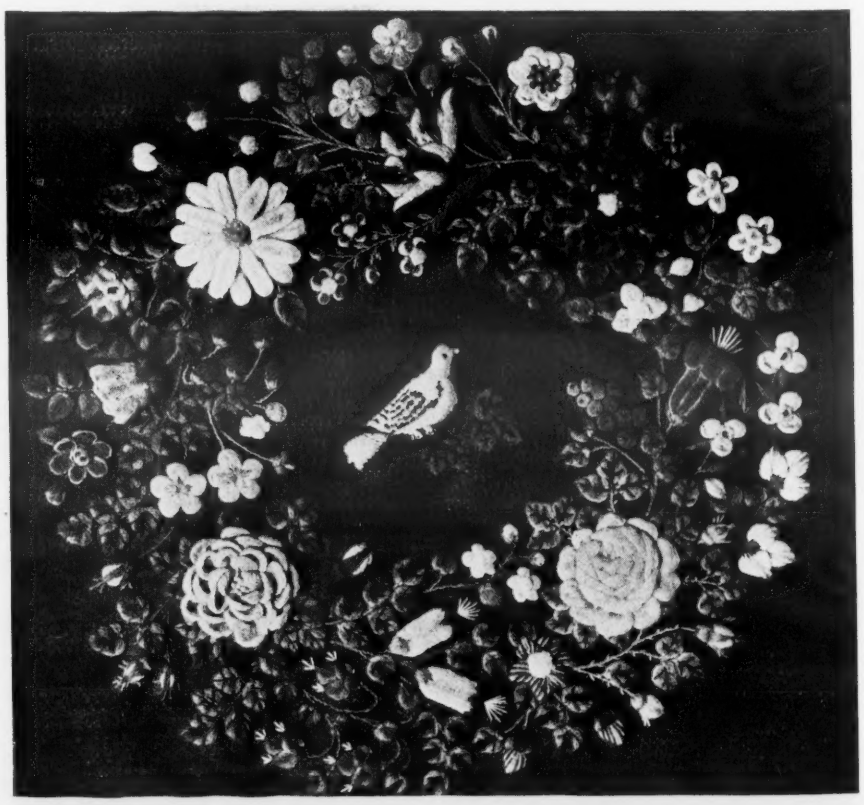
LEAVES. Make with strands of wool the required length, first woven together and then folded over to hide stitches. Sew it in place and vein it with darker wool.

DAHLIA PETALS. Make in the same manner as the leaves.

CURRANTS. Start in the same way as you would make a tassel; wind yarn through and over small split-cardboard ring. Run a threaded bodkin between cardboard and woven yarn and draw the two ends together to form a thick ball. Make it as small as possible and then shear to size required. Add one black strand to make the blossom end.

CENTER OF FLOWER. Make like the currants, but leave long strands and shear them to suit the size of the flower.

BIRD AND BOUGH. Process similar to hook-rug method. Draw needle through background, leaving deep loops of yarn on right side. Shear wool short on the bird's head and bill, leave it deeper on the breast and taper it down to the tail and feet.



Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 68 Thirty-fifth St., Brooklyn, N.Y. Transfer, 35 cents

Clapp's
ORIGINAL APPROVED
BABY SOUP
AND
STRAINED
VEGETABLES

The Badge of Health Foods for Baby

FOODS FOR GROWING BABIES

Prescribed by over 5000 specialists to supplement the milk diet, these foods save mothers 24 hours a week in cooking and kitchen time. Cost less than if made at home.

In 4 oz. Glass Jars

Ready to dilute, heat and serve. They keep indefinitely when sealed and are equally convenient to use at home or traveling.

Clapp's BABY SOUP

An appetizing combination of Beef Juice, Vegetables and Cereals. In both 14 and 4 oz. jars.

Clapp's WHEATHEART SOUP

A combination of Vegetables, Cereals, and the Wheat Germ which supplies Food, Iron and VITAMINES A and E.

Clapp's STRAINED VEGETABLES

Spinach, Carrots, Asparagus, String Beans, Peas, Beets, Tomatoes, Prunes and Apricots, are all scientifically prepared from carefully selected materials, especially for growing babies and are immensely liked by them.

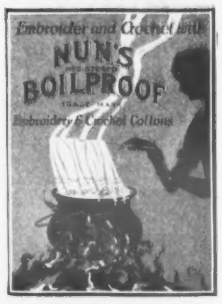
Ask your Doctor and Write Us for Dealer's Name

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
1335 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

NUN'S BOILPROOF
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Embroidery and Crochet Cotton is an Investment

in permanently beautiful needlework.



All shades are BOILPROOF

Colors never run or fade. The beautiful fadeless colors and luster will endure as long as the fabric on which you work.

Look for the "boiling kettle" label—it is your protection. If it's worth doing, it's worth doing with

NUN'S BOILPROOF

New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

At last! An **automatic**, simple little can opening machine for the home. This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. P-1073
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS

Men and Women make $6 to $12 an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE OUTFIT and FREE TEST Offers.

EXPECTING A BABY?

Get this book FREE

READ how future shape of baby's face, set of chin, spacing of teeth, can depend on work of baby's mouth while nursing. See how flabby rubber nipples can keep bones and muscles from developing as nature intended . . . The Hygeia Breast Nipple is *firmed* to cause same facial development as the natural breast. Doctors recommend it. *Send coupon today* for "Nursing Habits" in plain wrapper. Address, Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Dept. L5, Lancaster, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOONER

A Gay Winter Suit

Designed by Clara E. Herlitzius

WHEN Master One-to-Six-Year-Old tumbles out to play in the first snow his ears are kept warm by a snugly fitting cap which fastens under the chin, his sweater is turtle-necked and gayly striped, and his leggings fit comfortably and are held under his rubbers by elastics. All three match and make a delightful suit which is not at all hard for mother to knit.

Materials: Knitting worsted, seven balls tan, one ball each of red and navy, one pair of MM knitting needles, No. 3½; one set of double-point needles, No. 3½.

Following are the directions for the knitted suit in the three-year-old size:

BACK: (A) With tan cast on 68 sts., k. 2, p. 2, for 1½ inches, now k. 1 row, p. 1 row using colors as follows: 2 rows red, 2 rows tan, 2 rows navy, 2 rows tan, 4 rows red, 2 rows tan, 4 rows navy, 2 inches tan, 2 rows red, 2 rows tan, 2 rows navy, 2 rows tan, 2¼ inches red, 2 rows tan, 2 rows navy, 2 rows tan, 2 rows red. With (B) tan work until back measures 10 inches, (C) bind off 5 sts. at each side for armhole, (D) work 3½ inches, (E) bind off center 18 sts., now bind off 2 sts. each side, every other row, twice. Work 2 inches for shoulders, cast on 2 sts. each side, every other row, twice, (F) cast on 18 sts. in center and work front same as back. Be sure to cast on 5 sts. at each side for underarm instead of binding off.

SLEEVE: (G) With tan pick up 50 sts. around armhole. (H) Work 8½ inches, decrease to (I). 40 sts. all on one row, slip onto 3 double-point needles, k. 2, p. 2 for 2½ inches, bind off.

COLLAR: With 3 double-point needles pick up (J) 64 sts. around neck, k. 2, p. 2 for 3 inches, bind off.

LEGGINGS: (K) Cast on 72 sts., k. 2, p. 2, for 2 inches, then k. 1 row, p. 1 row, until work measures (L) 10 inches from start, decrease 1 st. each time you turn work until (M). 48 sts. are left, slip onto 3 double-point needles, k. 2, p. 2 for (N) 9 inches, then k. 1 row, p. 1 row for 6 rows, bind off. Work second leg same as first, sew together and draw crocheted cord through top.

CAP: Work in k. 1 row, p. 1 row, increasing on the knit row and purl back plain. Cast on 7 sts. Row 1, increase on every st.; row 3, increase on every second st.; row 5, increase on every third st.; row 7, increase on every fourth st.; row 9, increase on every fifth st.; row 11, increase on every sixth st. And so on, until there are (O) 98 sts. on needle, work without increasing until crown measures (P) 7½ inches from center. Now k. 2 rows plain to reverse the work for turnover. Then k. 1 row, p. 1 row again, working 2 rows tan, 4 red, 2 tan, 4 navy, then with tan k. 2, p. 2 for 6 rows, bind off. Sew up and turn back under. Pick up 6 sts. at side, k. 2½ inches, work a buttonhole, k. 4 rows more, bind off. Pick up sts. on other side, k. 2½ inches, bind off, button under chin.

A chart giving direction variations for the above suit, in one to six year old sizes, will be sent if your request is accompanied by a two-cent stamp and addressed to the Needlework Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I heard my dolly scream!

"Ma-ma!" I knew she had hurt herself very badly. She had fallen from the bureau and when I picked her up I found her neck was broken—What to do!—LePage's, QUICK!

Thousands of women, ever since they were little girls, have used LePage's for *mending*. Now they use it also for *making* and *decorating* charming gifts of wood, leather, cloth and paper, following ideas in modern magazines, or in LePage's New Craft Book, for a copy of which send 10 cents to LePage's Craft League, 707 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

CAMPBELL'S

Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or some friend have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flu and many other ailments.

Tell Us Your Trouble
Get Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

Quotes leading authorities as well as users

Infra-Red Rays have brought wonderful results for others. Let us send you their letters. Write today for our book giving details.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
1055 Union Avenue · Alliance, Ohio

This new Lingerie is Styled to Foremost PARISIAN Couturiers' Designs

Authentic in every line,
it meets precisely the dictates of
fashion . . . yet is very serviceable

A THRILLING, ultra-modern type of lingerie, thoroughly Parisian in style, is now winning the affection of American women. Very likely it is just what you have always wanted.

It has an indefinable *something* that belongs to Paris alone. A certain smartness and youthfulness that distinguish it immediately.

It comes to you styled to the creations of the new AUTHENTIQUE PARIS PATTERNS.

Yet you will find it surprisingly modest in price. Probably no more than you are accustomed to pay. And it seems to wear "forever."

The new Richelieu Vest is very popular. It is exquisitely dainty and molds to the figure without a ripple

What It Is

This enchanting lingerie is called—Richelieu AUTHENTIQUE PARIS PATTERN Lingerie. Inspired by Paris, it is different in style, fit and fabric from any underthings you have ever seen or worn.

Each garment is designed to mold trimly to the figure with a smartly "tailored" effect. Avoiding the slightest hint of bulkiness. Accentuating curves in subtle charm while maintaining the ever desirable slender lines.

Thus it meets precisely the dictates of fashion for the slim but decidedly feminine figure.

AUTHENTIQUE PARIS PATTERNS
are the exclusive creations of these famous Couturiers
CHANEL WORTH PREMET PAQUIN
REDFERN NICOLE GROULT LOUISEBOULANGER
DOEUILLET-DOUCET JENNY LUCILE LANVIN
LENIEF JANE RÉGNY DRECOLL-BEER
MAISON PAUL POIRET PHILIPPE ET GASTON

Marvelously Serviceable

With all of its daintiness, Richelieu Lingerie is unbelievably serviceable. For it is made from a wonderful new fabric called Celanese. A fabric of luxurious softness, that every woman instinctively loves.

But Celanese never stretches or shrinks. It is unaffected by perspiration. Ordinary stains are easily removed with mild soap and water. It is of unusually fast color. It launders beautifully. Consider what that means.

Now Ready for You

You will find Richelieu Lingerie at most good department stores and exclusive shops. Please remember that it is the *only* authentique Paris pattern lingerie. The label "Richelieu Lingerie AUTHENTIQUE PARIS PATTERNS" identifies each authentic garment.

See these new and original Richelieu creations. Should your dealer not carry them, write to us at once.

RICHELIEU KNITTING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Richelieu
LINGERIE

AUTHENTIQUE PARIS PATTERNS

Serve at Home

College Inn

Lobster a la Newburg

THE day of the lobster palace is gone . . . but still with us is that king of all sea foods . . . Lobster a la Newburg. And now, *for the first time*, you can have it at home . . . just as it is served in the famous Hotel Sherman. All the savory flavor is unimpaired—the salt-tang fragrance of the sea is there. There's no trouble preparing College Inn Lobster a la Newburg—it is ready to serve. You'll find it a welcome dish. All good food shops sell it. College Inn Food Products Co., Chicago.

College Inn Lobster a la Newburg

Chicken a la King . . .
Welsh Rarebit . . . Tomato Juice Cocktail
Chop Suey . . . Cream of Tomato Soup

Girl Reserves

EARN Money AND Prizes

ARE *you* longing for an extra $5.00 or $10.00 this very day for charming clothes . . . your own special "hobby" . . . Christmas giving? What Girl Reserve isn't?

You can earn money easily in spare time hours and you'll receive many thrilling prizes—such as glowing pearls . . . a white gold watch, a fountain pen and many others.

Simply write a note today asking about our pleasant subscription plan. Not a cent will it cost you. Write to: *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 448 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUPS

Home made or canned are so much more appetizing and satisfying when you add to each pint one teaspoon of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Write for free recipe booklet.
Lea & Perrins, 260 West St., N.Y.

Wedding *Write for Samples*
Invitations—Announcements
100 hand-engraved $10.00
Imitation Styles $5.00 a 100
100 Visiting Cards $1.00
L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1034 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Breakfastless Children and Tuberculous Youths

(Continued from Page 23)

Probably they get into the blood stream directly. Contact with houses and rooms where an infected person has lived, drinking milk from infected cows, prolonged association, as with husband and wife, daughter and mother, of one person with another tuberculous person — all these have their quota of victims.

The cause being all about us, and infection being almost universal, the fact that we do not all die of tuberculosis depends on ourselves. It depends partly on what we called Factor No. Two—the bodily build. There is no doubt that the fashionable mode in female figures is a perfect example of what we may call ideal architecture for tubercule tenantry. I have a physician friend who amuses himself at the theater, when the play is dull, by looking at the women seated in front of him—those who have on evening gowns—and picking out the ones who have tuberculosis, and which side, right or left, it is on, and how far advanced it is. He has developed in himself and taught the world a wonderful method of making diagnoses of this sort by inspection alone. I cultivate the method for my own delectation nowadays by looking at the photographs of models of women's clothes in the fashion magazines and deciding where their tuberculosis is and how far advanced.

A Parable and Its Lesson

EVEN with the right bodily build, though, some people escape the actual development of the disease. Their defense is adequate. We say they have good immunity. It must be confessed that we do not know in detail exactly how this immunity works. But we know that in most cases when tubercule bacilli get into the lungs, healing takes place and the bacilli are destroyed. What particular activities of a given human body help it to do this? There must be certain kinds of chemical substances, or tissue juices, or activities, or something, that do help. Because certain races—Irish and Scandinavians—seem more susceptible, and blondes more than brunettes. Women from the age of fifteen to twenty-five develop the disease much oftener than men. However, as age advances little active tuberculosis is found. If a patient has carried his tuberculosis to the age of forty he is very likely to carry it to an advanced age.

You are now in a position to hear a story. There being no better source of stories than the Bible, let us take it from there. It is the Parable of the Sower. William Osler quoted the whole parable in his Text Book of Medicine, in the section on tuberculosis, because he said it illustrated perfectly the very thing we have been discussing—why some people develop tuberculosis and why some people catch it and destroy it. Doctor Buttrick, in his very interesting book on The Parables of Jesus, calls this one, appropriately for our discussion, the Parable of the Soils.

"Behold, the sower went forth to sow; and as he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the birds came and devoured them: and others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth: and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was risen, they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. And others fell upon the thorns; and the thorns grew up and choked them. And others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, growing up and increasing; and brought forth thirtyfold, sixtyfold and a hundredfold."

The lesson of the parable for our problem must be very evident. The scattering of the seed is universal, just as the scattering of tubercle bacilli is universal. Some of it is picked up by the birds of the air or falls among thorns, just as some of the bacilli get lodged in bodies which have a good immunity and the birds in the form of white corpuscles kill them or the thorns in the form of rapidly growing scar tissue enclose and choke them.

The other seeds, however, please note, grow or do not grow—depending upon whether the soil is right. Tuberculosis is a little different from the seeds about that—the worse the soil, the better the chance for the tubercle bacilli to grow. In other words, the more poorly nourished the individual, the more likely it is that tuberculosis will develop. And nourishment depends on food—breakfasts and lunches.

So we come to our fourth factor—the food factor. We said food, fresh air and sunshine. Very largely they are all the same sort of thing. They depend on the economic status of the individual. If you are so poverty-stricken that you live in a crowded, dark, badly ventilated tenement, with insufficient food, you do not have them. And if you are so rich that you can travel wherever the sun is shining all year and still have plenty to eat, you do have them. And there is every gradation between. And the incidence of tuberculosis is distributed in just exactly that way, among susceptible individuals—the greatest number occurring among the tenement dwellers, the smallest number among the very rich, with every gradation between marked by its appropriate percentage.

The alarming thing about tuberculosis is the increase in its incidence in young women from the ages of twenty to twenty-four.

"In the age group twenty to twenty-four," says Dr. W. J. V. Deacon, commissioner of health, of Michigan, "tuberculosis is still the most important cause of death." There were 169 deaths from tuberculosis in men from the ages of twenty to twenty-four and 258 deaths from tuberculosis in women from the ages of twenty to twenty-four, according to Doctor Deacon's statistics, which are characteristic of the entire world.

Food, the Conqueror

YOU must see, though, that it depends on the food supply. Not riches alone! Money does not cure tuberculosis. The gold cure has been exploded. Money only as it supplies food. It is food—nourishment—that cures tuberculosis. Better, that prevents it.

What evidence have we that this statement is right? Well, one piece of evidence is that the death rate from tuberculosis has been steadily declining ever since we have made careful record of it. In England and Wales the death rate from tuberculosis per 100,000 of population was in 1861–1865, 253; and in 1906–1910, 111. Nearly a two-thirds reduction. Figures from all over the world indicate the same general trend.

What is the real cause of the conquest of tuberculosis?

I believe that we are justified in answering—the general distribution of a cheap food supply. Food for everyone. Brought from Florida and Argentina and California and Italy and the Newfoundland Banks. Brought efficiently and quickly by modern transportation and refrigeration methods. Industrialism! Capitalism! That is what has conquered tuberculosis. Give capitalism credit for once. It gets enough blame.

Polished—But Still Dirty!

WHEN you use ordinary furniture polish or ordinary wax you polish *over* the dirt and seal it in. The *real* surface does not show through at all.

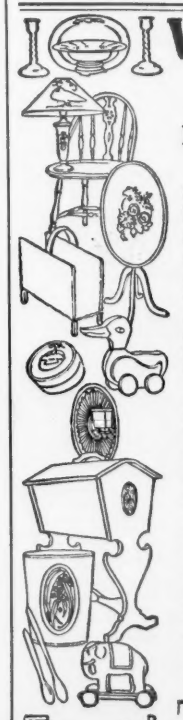
When you use the New Liquid Veneer you polish *off* the dirt — actually remove it. You get down to the original surface and make it like new because you beautify the *original* finish — not the dirt over it.

The New Liquid Veneer saves work too. A little on your dust cloth makes frequent polishing unnecessary. Leaves no greasy film — does not collect dust, does not soil clothing. 4 oz., 30c; 12 oz., 60c; 12 oz. and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

FREE — Sample bottle and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, Dept. 5421, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better *Because it Cleans*



Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is **FREE**. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made $25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement.—Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

Fireside Industries

Dept. 42-S - - Adrian, Mich.

YOU can eat your way to health and enjoy it! No dreary, tasteless diet, but delicious, appetizing foods that tempt your palate! A famous nutrition authority who has studied this subject for 50 years has written a 64-page book, "Healthful Living." This will be sent you free on request. Describes with recipes, foods used with such excellent results in the famous Battle Creek Diet System. Send for it right now, without obligation. The Battle Creek Food Company, Dept. 42–16th St., Battle Creek, Michigan.

64 Page DIET BOOK FREE

Make Money MAKING CANDY!

Men, women, operate **Specialty Candy Factory**—begin home apare time. BIG PROFITS first week. Tools, Supplies furnished. We show how to make and sell *Pure, Delicious* Candies. Booklet FREE.

W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 16 East Orange, N. J.

All NOMA Christmas Lights are Extension Outfits

YOU can connect each sparkling set of NOMA Color-Lights to the next set merely by plugging in. This permits you to use a long, beautiful string of Christmas color lights for attractive outdoor and indoor decorations, as well as for Christmas trees. Only NOMA and its licensees have this helpful extension connector on every series outfit.

Every NOMA Bakelite socket is plainly stamped with the name NOMA. Insist on NOMA and you will have the best in Christmas color lights. Every NOMA Color-Light string is equipped with genuine small MAZDA lamps, assuring long service, brilliancy and low current cost. Don't use any but MAZDA lamps in NOMA Color-Light outfits.

NOMA Color-Lights come in outfits of eight brilliant color lamps, and more, to a string. From $1.00 up. String them up, indoors and out, until your home becomes a Christmas fairyland. You can get them in every electrical, hardware, toy and department store.

Send 10 cents for the fascinating booklet: "*Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties they'll remember'.*"

Noma Electric Corp., Dept. No. 10,
340 Hudson Street, New York City.

Look for these NOMA *Features*

1. Extension Connector
2. Attachment Bead
3. Bakelite Socket
4. MAZDA Color Lamp
5. NOMA Mark

Noma STRINGS OF COLOR lights

Ice Does Not Stick in a FLEXO TRAY

Pure Rubber Tray *for* Electric Refrigerators

Fits in ice-cube pan in place of metal grid. Does away with difficulty of removing ice cubes. No water necessary to loosen cubes. Simply lift out the Flexo-Tray and bend it—every cube will be loose. Take out what you need—no waste of remaining cubes. No meltage whatsoever. Made of pure crepe rubber—does not transmit taste or odor to ice cubes. Buy from your electric refrigerator dealer or direct from us—$2 postpaid. In ordering, specify name of refrigerator and number of cubes each tray holds.

G. M. DWELLEY, INC.
243 Curtis Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Maternity Style Book Free

LANE BRYANT MATERNITY Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes as well. Dresses and Corsets in latest modes, designed to conceal condition and provide for expansion. Also Apparel for Baby. *Send today.*

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 51 39th St. at Fifth Ave New York

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
WIPE DRY

During the World War the distribution of food supply got upset. Did this have any effect on the tuberculosis death rate? We can answer in terms of the vital statistics in Germany from the year 1913 to the year 1918:

YEAR	NUMBER OF DEATHS FROM TUBERCULOSIS (round numbers)
1913	56,800
1914	58,500
1915	61,600
1916	66,500
1917	87,000
1918	96,800

"Among all classes in Germany the alarming increase in tuberculosis is attributed mainly to the effect of the hunger blockade," says Doctor Glover, in that medical magazine beloved of all disciples of Sherlock Holmes, The Lancet (April 2, 1921).

When so simultaneous a change occurs in a universal situation it can only be caused by a general operating cause. What generally operating influence prevailed during this period? An upset in the distribution of food supply. Nothing else. The air and sunshine were still there. The concentration of population was still there.

So you see the amount of food you eat has something to do with the development of tuberculosis in your lungs. And the tragedy of the situation—only to be equaled by its outlandish silliness—is that women will deliberately create the very food situation which favors tuberculosis. Will deliberately create in the midst of plenty a condition such as can only be experienced during a world war. Will deliberately create an artificial personal deprivation which can be experienced in actuality only by those who are in dire poverty.

There are, of course, other bodily conditions which result from this delicate abstinence from the habit of eating, although none of them are so serious as tuberculosis. There is that general type of body—posture, figure, habitus—which is the ideal of all attainments nowadays—the slinker! The vampire woman! The Burne-Jones type!—or, not to use quite such complimentary terms, the pot-bellied type, the dropped-stomach type, the visceroptotic type, the asthenic type.

They like to preserve that outline. Cream from contented cows does not tempt them. A dish of dirty greens, prepared by any means, alone excites their languid spleens. They have "views" on diet. Of course they have their rewards. Their figures are much admired. Stooped, tired, hungry and constipated, they pursue their triumphal way.

Unappreciated Advantages

THE lady of this type goes big in the lobby of the town hotel or at the *thé dansant*, but there is another side of the picture. Mother, husband and the doctor see that side. I deliberately divulge the confidences of the confessional to bring it before you. The thin, fashionable woman is not so hot in the kitchen. When she gets home at night, when her salad day is over, it develops that mother, who has been attacking the roast beef of Old England, has to do the dishes. The slender beauty has fatigue. She is subject to headaches. She has pain over her appendix. She has boyish-form dyspepsia. She has starvation fatigue.

In the midst of plenty, she and her sisters are starving.

The modern woman deliberately throws over the advantage she has over her grandmothers. She nullifies the work of modern science, modern agriculture, modern invention, modern industry, modern transportation facilities. All these things for years have been built up painfully, slowly, with men's heart blood, and their lives, and their thoughts, and their plans. They have transformed the world for her and laid the new product at her feet. And with one disdainful and incredibly silly gesture she sweeps it all aside.

In her great-great-grandmother's day a woman in her corresponding economic station in life lived in a very different sort of community. It was small and it was secluded. The food everyone ate came from the immediate neighborhood. Sometimes it was plentiful and sometimes it was not. In winter there was a long period when fresh food was entirely unavailable. They lived on salt pork and bacon, and salt beef, and potatoes, and coffee, and corn meal. When spring came they were glad to get a mess of greens. When the local butcher slaughtered it was an eventful day, but perhaps only the well-to-do got any of the fresh meat. Fresh fruits might or might not be had. Such vitamin-containing substances as oranges and tomatoes were entirely unknown. Our great-great-grandmothers were happy to have so nutritious a substance as bread.

We are speaking now of the moderately well-to-do, economically sound, socially sound, average family.

Compare the food and the table of the families of that same economic level today—the families most of us belong to.

Instead of being dependent on the local butcher and his slaughterhouse, the organization of the great packing companies has made a supply of fresh meat universally available. You have far more assurance than your grandparents had that your fresh meat is clean—food inspection eliminates diseased cattle.

The plant breeder produces a perfect orange for you. The railroad brings it to your door.

The Human Engine

WHEAT is grown on a large scale economically, is ground into flour on a large scale economically, and the most perfect adjunct of any meal—bread—is prepared for your table at a minimum of cost and effort on your part. And the modern woman, hypnotized by the voice of pseudo-science, will not touch it when it is placed before her.

And in the face of all these improvements, all these advantages, all this magic, the children go without breakfast and the mothers ignore their lunch.

No wonder they are tired all the time. No wonder the languid complaints of visiting English novelists about the terrible strain of American life appeal to them. No wonder existence seems much too complex and strenuous to be endured. No wonder their nervous systems seem to them too delicate to endure. No wonder the lecturer at the club who emphasizes the inexplicable whyness of the what arouses an answering chord in their souls.

No wonder about all this, because it takes fuel to keep an engine going. Food is the human engine's fuel. Food is the combatant of fatigue. If you reduce it, expect to reduce your energy and interest in life just that much.

To a certain extent, it must be admitted that the medical profession has to shoulder some of the responsibility for the "avoid-food-at-any-cost" campaign. This must be qualified, however, by saying a certain bloc of the medical profession, and further by saying that they have been partially misunderstood.

Overeating has been called the greatest curse of the age—the supreme hygienic blunder. Overweight—allowing yourself to get overweight—has been advertised as the most dangerous state you could fall into. A long list of diseases which follow in the train of overweight is emphasized—high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, diabetes, Bright's disease, rheumatism, gallstones, and so forth. The vital statistics of insurance companies have been exhibited to show that overweight risks die a good deal younger than underweight risks.

There is no argument but that all this is true. But there is a possible reconciliation between the two sets of advices. No dogmatic pronouncement can be made in medical science. There must be qualification everywhere. The warnings to

"McKenzie Greetings" Charming Christmas Cards

YOUR Christmas Cards are your personal messengers,—they speak for you. Isn't it to be expected, then, that they will be closely scrutinized by your friends, and your friends' friends?

It goes without saying that your cards should be in perfect taste, and socially correct, especially when your name is added either by engraving or signature.

"McKenzie Greetings" are just that. They combine appealing sentiments with lovely modern designs of recognized character and thought, including also the latest uses of the delightfully quaint etchings of old-time scenes.

In "McKenzie Greetings" many are genuine engraved, too, with all the elegance which this implies.

Now on display by quality dealers everywhere.

Be sure to ask to see samples of

"McKenzie Greetings"
PUBLISHED BY
The Boston Line
OF GREETING CARDS
SOLD ONLY THROUGH ESTABLISHED DEALERS

There is a ColorShine Shoe Polish at 10¢ • • for every shoe:

Black Suede
Brown Suede
Black Leathers
Brown Leathers
Light Leathers
White Leathers

SOLD IN 10¢ STORES EVERYWHERE
15¢ IN THE FAR WEST

ColorShine SHOE POLISHES

THE CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

EXTRA MONEY—*Easy!*

Sell Christmas Cards! Make 50c on each $1 Box of 24 Finest Assorted Engraved Designs. 40% on personal greetings. Deal with Manufacturers! *Write for Samples and Details.*

Thistle Engraving & Pub. Co., Dept. L, 20 Vesey St., New York

Big Profits in Candy Making!

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money *first week.* Good profits guaranteed. Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE.*

American School of Home Economics, 847 E. 58th St., Chicago

WEDDING ETIQUETTE BOOK FREE

Brides, Bridesmaids, Guests—don't be embarrassed! Correct wedding procedure covered complete in special book mailed free without obligation. Write Anne Kieran, 416 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Artificial Teeth, Plates and Removable Bridges should be Cleaned Every day

Dentists advise daily cleaning of plates, bridges and artificial teeth. It cannot be done effectually with ordinary tooth paste or powder, or with a tooth brush. Neglect endangers health and injures plates.

We guarantee Pla-ti-clene paste to remove all unclean, dangerous deposits. Its thorough cleansing, antiseptic action prevents corrosion of plates and disagreeable odor. Endorsed by dentists who have tested it as the most effectual cleanser. It will not scratch or injure, but will clean, polish and brighten. Large tube (5 inches long) 35¢, postpaid in U. S. Sample mailed FREE.

Our PLATE Brush operates scientifically, reaching into deep channels and crevices, removing all harmful deposits. Guaranteed quality. 35¢ postpaid in U. S. Mail your order to

DEPYRO LABORATORIES
27 Free St., Portland, Me.

Depyro Laboratories, Dept. L
27 Free St., Portland, Maine
Please send FREE Trial tube of Pla-ti-clene.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Keep the Table CLEAR for the Game

GRAND SLAM HOLDER $1.50 the Pair

$1.75 West of Rockies

Instantly slips on and off any ordinary card table. No screws. Each unit holds two glasses of any kind and has removable ash tray. Furnished in modern green or old rose color combinations.

At leading stores or write us.

MACOMB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Macomb, Illinois
Makers of Top Most Metal Products—also the "Little Brown Jug"

PLAYING CARDS With Your Monogram

Smartly styled Two Packs for $2.50 Super-fine linen finish quality

Add that mark of distinction to your bridge party by playing with these beautiful, gilt-edged linen-finish Congress Cards. **Every card with your monogram on the richly colored back.** Specially underpriced **—2 packs for $2.50. You may order one deck with monogram for $1.50.**

No. 81432

Give these ideal Gifts to your bridge friends. When ordering be sure to print initials plainly.

FREE GIFT BOOK 222 Pages of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, and charming, moderately priced Gifts for every occasion. Do your Christmas shopping in the comfort of your easy chair—*direct by mail*—and save both time and money. Write today for this Free Book.

BAIRD-NORTH CO. Address: Dept. H. J. at BOSTON, MASS.

overweights and the warnings about the dangers of overeating are quite sound, provided you remember they are addressed to people after middle age.

Reducing the food intake of people over forty will certainly do them no harm. They have passed the age when the danger of the great food-deficiency disease, tuberculosis, is pressing. The peak of the death rate from tuberculosis comes at the age of twenty. The peak of the death rate from the diseases the insurance companies and the Life Extension Institute are so worried about comes at the age of seventy.

The overweight person is a good insurance risk up to the age of thirty; in fact, he is a little better than the average. The underweight person is a good risk after the age of thirty—that is, after the danger of tuberculosis is over. "The association of dyspepsia with underweight is a serious matter with those below the age of twenty-five," says an insurance director; "dyspepsia and underweight together in the young are often indicative of incipient tuberculosis."

An Adequate Diet

THIS means, of course, that the dietary which may be perfectly proper after the age of forty is entirely improper below the age of thirty. The flame of youth needs to be fed. The extra amount of energy the young person uses needs to be furnished in some form. It must be replaced from the food. Enough food will always be eaten to take care of the energy expenditure. But will enough be eaten to take care of the energy needed to combat disease as well? That, it seems to me, is the crux of the question. There must be visualized three levels of food requirement. One is to maintain body weight. The second is to supply working energy—the energy required when a muscle is contracted. The third is the reserve energy—needed for emergencies, one of which is the reaction to disease. Now, except people of the most enormous will power, few eat so little that actual body weight is influenced by more than a few ounces. I think that most of the thin young things would be just about as thin even if they ate a great deal more. The second requirement—working energy—is also largely satisfied in anybody's diet. But where the present craze for dieting does harm is on the third level—the reserve energy is entirely unprovided for, and consequently the victim is in the worst possible condition to resist the invasion of any disease.

What is an adequate diet for a young girl? The books on dietetics work this out on the basis of the number of calories required and the number of calories in various articles of food, and so on.

Roughly, an average helping of food is one hundred calories—a slice of bread, a spoonful of sugar, a glass of milk, a serving of butter, a helping of potatoes, an egg, a helping of meat, and so on. Roughly, a young adult at moderate activity will require thirty of such helpings a day—ten a meal. Or, if you prefer, six at breakfast, ten at lunch, and fourteen at dinner. Thus:

BREAKFAST

Orange, Grapefruit or Melon
Oatmeal or Breakfast Food
With Cream and Sugar
Egg, Toast, Buttered, and Bacon
Coffee With Cream and Sugar

LUNCH

Creamed Chicken on Toast Points
Baked Sweet Potato Baby Lima Beans
Bread and Butter
Fresh Sliced Peaches
Milk

DINNER

Cream-of-Celery Soup
Roast Lamb With Mint Sauce
Buttered Onions Small Peas
Mashed Potatoes
Orange-and-Grapefruit Salad
With French Dressing
Bread and Butter
Gingerbread With Whipped Cream
Tea or Coffee With Cream and Sugar

This $7.50 Electric Pancake Griddle

(with Automatic Heat Control)

only . . . $2.95

with 2 box tops from Virginia Sweet Pancake Flour or Buckwheat Flour.

TWINKLING polished nickel and heavy aluminum on a red metal tray, this amazing new table griddle transforms the baking of pancakes into a sociable dining room art.

Not a chance of failure. You just add milk or water to Virginia Sweet Pancake Flour, and the griddle's automatic heat control assures perfect baking. 10" diameter. Bakes 3 cakes at a time.

And oh, the flavor of Virginia Sweet Pancakes baked on this Virginia Sweet Griddle—the true delicate taste of wheat, corn, rice—the 3 Staffs of Life—in the Virginia Sweet blend.

Designed especially and exclusively for Virginia Sweet Pancake Flour or Buckwheat Flour. Guaranteed against defects for one year. Lava insulation insures many years of continuous use.

To Obtain This Griddle

Send us $2.95 and the tops from two standard or one large package of Virginia Sweet Pancake Flour or Buckwheat Flour. If your dealer can't supply you, send us $3.25 and we will mail you, postpaid, the griddle and two full-sized packages of Virginia Sweet. Add 30c in the Rocky Mountain States and west; also Canada.

THE FISHBACK CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Manufacturers of Nationally Advertised Food Products

Tested and Approved 2856 Good Housekeeping Institute Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

VIRGINIA-SWEET
PANCAKE FLOUR
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR *and* SYRUP

Snow-White Clothes

in 5 minutes. Gets out the embedded dirt. Pumps suds through the meshes of the cloth. No rubbing or wear on the clothes. The leverage makes it very easy. Saves back-breaking work. Keeps your hands out of the suds. SPECIAL OFFER on first delivered in a territory. Fits any tub. 30 days' trial. Write
HANDY WASHER CO., 2457 E. Fayette, Syracuse, N.Y.

Setting-Up Exercises for Your FACE—

LIFT SAGGING MUSCLES
REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN

Kathryn Murray's 5-Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening flabby, drooping muscles, help to banish crow's feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage—no lotions—no straps—no skill required. Results assured. 15 years of successful use. Book *free!* Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite 1189, 5 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

To Mothers and Fathers

Have you a child between 4 and 15 years of age? Those are the determining years—exultant, baffling, romantic, dangerous. Then, the young mind seizes on books, to read, *read*, READ. Do you know exactly how to meet this problem? A wonderful way has been found. It helps mother. It saves money in the purchase of books. It stimulates the child with keen interest. This plan is directed by leading child experts. *Ask for details. No obligation. Give name and age of your child.*
CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB, Box 203, One Park Ave., N. Y. C.
Representatives: We will pay liberally for your help.

CLEAR VELVETY SKIN

can be yours by proper cleansing. The right soap to ask for is

Resinol

What color please?

CHOOSE your wastebaskets in colors and shapes to harmonize with each room. Just ask your stationer, department or house furnishing store for the new oval or round Vul-Cots, in ten smart lacquered colors. Dustproof sides and bottoms. Priced low enough for every room in the house.

VUL-COT
-the national wastebasket
guaranteed five years

National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

COLLEGE COURSES
at Home

Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificate *by correspondence*. Select from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

The University of Chicago
415 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

Clark's Famous Cruises

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 29 $600—$1750

New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc. Hotels, fees, drives, etc., included.

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Just what you want
Decorative
Moore Push-Pins
"To Hang Up Things"
10¢ 3 Sizes 6 Colors a Block—*All Dealers*

YOUTH *is not a matter of age...*

How to get at home the same marvelous results obtained in the famous Primrose House Salon

Primrose House, the most famous beauty institute in the world, has worked out a simple scientific method of caring for the skin. This method, which is so successful in the famous Primrose House Salon, brings definite results and may easily be followed in your own home.

If you will buy the four Primrose House Preparations, use them according to the famous Primrose Method described below, you will be able to detect a marked improvement in your skin in a few weeks' time.

Youth and beauty are not a matter of age. They depend upon the scientific care of the skin. The daily use of these preparations is all that the average woman requires to keep her complexion radiantly young.

Follow these four Primrose steps to Youth

1 With a bit of absorbent cotton, squeezed out of cold water — smooth Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream over the face and neck. Begin at the base of the throat and with long, light strokes spread the cream upward over the face. Then remove with tissues or a soft cloth.

2 Now the skin is ready for the second step — nourishing. Once a day mold Primrose Smoothskin Cream over your face and throat. Mold gently into the skin for four or five minutes until it can absorb no more. Then remove with a soft cloth.

3 Now make a fresh pad of cotton and saturate it with Primrose Skin Freshener. Go over the face and throat with a brisk upward sweep.

4 And last — a bit of rouge, if you need it. Then finish with Primrose House Chiffon Powder — the most luxurious face powder you have ever known. Comes in seven smart shades — Beige, Brunette, Bisque, Natural, Suntan, Orchid, and White.

On sale at leading drug and department stores

PRIMROSE HOUSE

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Index of Advertisers

November, 1929

	PAGE
Allen-A Company, The	94
All-Year Club of Southern California	199
Aluminum Wares Association	127
American Chain Company, Inc.	194
American Kitchen Products Co.	135
American School of Home Economics	234
Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation	96
Arden, Elizabeth	119
Armstrong Cork Co.	42, 95
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., The Great	66
Atwater Kent Manufacturing Co.	207
Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The	75
Baird-North Co.	200, 235
Baker & Co., Inc., Walter	92, 111
Baker Co., Inc., Franklin	72
Battle Creek Food Company, The	233
Bauer & Black	221
Beech-Nut Packing Co.	110
Blaetz, J. H.	132
Bon Ami Company, The	160
Boott Mills	234
Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc.	140
Bristol-Myers Co.	242
Brodnax, Inc., George T.	213
Bryant, Lane	234
Buettner & Co., T.	231
Buick Motor Company	71
California Packing Corporation	126
California Walnut Growers Association	226
Campbell Company, The William	228, 231
Campbell Soup Company	37
Canners League—Asparagus Section	108
Cannon Mills, Inc.	241
Capitol Candy School	228
Capitol Social Engraving Co.	228
Carter Co., The William	148
Cathedral of Engraving, Inc.	234
Central States Mfg. Co.	231
Chautauqua School of Nursing, The	208
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	144
Chieftain Mfg. Co., The	234
Children's Book Club	235
Chrysler Motors	82
Church & Dwight Co., Inc.	76
Clapp, Inc., Harold H.	231
Clark, Frank C.	235
Clark Grave Vault Company, The	176
Clinton Carpet Company	167
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	47, 54, 73
College Inn Food Products Co.	233
Compton & Co., F. E.	96
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	90
Continental Baking Co.	116
Corning Glass Works	118
Corn Products Refining Co.	166, 191
Cream of Wheat Corporation, The	II Cover
Crosley Radio Corp., The	237
Cudahy Packing Co., The	49
Cummer Products Co., The	175
Curran, Inc., Jane E.	182
Davis Company, R. B.	131
Depyro Laboratories	235
Diamond Crystal Salt Co., The	142
Dodge Brothers Corporation	83
Dollfus-Mieg & Cie	222
Dwelley, Inc., G. M.	234
Dwight Manufacturing Company	146
Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.	218
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	198
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	172
Elgin National Watch Company	220
Esmond Mills, The	179
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	164
Fels & Co.	51
Field, Marshall & Company, Wholesale	76
Fireside Industries	233
Fishback Co., The	235
Fleischmann Company, The	65
Ford Motor Company	80
French Company, The R. T.	168
Frigidaire Corporation	78
Frostilla Company, The	178
Fruit Dispatch Co.	147
Fruit Products Co. of Florida	203
Fuller Brush Company, The	171
Gebhardt	197
General Electric Company	123
General Foods Corp.	58, 200
General Gas Light Co.	206
Geneva Manufacturing Co.	214
Glazo Company, Inc., The	120
Glen Marianne Shea	190
Goodrich Rubber Company, The B. F.	202
Grigsby-Grunow Company	217
Gulden's Mustard	165
Handy Washer Co.	235
Hanes Knitting Co., P. H.	137
Heublein & Bro.	208
Hoosier Manufacturing Co.	185
Hunt-Rankin Leather Company	170
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	209
Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co.	231
Hygienic Products Co., The	176, 182
Igleheart Brothers, Inc.	56
Jell-O Company, Inc., The	63
Jergens Co., The Andrew	39, 89, 97
Johnson & Johnson	70, 84
Johnson & Son, S. C.	184
Jones Dairy Farm	194
Julian & Kokenge Co., The	100
Junket Folks, The	228
Karpen & Bros., S.	201
Katzinger Co., Edward	214
Kirsch Company	177
Kitchen Bouquet, Inc.	200
Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.	162
Knox Gelatine Co., Charles B.	156
Kolynos Co., The	205
Kotex Company	53
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation	174
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	212
La Choy Food Products, Inc.	140
Lambert Pharmacal Company	85, 124
Landers, Frary & Clark	137
Laundryowners National Association	121
Lea & Perrins	233
Legg Packing Co., Inc., A. C.	206
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	74, 86
Le Page's Craft League	231
Lever Bros. Co.	168
Lippincott Co., The	77
Liquid Veneer Corporation	233
Log Cabin Products Co., The	114
Macomb Manufacturing Company	235
Maid-Rite Corp.	230
Maltine Company, The	187
Maxwell House Products Company, Inc.	106
McCall Co.	227
McKenzie Engraving Co.	234
McKesson & Robbins	225
Mentholatum Co.	115
Merrell-Soule Company, Inc.	206
Metal Textile Corporation	132
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	122
Metropolitan Museum of Art, The	200
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.	240
Minnesota Valley Canning Co.	223
Minute Tapioca Company, Inc.	98
Monroe Chemical Co.	227
Montag Brothers, Inc.	182
Moore Push-Pin Co.	235
Morgan's Sons Co., Enoch	224
Mufti Company	208
Munsingwear Corporation, The	183
Murray, Kathryn	235
National Retail Furniture Association	196
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	235
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company	158
Nazareth Waist Co.	168
Noma Electric Corp.	234
Northern Paper Mills	129
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	112
Oneida Community, Ltd.	134
Orinoka Mills, The	161
Ott Engraving Co., L.	233
Pacific Coast Borax Co.	88
Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., The	93
Paris Pattern Company, Inc., The	43
Parsons Ammonia Co.	190
Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.	143, 152, 153
Penney Company, Inc., J. C.	215
Pepsodent Co., The	133
Photographers Association of America	210
Pinaud, Inc., Ed.	157
Pond's Extract Company	41, 104
Primrose House	236
Princess Pat, Ltd.	79
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2, 44, 60, 61
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company	130
Quaker Oats Company	101
Radio-victor Corporation of America	1
Ragsdale, W. Hillyer	233
Rayon Institute of America, Inc., The	169
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., The	139
Remington Arms Company, Inc.	176
Resinol Chemical Co.	235
Richelieu Knitting Company	232
Rogers Bros. 1847	IV Cover
Rome Company, The	159
Royal Baking Powder Co., The	181
Russell Cutlery Co., John	190
Sanford Mfg. Co.	206
Sanka Coffee Corp.	62
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	195
Scott Paper Company	91
Scranton Drapery Fabrics	221
Selby Shoe Co., The	145
Seymour Woolen Mills	180
Simmons Company, The	136
Simoniz Company, The	88
Singer Sewing Machine Company	117
Skinner & Sons, William	154
Skinner Mfg. Co.	214
Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc, L C.	229
Spencer Corsets	239
Spool Cotton Company	208
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	109, 113
Steinway & Sons	150
Streit Manufacturing Company, The C. F.	163
Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California	186
Swift & Company	103, III Cover
Thistle Engraving & Pub. Co.	234
Thomas Clock Co., Seth	222
Three-In-One Oil Company	149
Three-Minute Cereals Company	125
Trimble Mfg. Co., E. M.	194
United States Rubber Company	188
University of Chicago, The	235
Valentine & Company	193
Vegetized Foods, Inc.	192
Vermont Marble Company	173
Wamsutta Mills	99
Wander Company, The	141
Waters-Genter Co.	138
Weiler-Baird North Co., Jason	216
Wellington, Sears & Co.	155
Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Company, Inc.	68, 69
Western Company, The	87
Western Growers Protective Association	204
Wright & Sons Co., W. E.	194
Yardley & Co. Ltd.	128

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

EDITH MASON

listens, comments... helps to make this new tone beauty possible

IN Chicago, Edith Mason, America's own beloved *prima donna*, "listens in" . . .

A famous Crosley radio receiving set gathers ether impulses, pours forth a crystal flow of tone . . . The great soprano listens, comments . . . A stenographer's pencil skips across the pages of her notebook . . .

Thus, in all parts of America, "audition tests" of Crosley tone-quality are made by the nation's leading musical artists . . . Edith Mason, Efrem Zimbalist, Alma Gluck, George Gershwin, José Mojica, and others equally famous.

As no one else can, they advise, suggest . . . they give directly to Crosley engineers the invaluable benefit of their opinions. Under their guidance, improvements are constantly being made in Crosley radio sets.

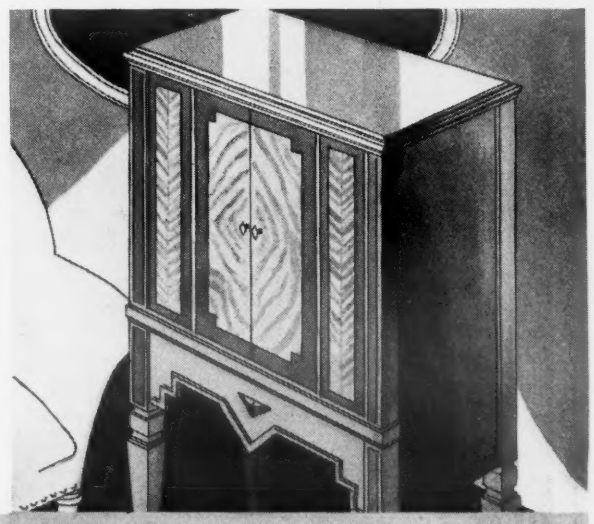
Thus is achieved the matchless tone purity and richness of Crosley Radio . . . a marvelous naturalness, color and fullness that laboratory tests alone could never attain.

This beautiful tone, developed to the highest technical degree, then "ear tested" by America's foremost artists, is *exclusive* with Crosley. It will amaze and delight you when you hear it—so utterly different from anything radio has ever before achieved.

Hear it for yourself, at any Crosley dealer's—and be convinced. A wide range of Crosley models are on display. They embody every modern feature—Screen Grid, Neutrodyne circuits, Triple Range Control, power detection, humless operation, etc.—*at the lowest prices in radio history*. Ask, we suggest, for a free trial in your home.

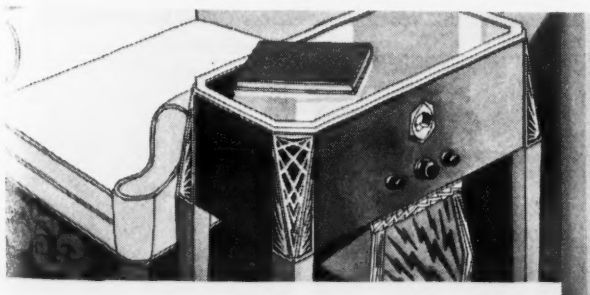
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
CINCINNATI, OHIO—HOME OF WLW

EDITH MASON, charming lyric soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company and widely known concert artist, contributes to Crosley tone beauty in this "audition test," held in Chicago. Miss Mason is famous for her beautiful acting and singing in Madame Butterfly, Martha, La Bohème, Faust, Marriage of Figaro, Pagliacci. This season—a particularly gala one, to celebrate Chicago's new opera house—she will have the title rôle in the sumptuous revival of Mascagni's opera "Iris"



One of an extensive line of beautiful Crosley cabinet models. Prices $99.50 and up (without tubes). In addition to the regular Crosley models you may choose from cabinets produced by six of America's leading cabinet manufacturers

Western prices slightly higher on all models



Crosley 31, a clever end table model that is winning the favor of women everywhere with its usefulness *as well as with its rich tone beauty. Models of this type, $55 and up (without tubes)*

You're there with a

CROSLEY

The Hostess

WHAT with Thanksgiving and all the big football games coming in the same month, there are certain to be a good many house parties scattered throughout the country in November. Hostesses with country houses are unusually popular this month, especially with the younger set who are keenest on the college games and the various kinds of outdoor sports the country offers in the late fall.

And if planning ahead for a single party is essential to its success, this is equally true of a house party, whether it lasts over a week-end or a week. Of course, if you have been tactful in your selection of guests, and have gathered together a thoroughly congenial crowd, they can be counted on more or less to amuse themselves—within reasonable limits. However, certain outstanding events of the visit should be carefully arranged beforehand, and it is well to provide oneself also with an assortment of impromptu games.

There are certain danger spots that all hostesses learn, often through painful experience, to anticipate. These are apt to occur just before or after dinner, and on rainy mornings. Usually a new "stunt," or an amusingly novel game introduced at the psychological moment will be all that is needed to head the party back to safety.

There are other aids to the hostess, too, which are not to be despised, and these take the form of various new, smart accessories to successful entertaining that appear on the market from time to time. To point an illustration, there is the matter of breakfast in bed. Many hostesses prefer to have their guests sleep late, conveniently out of the way while the early-morning routine of the house is set in motion.

To serve breakfast in bed, temptingly, one must keep up to date with the latest fads in trays and individual breakfast sets. And after prowling through the shops recently, it seemed to us that never had we seen such utterly intriguing offerings for the breakfast hour. We are showing here two of the loveliest breakfast sets, both of English china, and every set, we understand, is different in design, though equally charming. The tiny clusters of old-fashioned flowers in chintz-like colors which form the handles on one of these sets is a quaint conceit.

Another convenience for the guest room is the tall shoe box, with its stocking and shoe drawers, and its deep compartment for an extra sports hat. Matching this in design is a gay bandbox to stand on top.

The enchanting green glass bottles for the guest bathroom will not only add an attractive color note, but are also a practical necessity. These shown here are particularly graceful in design, and were blown three times, we were told, to insure just that delicate loveliness and the fine veining of threadlike ridges that circle the bottles.

In considering accessories for house parties, it occurred to us that hostesses would be interested also in any new trends in note paper fashions for this fall, so we have gone about asking a long list of questions. Lined envelopes and rough-edged papers are, we were told, on the wane in popularity. Cut-out monograms are being used more than ever before, and the *petite* notes, folded in three sections, hold their own.

There is a fad just now for illustrating the name of one's country place in some way, and having it engraved at the head of one's note and letter paper. Sometimes the name of the place is shown on a hanging wrought-iron sign, in the left-hand upper corner. When this is done, playing cards, bridge tallies and place cards often show the same device; and we know of one firm that makes a specialty of copying these little hanging signs in silver or brass, and making adorable and original place-card holders of them.

BUT to return to those "bridges over awkward moments" referred to at the beginning of this article, let us add some highly entertaining suggestions sent us by Edward Longstreth for this particular purpose, and which he calls, respectively, "Joke Skits," "Proverbs," and "Seattle."

In casting about for party games to add to her repertory, the hostess who wants to be popular will be discriminating. Good games for enlivening the party should be easy to explain to the guests and easy to play, and have an air of spontaneity about them.

For instance, many people have a fondness for telling jokes and stories. It sometimes amounts almost to a mania in those who would otherwise be quite charming. The worst of it is we are apt to know the joke.

But there is an excellent game based on this human failing. Instead of telling his joke, the guest is asked to act it out as a short skit. Suppose the man has in mind a very simple joke about what Pat and Mike said to the conductor in the tunnel. Instead of just telling it and using the same old technic, he selects his cast from among those present, takes them aside and gives each one the lines he has to say and the "business"—if any. Their rehearsal hardly lasts two minutes, for the joke is rarely more than six lines long. Then they come in and spring their act.

No matter how much we laugh at the quaint old Victorian custom of playing charades, they will always be popular. There is certainly nothing old-hat about the actors and actresses on Broadway and in Hollywood, and yet they admit their favorite game is usually some form of charades.

Here is a variation of charades you have probably never played.

Only one act is put on. The act is restricted to the representation of a proverb. The players must do it well and yet cleverly enough to escape detection. A few of the most familiar proverbs are:

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
Easy come, easy go.
It's never too late to mend.
A stitch in time saves nine.

These are just hints of better proverbs you may think of which are not so well-known and give excellent possibilities. But, as an example, take the proverb "It's never too late to mend." To show an old man promising to reform would be a direct and literal acting of the proverb and probably too obvious. It would be better to show an old lady, yawning and otherwise indicating it was very late at night, sewing nine stitches on the seat of a pair of trousers. This would be a pun on the idea in the original proverb and might even lead some to think the other proverb about stitching was meant.

There have been so many memory tests and talks on the subject that Seattle was inevitable.

The hostess takes one of her guests who is made IT by popular acclaim, or by penalty for missing a game earlier in the evening. This poor fellow is led around the room and introduced to all present by fictitious names and represented as living in fictitious places or having done fictitious things. The hostess may use three names in introducing a person, or two names and *one* "identifier." Thus the IT might be introduced in turn to three people in three different ways like this:

"I want you to meet Mr. Theophilus Worthington Pittwallow."

"This is Miss Casowary Emory of Astoria, New Zealand."

"Shake hands with Thomaston Dallydale, the inventor of the Pineapple Earmuff."

There is a point to all this, of course. After the IT has been introduced to everyone in some absurd fashion, he is again led around the company and made to repeat each name and other data correctly—if he can.

For every word he fails to remember correctly, a black mark is put opposite his name on a score card. But if he misses, and the person addressed cannot give his own name and data correctly, the IT is absolved from his lapse scot-free.

There are so many interesting color combinations to be worked out today for the table, that we felt hostesses might be interested in a little leaflet telling in greater detail than this page allows, the various color possibilities in china, glass and linens which a study of the present vogue brings to light.

We have added, too, some simple, smart suggestions for new colored linens that can be made by any woman who likes to sew and has ordinarily deft fingers. Your Table in Color may be had for a two-cent stamp. Address The Hostess, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

COURTESY B. ALTMAN & COMPANY

COURTESY LORD & TAYLOR

Photographs by Dooner

COURTESY MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

COURTESY LORD & TAYLOR

Are you safeguarding your figure from these . . .

Photograph by Wynn Richards

Pale blue satin achieves a rare combination of youthfulness and chic sophistication in this evening gown by Corbeau & Cie. The snug hipline and cleverly fashioned back call for an individually designed foundation to keep the hips and lower back of the figure flat and trim.

Dangerous Figure Faults?

SCIENTIFIC research proves that certain figure faults threaten every modern woman whose figure is not perfectly poised and ideally proportioned. These prevailing faults are a pouchy diaphragm, spreading hips or a protruding abdomen.

The Spencer foundation garment, designed after a careful analysis has been made to discover the specific needs of the individual, is the one safe corsetry method of overcoming these and many other distressing figure faults.

Are you trying to reduce?

Many women have successfully lost excess weight only to find that the weakened and relaxed muscles have permitted the diaphragm to pouch out, the abdomen to sag or the hips to spread.

If you are attempting to reduce, under the direction of a reputable physician, he will advise you that it is necessary to wear a garment that supports the important muscles of the abdomen so that your figure will regain a trim, youthful appearance as the fat disappears. Only a garment skilfully designed for your special requirements can be of any real benefit to you.

Are you too thin?

If you are too thin, either because of illness, an unwise reducing diet, or an inability to assimilate food, you have a most difficult corsetry problem that requires a careful individual study of your case by an expert corsetiere. In your condition all the muscles lack tone, and unless relieved of strain by a friendly supporting garment may permit the stomach to drop and thus crowd other organs out of place, causing acute distress. The wearing of a specially designed Spencer not only protects the thin woman from serious figure faults but gives her poise and grace of line.

Have a free study of your figure needs

The Spencer Corsetiere in your community is a specialist who will gladly make a complete study of your figure requirements without charge. From this study a Spencer garment may be designed to meet your special needs. Not only is the Spencer service within the reach of everyone, but the price, too, is so moderate that anyone can afford it.

Look in the telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere." If you do not find one listed near you send us the coupon below. This will not obligate you in any way.

Write to The Berger Brothers Company, New Haven, Conn. (In Great Britain: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, England.)

The Spencer gym foundation is designed for women desiring the utmost in freedom and comfort with support for the abdominal and back muscles. It is cut long enough over the hip to give a firm hipline while the elastic band at the top combines freedom of movement with a sense of support for the muscles of the back and the diaphragm.

WRITE TO ANNE SPENCER TODAY

Anne Spencer will give you personal advice free upon any problem you may have about the control or correction of your figure.

Anne Spencer, Nov. 1929
c-o The Berger Brothers Co.,
141 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Do you want to make money?

Anne Spencer will tell you how to build a prosperous business in your community. You will receive all necessary training. Check square on the right.... ☐

In Great Britain: SPENCER CORSETS, LTD., BANBURY, OXON, ENGLAND

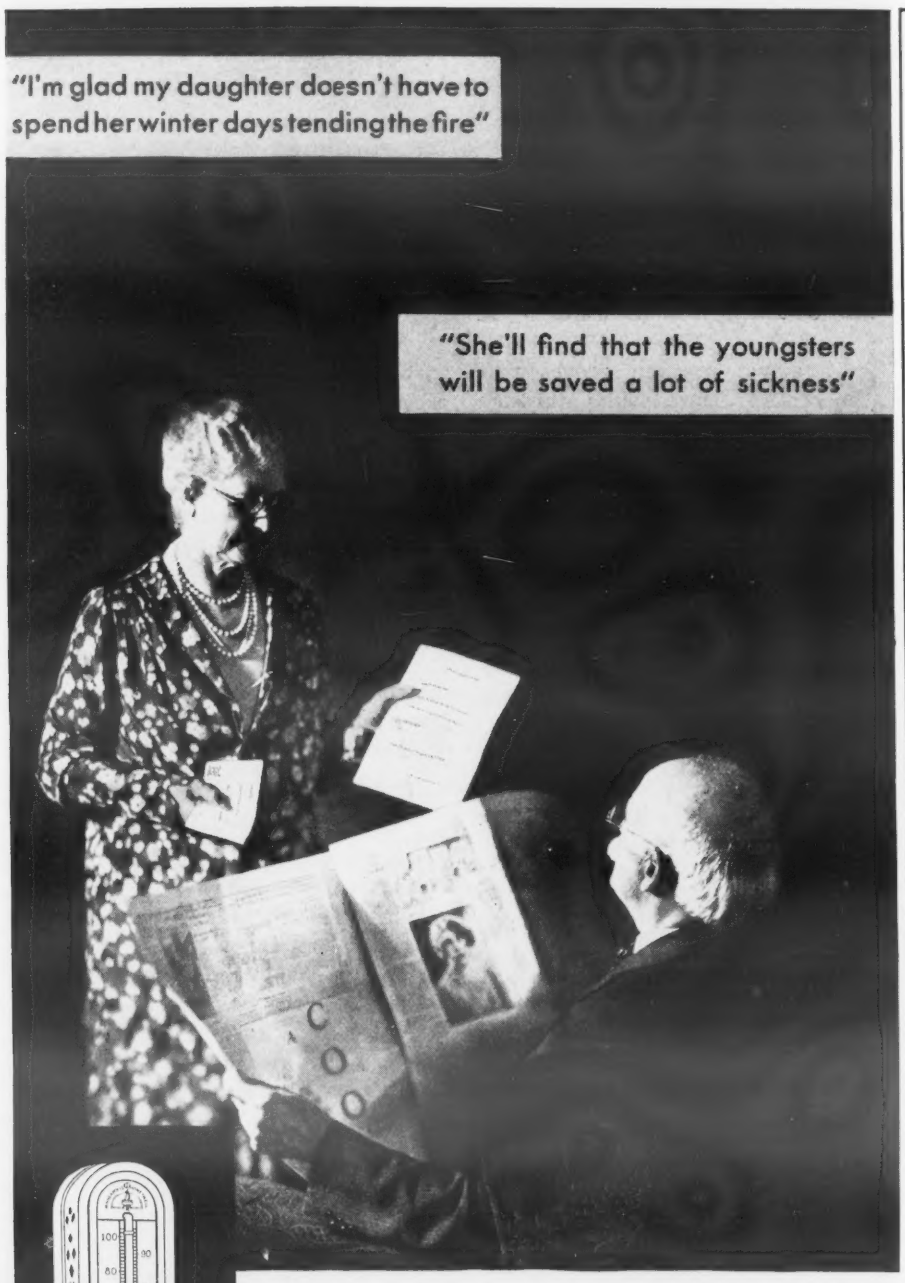
Sold only through Spencer Corsetieres

SPENCER

© 1929, The Berger Bros. Co.

CORSETS, GIRDLES, BRASSIERES, BELTS, SURGICAL CORSETS

WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU


"I'm glad my daughter doesn't have to spend her winter days tending the fire"
"She'll find that the youngsters will be saved a lot of sickness"

This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control

The modern mother never worries a minute all winter long about keeping her home warm and safe during the day—she turns the entire responsibility over to the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator . . . This completely dependable electric servant operates the heating plant dampers automatically and keeps the temperature always uniform . . . Mother is saved a good many tiresome trips up and down the basement stairs . . . She appreciates the family's bettered health since the regulator was installed . . . Those regular winter "sieges" of colds caused by fluctuating temperatures have disappeared . . . And father, freed from the drudgery of constant fire-tending, is his old cheerful self again.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways: Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls). Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful, automatic service . . . May be purchased on easy payments . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating".

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators) Executive Offices: 2775 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

Table of Contents

COVER DESIGN BY RICO LEBRUN

FICTION

	Page
Touchstone: Part I—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . *Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor*	3
Forlorn Hope—*Cosmo Hamilton* . . . . . *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	10
The First Beau—*Bernice Brown* . . . . . *Illustrated by Pruett Carter*	12
The Ranger: Part II—*Zane Grey* . . . . . *Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops*	14
Winding Road—*Rose Wilder Lane* . . . . . *Illustrated by Russell Patterson*	16
You Grow Up—*Day Edgar* . . . . . *Illustrated by Bob Dean*	22
Miss Dale Learns to Laugh—*Booth Tarkington* . . *Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger*	24
Good Care—*Hugh MacNair Kahler* . . . . . *Illustrated by Harry H. E. Burne*	25
That Cold—*Mary Johnston* . . . . . *Illustrated by Raymond Sisley*	28
The Green Complex: Part III—*Harold MacGrath* . *Illustrated by James C. McKell*	64

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Birdman of Wintergreen Lake—*Paul de Kruif* . *Illustrated by Rex Brasher*	6
Debutante Days and Nights—*Grace Birge*	8
By the Dawn's Early Light—*Frederic Arnold Kummer* *Illustrated by Wallace Morgan*	18
Detroit—*Text by Gladys H. Kelsey* . . . *Sketches by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A.*	20
Breakfastless Children and Tuberculous Youths—*Logan Clendening, M.D.* *Drawings by Dorothy Christy*	23
De Profundis—*Richard Halliburton*	30
The Art of Table Conversation—*Ernest Dimnet* . . . . *Illustrated by Rea Irvin*	33
The Personality of a House—*Emily Post*	151

FASHIONS

	Page
Chic for Street or Travel Wear . .	34
Radical Changes in Winter Fashions—*Richard E. Myers* . . .	35
Diversified Daytime Modes . . .	36
Graceful Formality	38
Our November Paris Collection .	40
French Charm	43
Fabrics to Add Chic	45
Striking Details for New Ensembles	46
Paris Varies Street Costumes . .	48
Two Paris Couturiers Point the Way	50
Distinguished Examples of New Modes	52
Paris Sports Clothes Individual and New	55
Established Fashion Features for All Occasions	57
Frocks and Fabrics for Children .	59
The Patch Box	62

HANDICRAFT

Decorative Painted Glass—*Designed by Edna Selena Cave*	228
Quaint Wool Embroidery—*By Courtesy of Rose Lindley Kent*	230
A Gay Winter Suit—*Designed by Clara E. Herlitzius*	231

GARDENS AND HOME BUILDING

Troublesome Floor Stains—*David De Witt*	182
A New House-Plan Service for $1.00—*Designs by J. Harold Hawkins; Sketches by C. D. Davidson* . .	211
Aids in Remodeling: Safer Stairs, *Milton Tucker;* Combined Pantry and Breakfast Room, *Llewellyn Price;* From Window to Balcony Door, *Llewellyn Price*	213
November in Your Garden . . .	214
How to Care for Evergreens—*P. M. Koster*	216

THE PRACTICAL HOMEMAKER

	Page
The Household Buyer—*Lita Bane*	102
Thanksgiving Dinners—Old and New—*Caroline B. King* . .	105
The Art of Successful Modern Catering—*Margery Oliver Beem*	107
Suggestions for Colorful Table Arrangements	108
The Social Side of the Kitchen—*Nena Wilson Badenoch* . . .	110
Are We Safe at Home?—*Alice Ames Winter*	112
When Neighbors Get Together—*Ruth Davis Stevens and Margery Oliver Beem*	115
We Test Our Readers' Recipes. .	118
Children and Candy—*S. Josephine Baker, M.D.* . . .	120

INTERIOR DECORATION

Furnishing the Small Apartment Attractively—*J. L. Kolle* . .	26
Three Suggestions for Home Decorators: Open Spaces, *J. L. Kolle;* A Charming Window, *Mary B. Coggeshall;* Furnishing a Sun Room, *Lois Palmer* .	162

ENTERTAINING

The Sub-Deb—*A Page for Girls* .	189
The Hostess	238

POEMS

Pennies—*Frances M. Frost* . . .	94
Vital Statistics—*F. H. H.*	117
From Contemporary Poets: Borrowing, *Witter Bynner;* Escape, *Ruth Comfort Mitchell;* To My Husband, *Vivian L. McBraun;* Black Forest, *Louis Untermeyer;* Barrier, *Blanche W. Schoonmaker* . .	180

MISCELLANEOUS

Editorials	32
Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books	161
The Girls' Club	190, 208

A Special Word to Subscribers

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label.

A request for change of address must *reach us* at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before, if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Should your subscription expire with this issue of the HOME JOURNAL your renewal should be sent promptly to insure receipt of the December issue before it is "sold out." We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders or Bank drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *The Saturday Evening Post* (weekly) 5c the copy, $2.00 the year—52 issues (U. S. A.), 10c the copy, $3.00 the year—52 issues (Canada) and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Our Advertising Branch Offices

[For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.]

PHILADELPHIA: Independence Square
NEW YORK: 366 Madison Avenue
CHICAGO: 231 S. La Salle Street
DETROIT: 3044 W. Grand Boulevard
CLEVELAND: 925 Euclid Avenue
BOSTON: 30 State Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 1 Montgomery Street

Shoppers visited leading stores in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles and bought, in each city, ten or more Cannon towels and similar styles of other brands selling at the same prices.

"GIVE ME 12 POUNDS OF BATH TOWELS, PLEASE"

THE WEIGHT TEST IS POSITIVE PROOF OF THE GREATER VALUE IN CANNON TOWELS . . . WHEREVER YOU BUY, WHATEVER YOU PAY

Each towel was then weighed on delicate scales—correct to the fraction of an ounce. In every city the results show a significant balance in favor of Cannon towels.

As A MATTER of course, you ask the butcher for a pound-and-a-half of sirloin steak—you buy butter and moth-balls and marshmallows by weight. But never in all your shopping experience have you said to the salesgirl: "Twelve pounds of bath towels, please." . . . Yet in towels you actually *are* buying weight—in terms of added quality, luxury, absorbency and longer wear.

And if you did shop for towels with a pair of scales, you would always choose towels with Cannon labels. Professional buyers are now making weight tests of the best known brands of towels, buying them in the regular way at leading stores in all parts of the country. Their results are further proof of a fact that millions of experienced housekeepers had already found out for themselves . . . *type for type and price for price, Cannon towels offer most for the money.*

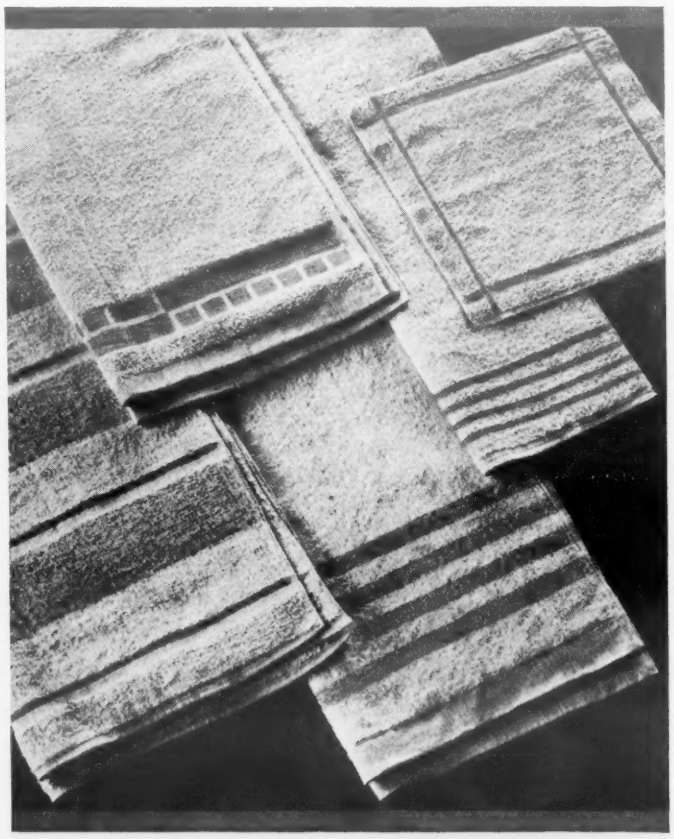
*In New York, careful tests showed that Cannon towels weigh 7.3% more than other brands.

*In Chicago, the tests showed that Cannon towels weigh 5.1% more than other brands.

*In Los Angeles, the tests showed that Cannon towels weigh 8.5% more than other brands.

To state it another way, Cannon towels cost less per ounce than all others. For every 93c spent on Cannon towels you are getting $1 worth of weight and absorbency and wear.

These tests were conducted by our representatives who did the purchasing and weighing of all towels. We certify to the correctness of the results as given. . . . Arnold Research Service, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



You will find at your own department or dry goods store, lovely Cannon towels, wash cloths and bath mats similar to these. They are sold separately and in matched sets. Snowy white or in pleasing new shades and patterns to suit every taste—from a prim stripe or two to colorful all-over designs that strike the modern note. Cannon towels range in price from 25c to $2.50—whatever the cost, you obtain more for your money.

In addition to better value, Cannon towels bring you beauty and style. No other towels are made in such lavish variety of smart designs—in such a range of lovely, modern shades.

The greater value in Cannon towels is the result of greatest volume. More Cannon towels, bath mats and wash cloths are made and sold than the combined quantities of all other kinds. Hundreds of thousands every day. Naturally, the cost of each towel is a little less—to us and to you. Look carefully for the Cannon label—it is your guide to towel style and towel value. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

• • •

"Modern Ideas About Towels" illustrates, in color, the new reversible Cannon towels and contains many suggestions for making your bathroom smart, modern and more sanitary. It is free. Fill out the coupon below.

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CANNON MFG. CO.

SEND FOR THIS NEW BOOKLET

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City LHJ-4

Kindly send me your new booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels." This request places me under no obligation whatever.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

If you *neglect your gums* expect "Pink Tooth Brush"!

IPANA *defeats gum troubles while it cleans your teeth*

THE modern practice of oral hygiene and the present-day conception of what a tooth paste should do, are far different from what they used to be!

Ipana and massage are keeping hundreds of thousands of families safe from gum disorders, free from dental worries.

Ipana is easy to use, refreshing in taste. With it your teeth are spotlessly white. And your gums become sound and firm, for Ipana tones and stimulates the gum tissues.

Watch "pink tooth brush" and prevent it!

In spite of the progress made in dental care, many people whose teeth are sound and white never give their gums a thought. The danger lies in that fact.

Dentists remove good teeth in thousands of cases—simply because the gums have grown weak, tender, inflamed.

No matter how perfect they are, teeth set in infected gums are endangered. For "pink tooth brush" ... bleeding gums ... leads to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even the more dreaded pyorrhea!

Soft foods are the trouble. Creamy sauces, delicious salads, well-cooked meats. They appeal to jaded appetites, but they rob the gums of needed exercise.

But brushing your teeth and gums with Ipana sends the fresh, clean blood speeding through the millions of tiny gum cells! Wastes and poisons are carried off. Soon the gums are restored to health—to firmness—to vigor.

Thousands of dentists urge the use of Ipana. It is scientifically compounded to care for the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders at the chair.

The sensible, modern way to oral protection!

Use Ipana. Insist on it. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows a tinge of "pink," you need it. Ipana is well worth a few cents more because of its double protection.

So send for the sample today, if you like—but stop at your nearest druggist's and get a large-size tube as well. Beginning tonight, test Ipana for a month. Your teeth will be whiter. Your gums will be healthier, firmer. In this day of rising gum disorders, it's common sense to use the tooth paste that makes protection doubly sure.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-119
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© 1929

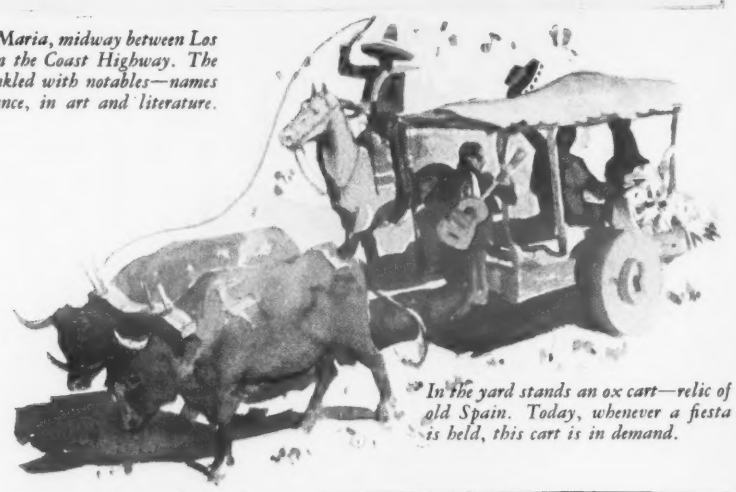
IPANA Tooth Paste

It's always blossom time at Santa Maria Inn. And, more mundanely, there's always food of super excellence.

Santa Maria Inn—at Santa Maria, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco on the Coast Highway. The visitors' book is heavily sprinkled with notables—names famous in industry and finance, in art and literature.

SANTA MARIA INN

...a place of mellow memories when travelers reminisce



In the yard stands an ox cart—relic of old Spain. Today, whenever a fiesta is held, this cart is in demand.

FROM the heights of Gaviota Pass cars swoop dramatically down to the sunny drowsiness of Santa Maria Valley.

Their license plates say anything from Maine to Honolulu. Their occupants have one aim in mind—to break the drive between Los Angeles and San Francisco with a visit to Santa Maria Inn, a place that travelers love to talk about.

Atmosphere of old Spanish California and the days of the great haciendas. Relics from the time when Indian and Spanish explorers roamed the valley. In the niches of the fireplaces, benignant statuettes from the private chapels of old Spanish families. Standing colorfully against the walls, a collection of chests in which dark-eyed señoritas once hid their choicest treasures.

Everywhere are flowers. The dining room—sun-flooded from its triple windows—is full of them. Gay, profuse, brilliant. The great, rare things you see in a flower show or behind Fifth Avenue plate glass, and scarcely expect to have nod at you familiarly over your own dinner.

But if your soul is fed on beauty, that's nothing to what's done with the inner man!

This somnolent Spanish atmosphere, this lazy California sky, are ideally fitted to your state when you've dined at Santa Maria Inn.

For the genius of the kitchen is one Yen Huie, an Oriental artist when it comes to food. He knows just how to make the soup a promise—the entrée a step further toward fulfillment. And when he serves Fried Chicken—you know that dreams come true!

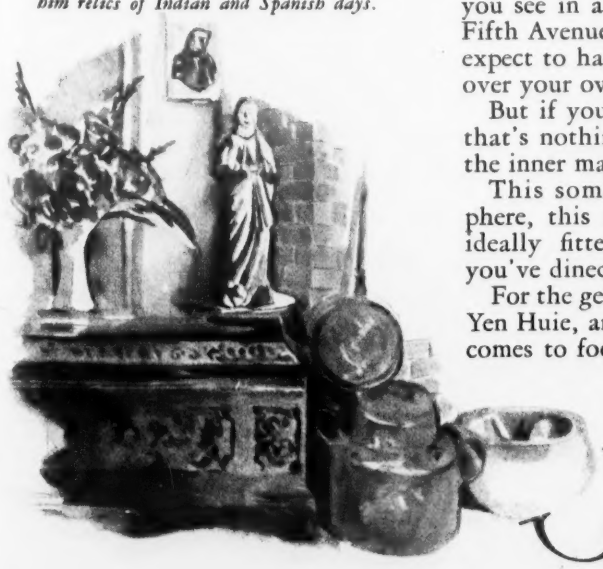
Sizzling hot, with a myriad tiny bubbles. Crunchy brown . . tender . . melting. Delicately flavored, too, with a dozen subtle hints.

A glint of enthusiasm crackles Oriental calm when Yen gives you this recipe. In it there's a word not easy for a Chinese tongue to twist. But Yen always manages it. That word is "Silverleaf." Yen knows that Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat. He counts on it to fry evenly and thoroughly, and to blend smoothly with other ingredients for baking.

You can easily share this same advantage. Just ask your dealer for "Silverleaf." In the half, one and two pound self-measuring cartons, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Your host at Santa Maria gathers about him relics of Indian and Spanish days.



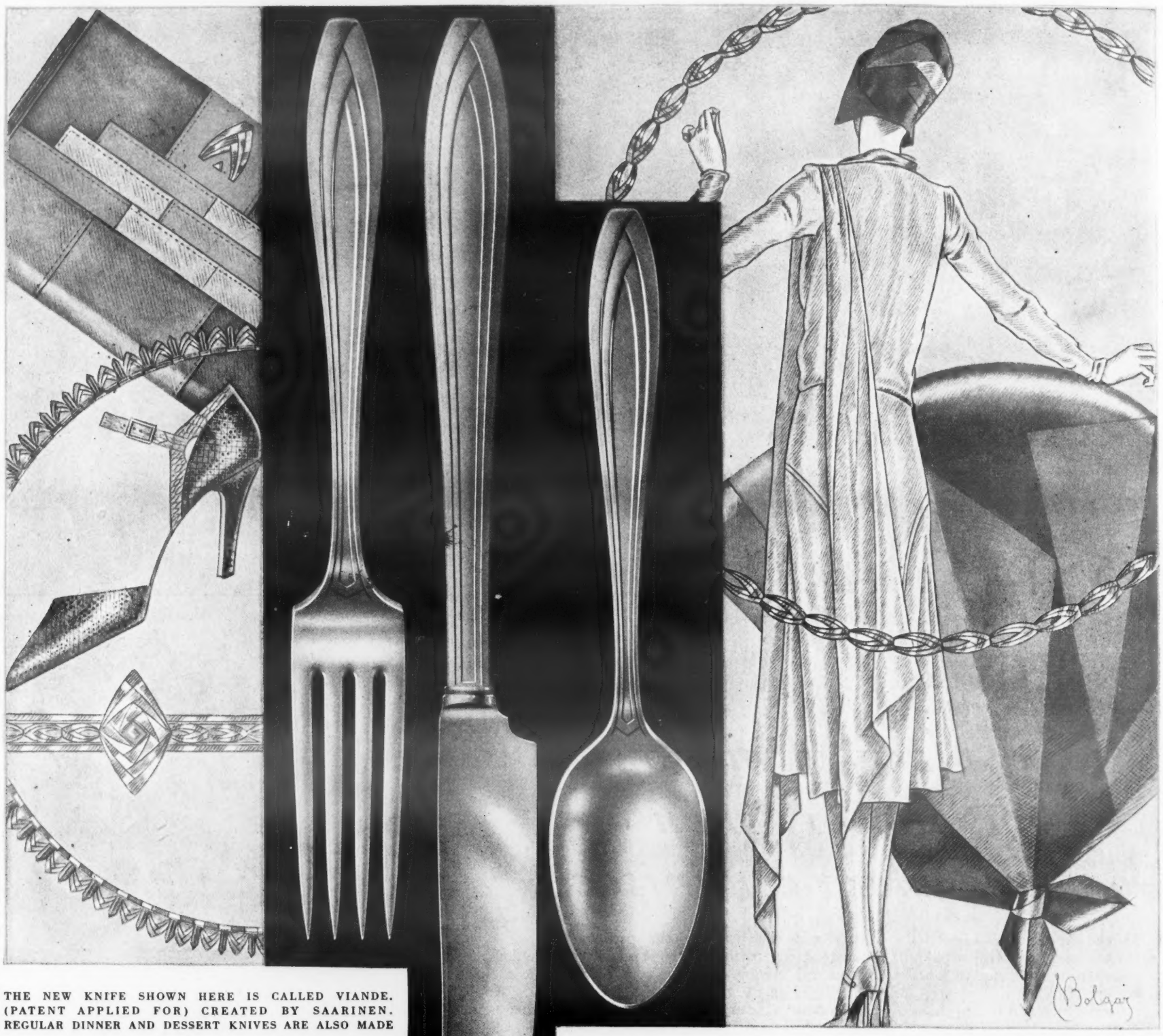
SANTA MARIA INN'S
Fried Chicken with Country Gravy

Halve 3 young 2 lb. Premium milk fed chickens. Dip in batter made with:

2 eggs	*1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce*
½ tsp. white pepper	*2 tsps. salt*
3 tbsps. olive oil	*2 tbsps. flour*

Fry in 2 cups "Silverleaf" till crisp golden brown on both sides. Brown 2 tsps. flour in 4 tbsps. of the same "Silverleaf." Add 1 cup hot milk. Stir till well mixed, and strain. Add 4 slices Premium Bacon, finely chopped. (Serves six)

"Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD



THE NEW KNIFE SHOWN HERE IS CALLED VIANDE. (PATENT APPLIED FOR) CREATED BY SAARINEN. REGULAR DINNER AND DESSERT KNIVES ARE ALSO MADE

Presenting SILHOUETTE

All the feminine world likes "that certain something" that Paris gives to a frock, a hat, a jewel, an arching evening slipper. Call it style, call it chic, call it whatever you will . . . but call it yours! But what have hats and frocks to do with silverware? Well, just about everything! For Paris has given to those hats and frocks . . . and all of your intimate possessions, certain basic, foundational lines that make them what they are. Slender, splendid lines. Clean, stream lines. Modern lines. And those are the lines of SILHOUETTE . . . the new silverware pattern. SILHOUETTE is smart today . . . tomorrow . . . and years from tomorrow. For such *basic* good taste is always smart. So, when you choose your silverware pattern, choose it standing before a mirror. A mental mirror at least. See yourself . . . dressed as you are, looking as you do . . . and you are bound to choose SILHOUETTE. Its lines are your lines. It's modern . . . and you're modern. And you'll go well together. For illustrations and prices of SILHOUETTE pattern write for booklet L-28 to Sales Promotion Dept., Factory E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS . . . NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO